

THE

ATLANTIC MONTHLY:

A Magazine of Literature, Science, Art, and Politics.

VOL. LII. — JULY, 1883. — No. CCCIX.

A ROMAN SINGER.

I.

I, CORNELIO GRANDI, who tell you these things, have a story of my own, of which some of you are not ignorant. You know, for one thing, that I was not always poor, nor always a professor of philosophy, nor a scribbler of pedantic articles for a living. Many of you can remember why I was driven to sell my patrimony, the dear castello in the Sabines, with the good corn-land and the vineyards in the valley, and the olives, too. For I am not old yet; at least, Mariuccia is older, as I often tell her. These are queer times. It was not any fault of mine. But now that Nino is growing to be a famous man in the world, and people are saying good things and bad about him, and many say that he did wrong in this matter, I think it best to tell you all the whole truth and what I think of it. For Nino is just like a son to me; I brought him up from a little child, and taught him Latin, and would have made a philosopher of him. What could I do? He had so much voice that he did not know what to do with it.

His mother used to sing. What a piece of a woman she was! She had a voice like a man's, and when De Pretis brought his singers to the festa once upon a time, when I was young, he heard her far down below, as we walked

on the terrace of the palazzo, and asked me if I would not let him educate that young tenor. And when I told him it was one of the contadine, the wife of a tenant of mine, he would not believe it. But I never heard her sing after Serafino — that was her husband — was killed at the fair in Genazzano. And one day the fevers took her, and so she died, leaving Nino a little baby. Then you know what happened to me, about that time, and how I sold Castel Serveti and came to live here in Rome. Nino was brought to me here. One day in the autumn, a carrettiere from Serveti, who would sometimes stop at my door and leave me a basket of grapes in the vintage, or a pitcher of fresh oil in winter, because he never used to pay his house-rent when I was his landlord — but he is a good fellow, Gigi — and so he tries to make amends now; well, as I was saying, he came one day and gave me a great basket of fine grapes, and he brought Nino with him, a little boy of scarce six years — just to show him to me, he said.

He was an ugly little boy, with a hat of no particular shape and a dirty face. He had great black eyes, with ink-saucers under them, *calamai*, as we say, just as he has now. Only the eyes are bigger now, and the circles deeper. But he is still sufficiently ugly. If it were not for his figure, which is pretty good,

he could never have made a fortune with his voice. De Pretis says he could, but I do not believe it.

Well, I made Gigi come in with Nino, and Mariuccia made them each a great slice of toasted bread and spread it with oil, and gave Gigi a glass of the Serviti wine, and little Nino had some with water. And Mariuccia begged to have the child left with her till Gigi went back the next day; for she is fond of children and comes from Serveti herself. And that is how Nino came to live with us. That old woman has no principles of economy, and she likes children.

"What does a little creature like that eat?" said she. "A bit of bread, a little soup — *macchè*! You will never notice it, I tell you. And the poor thing has been living on charity. Just imagine whether you are not quite as able to feed him as Gigi is!" So she persuaded me. But at first I did it to please her, for I told her our proverb, which says there can be nothing so untidy about a house as children and chickens. He was such a dirty little boy, with only one shoe and a battered hat, and he was always singing at the top of his voice and throwing things into the well in the cortile.

Mariuccia can read a little, though I never believed it until I found her one day teaching Nino his letters out of the *Vite dei Santi*. That was probably the first time that her reading was ever of any use to her, and the last, for I think she knows the *Lives of the Saints* by heart, and she will certainly not venture to read a new book at her age. However, Nino very soon learned to know as much as she, and she will always be able to say that she laid the foundation of his education. He soon forgot to throw handfuls of mud into the well, and Mariuccia washed him, and I bought him a pair of shoes, and we made him look very decent. After a time he did not even remember to pull the cat's tail in the morning, so as to make her sing

with him, as he said. When Mariuccia went to church she would take him with her, and he seemed very fond of going, so that I asked him one day if he would like to be priest when he grew up, and wear beautiful robes and have pretty little boys to wait on him with censers in their hands.

"No," said the little urchin, stoutly, "I won't be a priest." He found in his pocket a roast chestnut Mariuccia had given him, and began to shell it.

"Why are you always so fond of going to church, then?" I asked.

"If I were a big man," quoth he, "but really big, I would sing in church, like *Maestro de Pretis*."

"What would you sing, Nino?" said I, laughing. He looked very grave and got a piece of brown paper and folded it up. Then he began to beat time on my knees and sang out boldly, *Cornu ejus exaltabitur*.

It was enough to make one laugh, for he was only seven years old, and ugly too. But Mariuccia, who was knitting in the hall-way, called out that it was just what *Maestro Ercole* had sung the day before at vespers, every syllable.

I have an old piano in my sitting-room. It is a masterpiece of an instrument, I can tell you; for one of the legs is gone and I propped it up with two empty boxes, and the keys are all black except those that have lost the ivory — and those are green. It has also five pedals, disposed as a harp underneath; but none of them make any impression on the sound, except the middle one, which rings a bell. The sound-board has a crack in it somewhere, Nino says, and two of the notes are dumb since the great German maestro came home with my boy one night, and insisted on playing an accompaniment after supper. We had stewed chickens and a flask of *Cesanese*, I remember, and I knew something would happen to the piano. But Nino would never have any other, for

De Pretis has a very good one; and Nino studies without anything — just a common tuning fork that he carries in his pocket. But the old piano was the beginning of his fame. He got into the sitting-room one day, by himself, and found out that he could make a noise by striking the keys, and then he discovered that he could make tunes, and pick out the ones that were always ringing in his head. After that he could hardly be dragged away from it, so that I sent him to school to have some quiet in the house.

He was a clever boy, and I taught him Latin and gave him our poets to read; and as he grew up I would have made a scholar of him, but he would not. At least, he was always willing to learn and to read; but he was always singing too. Once I caught him declaiming "*Arma virumque cano*" to an air from *Trovatore*, and I knew he could never be a scholar then, though he might know a great deal. Besides, he always preferred Dante to Virgil, and Leopardi to Horace.

One day, when he was sixteen or thereabouts, he was making a noise, as usual, shouting some motive or other to Mariuccia and the cat, while I was laboring to collect my senses over a lecture I had to prepare. Suddenly his voice cracked horribly and his singing ended in a sort of groan. It happened again once or twice, the next day, and then the house was quiet. I found him at night asleep over the old piano, his eyes all wet with tears.

"What is the matter, Nino?" I asked. "It is time for youngsters like you to be in bed."

"Ah, Messer Cornelio," he said, when he was awake, "I had better go to bed, as you say. I shall never sing again, for my voice is all broken to pieces;" and he sobbed bitterly.

"The saints be praised," thought I; "I shall make a philosopher of you yet!"

But he would not be comforted, and for several months he went about as if he were trying to find the moon, as we say; and though he read his books and made progress, he was always sad and wretched, and grew much thinner, so that Mariuccia said he was consuming himself, and I thought he must be in love. But the house was very quiet.

I thought as he did, that he would never sing again, but I never talked to him about it, lest he should try, now that he was as quiet as a nightingale with its tongue cut out. But nature meant differently, I suppose. One day De Pretis came to see me; it must have been near the new year, for he never came often at that time. It was only a friendly recollection of the days when I had a castello and a church of my own at Serveti, and used to have him come from Rome to sing at the festa, and he came every year to see me; and his head grew bald as mine grew gray, so that at last he wears a black skull cap everywhere, like a priest, and only takes it off when he sings the *Gloria Patri*, or at the Elevation. However, he came to see me, and Nino sat mutely by, as we smoked a little and drank the syrup of violets with water that Mariuccia brought us. It was one of her eternal extravagances, but somehow, though she never understood the value of economy, my professorship brought in more than enough for us, and it was not long after this that I began to buy the bit of vineyard out of Porta Salara, by installments from my savings. And since then, we have our own wine.

De Pretis was talking to me about a new opera that he had heard. He never sang except in church, of course, but he used to go to the theatre of an evening; so it was quite natural that he should go to the piano and begin to sing a snatch of the tenor air to me, explaining the situation as he went along, between his singing.

Nino could not sit still, and went

and leaned over Sor Ercole, as we call the maestro, hanging on the notes, not daring to try and sing, for he had lost his voice, but making the words with his lips.

"Dio mio!" he cried at last, "how I wish I could sing that!"

"Try it," said De Pretis, laughing and half interested by the boy's earnest look. "Try it — I will sing it again." But Nino's face fell.

"It is no use," he said. "My voice is all broken to pieces now, because I sang too much before."

"Perhaps it will come back," said the musician kindly, seeing the tears in the young fellow's eyes. "See, we will try a scale." He struck a chord. "Now, open your mouth — so — Do-o o-o!" He sang a long note. Nino could not resist any longer, whether he had any voice or not. He blushed red and turned away, but he opened his mouth and made a sound.

"Do-o-o-o!" He sang like the master, but much weaker.

"Not so bad; now the next, Re-e-e!" Nino followed him. And so on, up the scale.

After a few more notes, De Pretis ceased to smile, and cried, "Go on, go on!" after every note, authoritatively, and in quite a different manner from his first kindly encouragement. Nino, who had not sung for months, took courage and a long breath, and went on as he was bid, his voice gaining volume and clearness as he sang higher. Then De Pretis stopped and looked at him earnestly.

"You are mad," he said. "You have not lost your voice at all."

"It was quite different when I used to sing before," said the boy.

"Per Bacco, I should think so," said the maestro. "Your voice has changed. Sing something, can't you?"

Nino sang a church air he had caught somewhere. I never heard such a voice, but it gave me a queer sensation that I

liked — it was so true, and young, and clear. De Pretis sat open-mouthed with astonishment and admiration. When the boy had finished, he stood looking at the maestro, blushing very scarlet, and altogether ashamed of himself. The other did not speak.

"Excuse me," said Nino, "I cannot sing. I have not sung for a long time. I know it is not worth anything." De Pretis recovered himself.

"You do not sing," said he, "because you have not learned. But you can. If you will let me teach you, I will do it for nothing."

"Me!" screamed Nino, "you teach me! Ah, if it were any use — if you only would!"

"Any use?" repeated De Pretis half aloud, as he bit his long black cigar half through in his excitement. "Any use? My dear boy, do you know that you have a very good voice? A remarkable voice," he continued, carried away by his admiration, "such a voice as I have never heard. You can be the first tenor of your age, if you please — in three years you will sing anything you like, and go to London and Paris, and be a great man. Leave it to me."

I protested that it was all nonsense, that Nino was meant for a scholar and not for the stage, and I was quite angry with De Pretis for putting such ideas into the boy's head. But it was of no use. You cannot argue with women and singers, and they always get their own way in the end. And whether I liked it or not, Nino began to go to Sor Ercole's house once or twice a week, and sang scales and exercises very patiently, and copied music in the evening, because he said he would not be dependent on me, since he could not follow my wishes in choosing a profession. De Pretis did not praise him much to his face after they had begun to study, but he felt sure he would succeed.

"Caro Conte," — he often calls me

Count, though I am only plain Professore, now — “he has a voice like a trumpet, and the patience of all the angels. He will be a great singer.”

“Well, it is not my fault,” I used to answer; for what could I do?

When you see Nino now, you cannot imagine that he was ever a dirty little boy from the mountains, with one shoe, and that infamous little hat. I think he is ugly still, though you do not think so when he is singing, and he has good strong limbs and broad shoulders, and carries himself like a soldier. Besides, he is always very well dressed, though he has no affectations. He does not wear his hair plastered into a love lock on his forehead, like some of our dandies, nor is he eternally pulling a pair of monstrous white cuffs over his hands. Everything is very neat about him and very quiet, so that you would hardly think he was an artist after all; and he talks but little, though he can talk very well when he likes, for he has not forgotten his Dante nor his Leopardi. De Pretis says the reason he sings so well is because he has a mouth like the slit in an organ pipe, as wide as a letter-box at the post-office. But I think he has succeeded because he has great square jaws like Napoleon. People like that always succeed. My jaw is small, and my chin is pointed under my beard — but then, with the beard no one can see it. But Mariuccia knows.

Nino is a thoroughly good boy, and until a year ago he never cared for anything but his art; and now he cares for something, I think, a great deal better than art, even than art like his. But he is a singer still, and always will be, for he has an iron throat, and never was hoarse in his life. All those years when he was growing up, he never had a love-scape, or owed money, or wasted his time in the caffè.

“Take care,” Mariuccia used to say to me, “if he ever takes a fancy to some girl with blue eyes and fair hair, he will

be perfectly crazy. Ah, Sor Conte, *she* had blue eyes, and her hair was like the corn-silk. How many years is that, Sor Conte mio?” Mariuccia is an old witch.

I am writing this story to tell you why Mariuccia is a witch, and why my Nino, who never so much as looked at the beauties of the generoue, as they came with their fathers and brothers and mothers to eat ice-cream in the Piazza Colonna, and listen to the music of a summer's evening, — Nino, who stared absently at the great ladies as they rolled over the Pincio in their carriages, and was whistling airs to himself for practice when he strolled along the Corso, instead of looking out for pretty faces, — Nino, the cold in all things save in music, why he fulfilled Mariuccia's prophecy, little by little, and became perfectly crazy about blue eyes and fair hair. That is what I am going to tell you, if you have the leisure to listen. And you ought to know it, because evil tongues are more plentiful than good voices in Rome, as elsewhere, and people are saying many spiteful things about him, — though they clap loudly enough at the theatre when he sings.

He is like a son to me, and perhaps I am reconciled, after all, to his not having become a philosopher. He would never have been so famous as he is now, and he really knows so much more than Maestro De Pretis — in other ways than music — that he is very presentable indeed. What is blood, nowadays? What difference does it make to society whether Nino Cardegna, the tenor, was the son of a vine-dresser? Or what does the University care for the fact that I, Cornelio Grandi, am the last of a race as old as the Colonnas, and quite as honorable? What does Mariuccia care? What does anybody care? Corpo di Bacco! if we begin talking of race we shall waste as much time as would make us all great celebrities! I am not

a celebrity — I never shall be now, for a man must begin at that trade young. It is a profession — being celebrated — and it has its signal advantages. Nino will tell you so, and he has tried it. But one must begin young, very young! I cannot begin again.

And then, as you all know, I never began at all. I took up life in the middle, and am trying hard to twist a rope of which I never held the other end. I feel sometimes as though it must be the life of another that I have taken, leaving my own unfinished, for I was never meant to be a professor. That is the way of it; and if I am sad and inclined to melancholy humors, it is because I miss my old self, and he seems to have left me without even a kindly word at parting. I was fond of my old self, but I did not respect him much. And my present self I respect, without fondness. Is that metaphysics? Who knows? It is vanity in either case, and the vanity of self-respect is perhaps a more dangerous thing than the vanity of self-love, though you may call it pride if you like, or give it any other high-sounding title. But the heart of the vain man is lighter than the heart of the proud. Probably Nino has always had much self-respect, but I doubt if it has made him very happy — until lately. True, he has genius, and does what he must by nature do or die, whereas I have not even talent, and I make myself do for a living what I can never do well. What does it serve, to make comparisons? I could never have been like Nino, though I believe half my pleasure of late has been in fancying how I should feel in his place, and living through his triumphs by my imagination. Nino began at the very beginning, and when all his capital was one shoe and a ragged hat, and certainly not more than a third of a shirt, he said he would be a great singer; and he is, though he is scarcely of age yet. I wish it had been something else than a

singer, but since he is the first already, it was worth while. He would have been great in anything, though, for he has such a square jaw, and he looks so yerce when anything needs to be overcome. Our forefathers must have looked like that, with their broad eagle noses and iron mouths. They began at the beginning, too, and they went to the very end. I wish Nino had been a general, or a statesman, or a cardinal, or all three, like Richelieu.

But you want to hear of Nino, and you can pass on your ways, all of you, without hearing my reflections and small-talk about goodness, and success, and the like. Moreover, since I respect myself now, I must not find so much fault with my own doings, or you will say that I am in my dotage. And, truly, Nino Cardegna is a better man, for all his peasant blood, than I ever was; a better lover, and perhaps a better hater. There is his guitar, that he always leaves here, and it reminds me of him and his ways. Fourteen years he lived here with me, from child to boy and from boy to man, and now he is gone, never to live here any more. The end of it will be that I shall go and live with him, and Mariuccia will take her cat and her knitting, and her Lives of the Saints back to Serveti, to end her life in peace, where there are no professors and no singers. For Mariuccia is older than I am, and she will die before me. At all events, she will take her tongue with her, and ruin herself at her convenience without ruining me. I wonder what life would be, without Mariuccia? Would anybody darn my stockings, or save the peel of the mandarins to make cordial? I certainly would not have the mandarins, if she were gone — it is a luxury. No, I would not have them. But then, there would be no cordial, and I should have to buy new stockings every year or two. No, the mandarins cost less than the stockings — and — well, I suppose I am fond of Mariuccia.

II.

It was really not so long ago — only one year. The scirocco was blowing up and down the streets, and about the corners, with its sickening blast, making us all feel like dead people, and hiding away the sun from us. It is no use trying to do anything when it blows scirocco, at least for us who are born here. But I had been persuaded to go with Nino to the house of *Sor Ercole* to hear my boy sing the opera he had last studied, and so I put my cloak over my shoulders, and wrapped its folds over my breast, and covered my mouth, and we went out. For it was a cold scirocco, bringing showers of tepid rain from the south, and the drops seemed to chill themselves as they fell. One moment you are in danger of being too cold, and the next minute the perspiration stands on your forehead, and you are oppressed with a moist heat. Like the prophet, when it blows a real scirocco you feel as if you were poured out like water, and all your bones were out of joint. Foreigners do not feel it until they have lived with us a few years, but Romans are like dead men when the wind is in that quarter.

I went to the maestro's house and sat for two hours listening to the singing. Nino sang very creditably, I thought, but I allow that I was not as attentive as I might have been, for I was chilled and uncomfortable. Nevertheless, I tried to be very appreciative, and I complimented the boy on the great progress he had made. When I thought of it, it struck me that I had never heard anybody sing like that before, but still there was something lacking; I thought it sounded a little unreal, and I said to myself that he would get admiration, but never any sympathy. So clear, so true, so rich it was, but wanting a ring to it, the little thrill that goes to the heart. He sings very differently now.

Maestro Ercole de Pretis lives in the *Via Paola*, close to the *Ponte Sant' Angelo*, in a most decent little house — that is, of course, on a floor of a house, as we all do. But *De Pretis* is well to do, and he has a marble door-plate, engraved in black with his name, and two sitting-rooms. They are not very large rooms, it is true, but in one of them he gives his lessons, and the grand piano fills it up entirely, so that you can only sit on the little black horsehair sofa at the end, and it is very hard to get past the piano on either side. *Ercole* is as broad as he is long, and takes snuff when he is not smoking. But it never hurts his voice.

It was Sunday, I remember, for he had to sing in *St. Peter's* in the afternoon; and it was so near, we walked over with him. Nino had never lost his love for church music, though he had made up his mind that it was a much finer thing to be a *primo tenore assoluto* at the *Apollo Theatre* than to sing in the *Pope's choir* for thirty scudi a month. We walked along over the bridge, and through the *Borgo Nuovo*, and across the *Piazza Rusticucci*, and then we skirted the colonnade on the left, and entered the church by the sacristy, leaving *De Pretis* there to put on his purple cassock and his white cotta. Then we went into the *Capella del Coro* to wait for the vespers.

All sorts of people go to *St. Peter's* on Sunday afternoon, but they are mostly foreigners, and bring strange little folding chairs, and arrange themselves to listen to the music as though it were a concert. Now and then one of the young gentlemen-in-waiting from the *Vatican* strolls in and says his prayers, and there is an old woman, very ragged and miserable, who has haunted the chapel of the choir for many years, and sits with perfect unconcern, telling her beads at the foot of the great reading-desk that stands out in the middle and is never used. Great ladies crowd in

through the gate when Raimondi's hymn is to be sung, and disreputable artists make sketches surreptitiously during the benediction, without the slightest pretense at any devotion that I can see. The lights shine out more brightly as the day wanes, and the incense curls up as the little boys swing the censers, and the priests and canons chant, and the choir answers from the organ loft; and the crowd looks on, some saying their prayers, some pretending to, and some looking about for the friend or lover they have come to meet.

That evening when we went over together, I found myself pushed against a tall man with an immense grey mustache standing out across his face like the horns of a beetle. He looked down on me from time to time, and when I apologized for crowding him his face flushed a little, and he tried to bow as well as he could in the press, and said something with a German accent which seemed to be courteous. But I was separated from Nino by him. Maestro Ercole sang, and all the others, turn and turn about, and so at last it came to the benediction. The tall old foreigner stood erect and unbending, but most of the people around him knelt. As the crowd sank down, I saw that on the other side of him sat a lady on a small folding stool, her feet crossed one over the other, and her hands folded on her knees. She was dressed entirely in black, and her fair face stood out wonderfully clear and bright against the darkness. Truly she looked more like an angel than a woman, though perhaps you will think she is not so beautiful after all, for she is so unlike our Roman ladies. She has a delicate nose, full of sentiment, and pointed a little downward for pride; she has deep blue eyes, wide apart and dreamy, and a little shaded by brows that are quite level and even, with a straight penciling over them, that looks really as if it were painted. Her lips are very red and

gentle, and her face is very white, so that the little ringlet that has escaped control looks like a gold tracery on a white marble ground.

And there she sat, with the last light from the tall windows and the first from the great wax candles shining on her, while all around seemed dark by contrast. She looked like an angel; and quite as cold, perhaps most of you would say. Diamonds are cold things, too, but they shine in the dark; whereas a bit of glass just lets the light through it, even if it is colored red and green and put in a church window, and looks ever so much warmer than the diamond.

But though I saw her beauty and the light of her face, all in a moment, as though it had been a dream, I saw Nino too; for I had missed him, and had supposed he had gone to the organ loft with De Pretis. But now, as the people knelt to the benediction, imagine a little what he did! he just dropped on his knees with his face to the white lady, and his back to the procession; it was really disgraceful, and if it had been lighter I am sure every one would have noticed it. At all events, there he knelt, not three feet from the lady, looking at her as if his heart would break. But I do not believe she saw him, for she never looked his way. Afterwards everybody got up again, and we hurried to get out of the Chapel; but I noticed that the tall old foreigner gave his arm to the beautiful lady, and when they had pushed their way through the gate that leads into the body of the church, they did not go away, but stood aside for the crowd to pass. Nino said he would wait for De Pretis, and immediately turned his whole attention to the foreign girl, hiding himself in the shadow and never taking his eyes from her.

I never saw Nino look at a woman before as though she interested him in the least, or I would not have been surprised now to see him lost in admiration of the fair girl. I was close to him and

could see his face, and it had a new expression on it that I did not know. The people were almost gone, and the lights were being extinguished when De Pretis came round the corner, looking for us. But I was astonished to see him bow low to the foreigner and the young lady, and then stop and enter into conversation with them. They spoke quite audibly, and it was about a lesson that the young lady had missed. She spoke like a Roman, but the old gentleman made himself understood in a series of stiff phrases, which he fired out of his mouth like discharges of musketry.

"Who are they?" whispered Nino to me, breathless with excitement and trembling from head to foot. "Who are they, and how does the maestro know them?"

"Eh, caro mio, what am I to know?" I answered, indifferently. "They are some foreigners, some pupil of De Pretis, and her father. How should I know?"

"She is a Roman," said Nino between his teeth. "I have heard foreigners talk. The old man is a foreigner, but she—she is Roman," he repeated with certainty.

"Eh," said I, "for my part she may be Chinese. The stars will not fall on that account." You see, I thought he had seen her before, and I wanted to exasperate him by my indifference so that he should tell me; but he would not, and indeed I found out afterwards that he had really never seen her before.

Presently the lady and gentleman went away, and we called De Pretis, for he could not see us in the gloom. Nino became very confidential and linked an arm in his as we went away.

"Who are they, caro maestro, these enchanting people?" inquired the boy when they had gone a few steps, and I was walking by Nino's side, and we were all three nearing the door.

"Foreigners,—my foreigners," returned the singer, proudly, as he took a

colossal pinch of snuff. He seemed to say that he in his profession was constantly thrown with people like that, whereas I—oh, I, of course, was always occupied with students and poor devils who had no voice, nothing but brains.

"But she," objected Nino,—"she is Roman, I am sure of it."

"Eh," said Ercole, "you know how it is. These foreigners marry and come here and live, and their children are born here; and they grow up and call themselves Romans, as proudly as you please. But they are not really Italians, any more than the Shah of Persia." The maestro smiled a pitying smile. He is a Roman of Rome, and his great nose scorns pretenders. In his view Piedmontese, Tuscans, and Neapolitans are as much foreigners as the Germans or the English. More so, for he likes the Germans and tolerates the English, but he can call an enemy by no worse name than "Napoletano" or "Piemontese."

"Then they live here?" cried Nino in delight.

"Surely."

"In fine, maestro mio, who are they?"

"What a diavolo of a boy! Dio mio!" and Ercole laughed under his big mustache, which is black still. But he is bald, all the same, and wears a skull-cap.

"Diavolo as much as you please, but I will know," said Nino sullenly.

"Oh bene! Now do not disquiet yourself, Nino—I will tell you all about them. She is a pupil of mine, and I go to their house in the Corso and give her lessons."

"And then?" asked Nino impatiently.

"Who goes slowly goes surely," said the maestro sententiously; and he stopped to light a cigar as black and twisted as his mustache. Then he continued, standing still in the middle of

the piazza to talk at his ease, for it had stopped raining and the air was moist and sultry, "They are Prussians, you must know. The old man is a colonel, retired, pensioned, everything you like, wounded at Königgratz by the Austrians. His wife was delicate, and he brought her to live here long before he left the service, and the signorina was born here. He has told me about it, and he taught me to pronounce the name Königgratz, so — Conigherazzo," said the maestro proudly, "and that is how I know."

"Capperi! What a mouthful," said I.

"You may well say that, Sor Conte, but singing teaches us all languages. You would have found it of great use in your studies." I pictured to myself a quarter of an hour of Schopenhauer, with a piano accompaniment and some one beating time.

"But their name, their name I want to know," objected Nino, as he stepped aside and flattened himself against the pillar to let a carriage pass. As luck would have it, the old officer and his daughter were in that very cab, and Nino could just make them out by the evening twilight. He took off his hat, of course, but I am quite sure they did not see him.

"Well, their name is prettier than Conigherazzo," said Ercole. "It is Lira — Erre Gheraffe fonne Lira." (Herr Graf von Lira, I suppose he meant. And he has the impudence to assert that singing has taught him to pronounce German.) "And that means," he continued, "Il Conte di Lira, as we should say."

"Ah! what a divine appellation!" exclaimed Nino enthusiastically, pulling his hat over his eyes to meditate upon the name at his leisure.

"And her name is Edvigia," volunteered the maestro. That is the Italian for Hedwig, or Hadwig, you know. But we should shorten it and call her Gigia, just as though she were Luisa.

Nino does not think it so pretty. Nino was silent. Perhaps he was already shy of repeating the familiar name of the first woman he had ever loved. Imagine! At twenty he had never been in love! It is incredible to me, — and one of our own people, too, born at Serveti.

Meanwhile the maestro's cigar had gone out, and he lit it with a blazing sulphur match, before he continued; and we all walked on again. I remember it all very distinctly, because it was the beginning of Nino's madness. Especially I call to mind his expression of indifference when Ercole began to descant upon the worldly possessions of the Lira household. It seemed to me that if Nino so seriously cast his eyes on the Contessina Edvigia, he might at least have looked pleased to hear she was so rich; or he might have looked disappointed, if he thought that her position was an obstacle in his way. But he did not care about it at all, and walked straight on, humming a little tune through his nose with his mouth shut, for he does everything to a tune.

"They are certainly gran' signori," Ercole said. "They live on the first floor of the Palazzo Carmandola, — you know, in the Corso, — and they have a carriage, and keep two men in livery, just like a Roman prince. Besides, the count once sent me a bottle of wine at Christmas. It was as weak as water, and tasted like the solfatara of Tivoli, but it came from his own vineyard in Germany, and was at least fifty years old. If he has a vineyard, he has a castello, of course. And if he has a castello, he is a gran' signore, — eh? what do you think, Sor Conte? You know about such things."

"I did once, maestro mio. It is very likely."

"And as for the wine being sour, it was because it was so old. I am sure the Germans cannot make wine well. They are not used to drinking it good,

or they would not drink so much when they come here." We were crossing the bridge, and nearing Ercole's house.

"Maestro," said Nino, suddenly. He had not spoken for some time, and he had not finished his tune.

"Well?"

"Is not to-morrow our day for studying?"

"Diavolo! I gave you two hours to-day. Have you forgotten?"

"Ah,—it is true. But give me a lesson to-morrow, like a good maestro as you are. I will sing like an angel, if you will give me a lesson to-morrow."

"Well, if you like to come at seven in the morning, and if you promise to sing nothing but solfeggi of Bordogni for an hour, and not to strain your voice, or put too much vinegar in your salad at supper, I will think about it. Does that please you? Conte, don't let him eat too much vinegar."

"I will do all that, if I may come," said Nino, readily, though he would rather not sing at all, at most times, than sing Bordogni, De Pretis tells me.

"Meglio così,—so much the better. Good-night, Sor Conte. Good-night, Nino." And so he turned down the Via Paola, and Nino and I went our way. I stopped to buy a cigar at the little tobacco shop just opposite the Tordinona Theatre. They used to be only a baiocco apiece, and I could get one at a time. But now they are two for three baiocchi; and so I have to get two always, because there are no half baiocchi any more—nothing but centimes. That is one of the sources of my extravagance. Mariuccia says I am miserly; she was born poor, and never had to learn the principles of economy.

"Nino mio," I said, as we went along, "you really make me laugh."

"Which is to say"—He was humming a tune again, and was cross because I interrupted him.

"You are in love. Do not deny it. You are already planning how you can

make the acquaintance of the foreign contessa. You are a fool. Go home, and get Mariuccia to give you some syrup of tamarind to cool your blood."

"Well? Now tell me, were you never in love with any one yourself?" he asked, by way of answer; and I could see the fierce look come into his eyes in the dark, as he said it.

"Altro,—that is why I laugh at you. When I was your age I had been in love twenty times. But I never fell in love at first sight—and with a doll; really a wax doll, you know, like the Madonna in the presepio that they set up at the Ara Cœli, at Epiphany."

"A doll!" he cried. "Who is a doll, if you please?" We stopped at the corner of the street to argue it out.

"Do you think she is really alive?" I asked, laughing. Nino disdained to answer me, but he looked savagely from under the brim of his hat. "Look here," I continued, "women like that are only made to be looked at. They never love, for they have no hearts. It is lucky if they have souls, like Christians."

"I will tell you what I think," said he stoutly; "she is an angel."

"Oh! is that all? Did you ever hear of an angel being married?"

"You shall hear of it, Sor Cornelio, and before long. I swear to you, here, that I will marry the Contessina di Lira—if that is her name—before two years are out. Ah, you do not believe me. Very well. I have nothing more to say."

"My dear son," said I,—for he is a son to me,— "you are talking nonsense. How can anybody in your position hope to marry a great lady, who is an heiress? Is it not true that it is all stuff and nonsense?"

"No, it is not true," cried Nino, setting his square jaw like a bit and speaking through his teeth. "I am ugly, you say; I am dark, and I have no position, or wealth, or anything of the kind. I

am the son of a peasant, and of a peasant's wife. I am anything you please, but I will marry her if I say I will. Do you think it is for nothing that you have taught me the language of Dante, of Petrarca, of Silvio Pellico? Do you think it is for nothing that Heaven has given me my voice? Do not the angels love music, and cannot I make as good songs as they? Or do you think that because I am bred a singer my hand is not as strong as a fine gentleman's—contadino as I am? I will—I will and I will, Basta!"

I never saw him look like that before. He had folded his arms, and he nodded his head a little at each repetition of the word, looking at me so hard, as we stood under the gas lamp in the street, that I was obliged to turn my eyes away. He stared me out of countenance—he, a peasant boy! Then we walked on.

"And as for her being a wax doll, as you call her," he continued, after a little time, "that is nonsense, if you want the word to be used. Truly, a doll! And the next minute you compare her to the Madonna! I am sure she has a heart as big as this," and he stretched out his hands into the air. "I can see it in her eyes. Ah, what eyes!"

I saw it was no use arguing on that tack, and I felt quite sure that he would forget all about it, though he looked so determined, and talked so grandly about his will.

"Nino," I said, "I am older than you." I said this to impress him, of course, for I am not really so very old.

"Diamini!" he cried impertinently, "I believe it!"

"Well, well, do not be impatient. I have seen something in my time, and I tell you those foreign women are not like ours, a whit. I fell in love, once, with a northern fairy,—she was not German, but she came from Lombardy, you see,—and that is the reason why I lost Serveti and all the rest."

"But I have no Serveti to lose," objected Nino.

"You have a career as a musician to lose. It is not much of a career, to be stamping about with a lot of figuranti and scene-shifters, and screaming yourself hoarse every night." I was angry, because he laughed at my age. "But it is a career, after all, that you have chosen for yourself. If you get mixed up in an intrigue now, you may ruin yourself. I hope you will."

"Grazie! And then?"

"Eh, it might not be such a bad thing after all. For if you could be induced to give up the stage"—

"I—I give up singing?" he cried, indignantly.

"Oh, such things happen, you know. If you were to give it up, as I was saying, you might then possibly use your mind. A mind is a much better thing than a throat, after all."

"Ebbene! talk as much as you please, for, of course, you have the right, for you have brought me up, and you have certainly opposed my singing enough to quiet your conscience. But, dear professor, I will do all that I say, and if you will give me a little help in this matter, you will not repent it."

"Help? Dio mio! What do you take me for? As if I could help you, or would! I suppose you want money to make yourself a dandy, a paino, to go and stand at the corner of the Piazza Colonna and ogle her as she goes by! In truth! You have fine projects."

"No," said Nino, quietly, "I do not want any money, or anything else, at present, thank you. And do not be angry, but come into the caffè and drink some lemonade; and I will invite you to it, for I have been paid for my last copying, that I sent in yesterday." He put his arm in mine, and we went in. There is no resisting Nino, when he is affectionate. But I would not let him pay for the lemonade. I paid for it myself. What extravagance!

F. Marion Crawford.

SOME PHASES OF IDEALISM IN NEW ENGLAND.

AMONG the papers of the late George Ripley is the following list of names under the head of "Transcendentalism," plainly intended to convey his notion of the phases through which idealism in New England passed during the several passages of its career. No hint is given of the rule adopted by the author in making this enumeration. It was evidently not the order of development in time, for in that case W. E. Channing, R. W. Emerson, James Walker, F. H. Hedge, would claim mention among the first. It was not the order of speculative rank; for in that case some who are placed at the beginning would be omitted entirely. The author probably followed a classification suggested by some conception of his own in regard to the unfolding of ideas and their sequence from one stage to another. It will be observed that a few important names are passed by altogether, as, for instance, that of O. A. Brownson, who made idealism the basis of his speculative position, first as a reformer, and afterwards as a Roman Catholic; and also that of Henry James, an exceedingly able, eloquent, and uncompromising writer, who applied the Transcendental postulate to society in a manner to terrify cautious men. Why these were omitted does not appear; perhaps Mr. Ripley did not take the trouble to complete his list; perhaps he had in view only the philosophical aspects of the Transcendental movement, and did not care to follow it beyond the line of recognized ideas, either in reform or theology. Here is the list, as existing in his manuscript: N. L. Frothingham (1820), Convers Francis, John Pierpont, George Ripley (1830), F. H. Hedge, James Walker, Thomas T. Stone, W. E. Channing, J. F. Clarke, R. W. Emerson, W. H. Channing, Theodore Parker. Such a grouping of itself

implies that idealism took its hue from the temperament of those professing it; that it was no definite or fixed system, but rather a mode of speculative thought which each believer pursued according to the bent of his mind. The first two names suggest the literary tendency of the new faith; the third, its application to specific reform; the next four, its bearing on the principles of philosophy; the two Channings, J. F. Clarke, and Theodore Parker illustrate its bearing on points of religious opinion; while Mr. Emerson represents idealism pure and simple, apart from all philosophical or sectarian beliefs, from all critical or speculative dogmas.

Only by virtue of some such general classification can N. L. Frothingham be ranked among Transcendentalists. He was not a philosopher, not a man interested in abstruse speculation, not a reformer of society as a whole or in part, not an innovator on established ways of thinking or living. He was a man of letters, an enthusiastic admirer of literary form, of eloquent language, of ingenious, elegant thought. His large library contained none of the great masterpieces of speculation, little of Plato, less of Aristotle, next to nothing of Spinoza or Kant, nothing of Schelling or Hegel, but much of Heine, Schiller, Rückert, and poets in either prose or verse, whether English, French, or German. Writers of opposite schools interested him if they wrote brilliantly, but to profound spiritual differences he was insensible. He enjoyed Macaulay and Ruskin, Walter Scott and Dickens, Cicero and Shakespeare. Novelties he disliked and repelled. Wordsworth he did not read, or Byron; Keats he never spoke of; Shelley he abhorred; the Victorian bards he could not relish. In the Transcendental reform of his time he took

no part, had little sympathy with Dr. Channing, and, though personally intimate with R. W. Emerson, F. H. Hedge, George Ripley, Theodore Parker, and other leaders in the new movement, could not be persuaded to concern himself with it, even in its initiatory stages. When invited to conferences, he courteously declined, as one might do who did not feel called to leave his wonted round of pursuits. But his interest in theological and Biblical literature was very keen, as the books on his shelves and his translations of Herder's *Briefe* abundantly attest. It is on the strength of these translations, and of an article in the *Christian Examiner* on *The Beginning and Perfection of Christianity*, evidently prepared for the pulpit, that Mr. Ripley assigns to him a place among the friends of Transcendentalism. This place he undoubtedly deserved, for, although averse to public demonstration, and unoccupied with speculative issues, topics, or discussions, his mind lived in the spirit of the new ideas. He was at heart an idealist. His sermons were free from dogma, from doctrinal bias, from controversial animosity, almost from debatable opinion on the theological ground. He was a friend of knowledge. With him, refined reason was the test of truth. He loved air and light, liberty combined with law. Views that exhilarated, books that cheered, intercourse with expansive, joyous intellects, charmed him especially. If hard-pushed by antagonists, he might have called himself an idealist, but he never was hard-pushed. The smooth and even tenor of his life fell in with his scholarly disposition, and allowed him to pursue his favorite studies undisturbed by polemical aggressions. He had all the liberty he wanted. Emerson called him an Erasmus, and he had some warrant for his definition. But it must be remembered that Mr. Frothingham belonged to an older generation, and consequently was less open than young men are

to new emotions. Had he been Luther's contemporary he would have been more open to criticism than he was. The only ones of his generation who took an active part in the new protest were Convers Francis and Caleb Stetson. Dr. Channing was in sympathy with the movement, but did not join it. The rest were new men. Belonging to the most liberal sect of Christians, while others broached new doctrines or contended for larger spiritual freedom, his gentle, peace-loving spirit was contented with the permission to read and think without embarrassment. Neither Dr. Channing's earnest pleading for the dignity of human nature, nor George Ripley's calm exposition of the powers of the soul, nor James Walker's vindication of the spiritual philosophy, nor Theodore Parker's vehement denunciation of formalism in religion, nor William Lloyd Garrison's arraignment of the United States Constitution stirred his enthusiasm. The numerous projects for regenerating society which hurtled in the air offended him. He was not of the crowd which followed Mr. Emerson. He never visited Brook Farm. Like Longfellow, he hated violence, delighting in the still air of his books, and lacking faith in the transforming efficacy of insurgent ideas. His was a poetic mind, — delicate, fastidious, disinclined to entertain depressing views, averse to contention on any field. The evils of the world did not shroud him in gloom, or summon him to the combat with either error or sin. Very far from being self-indulgent, — on the contrary, being generous, affectionate, disinterested, — he was wanting in the vigor of conviction which makes the champion, the reformer, or the martyr. His conscience was overlaid by the peradventures of critical thought. He detested Calvinism, for in his nostrils it smelt of blood. He had no liking for the ordinary Unitarianism, which, in his view, was prosaic. Idealism fascinated him by its poetic beauty rather

than by its philosophical truth, and drew him towards the teachers whose steps he could not follow. This position was fully recognized by his friends, who read his books, enjoyed his conversation, profited by his counsel, and were inspired by his enthusiasm for generous thoughts, but soon ceased to expect partisan sympathy or coöperation from him. Such a man may be called a pioneer in the Transcendental movement, for he was in the spirit of it, and such force as he threw was cast in that direction ; but in no other sense was he a leader.

The service rendered by men of his cast was nevertheless very great at a time when literature was so closely associated with theology as to be quite unemancipated. In fact, there was no such thing as a literary spirit in America before Transcendentalism created one, by overthrowing dogma and transferring the tribunal of judgment to the human mind. A literary taste, correct, fastidious, refined, and firm, first became possible when all literary productions were placed on the same level and submitted to the same laws of criticism ; and idealism of this type supplied the necessary conditions. One must have been through and through pervaded by the Transcendental principle before he could have cast a free, bold regard on the beauties of the pagan classics, or on the deformities of books hitherto looked on as above human estimate. The services of those scholars who first ventured to do this, who did it without hesitation, who encouraged others to do it, has never been appraised at its full value. The influence of Transcendentalism on literature has been lasting and deep, and that influence is shown in nothing more signally than in this liberation of the human mind from theological prejudice. Writers felt it who would not call themselves Transcendentalists, but who read books which had been sealed to them before. In Germany the literary spirit was illustrated by minds

like Goethe, Schiller, Herder, to mention only three of many names. In France authors famed for brilliancy made it attractive. In England Coleridge, among others, made it honorable. In New England Emerson, Margaret Fuller, Hedge, the writers in the *Dial*, took up the tradition. For pure literary enthusiasm, N. L. Frothingham was distinguished among his compeers. On his library shelves all books stood side by side. His sermons were marked by exquisite felicity of expression and by admirable literary proportion. The appeal was always made to the hearer's reason ; the argument was in all cases addressed to his understanding ; and the assumption was that the human heart was the final tribunal. Many things were doubted that were not disproved. Some things were questioned in private that were not doubted in public, the evidence not being esteemed conclusive, and official responsibility forbidding hasty utterances.

It has been conjectured that Theodore Parker had Dr. Frothingham in mind in the famous discourse on the Transient and Permanent, where he vehemently rebukes the preacher who said one thing in his study and another in his pulpit. But this could hardly have been the case, for Mr. Parker was a man of scrupulous honor, and Dr. Frothingham was his personal friend. Besides, it was not true that Dr. Frothingham said one thing in his study and another in his pulpit. He simply did not say everything in his pulpit that he said in his study. He was a scholar and a critic ; he was, too, a singularly frank, conversable, outspoken man among his friends and intimates. But he was likewise a preacher, a man addressing from week to week an assembly of people who were neither scholars nor critics, but plain men and women looking to him for rational instruction in religion. There is no reason to think that he ever pushed outside of cardinal beliefs, or ever felt the ground giving way beneath his Uni-

tarian feet. In his own mind he may have entertained speculations which, if carried out in all their bearings, would have been destructive of the usual conventionalities of faith. But he never did carry them out in all their bearings. In his pulpit he was a thoughtful man, mindful of his accountabilities to the truth. It never occurred to him to utter all the misgivings that came into his head. In this he was not alone. James Walker, a more pronounced Transcendentalist than he, and a far more impressive preacher, — an authority on matters of belief; looked up to, quoted, followed; a wise, deeply-inquiring man, — said in private things more searching than Dr. Frothingham, while his public addresses were more conservative; he felt that his personal lucubrations, however interesting they might be to him, would be quite out of place in sermons which aimed at inculcating broad truths and urging universal sentiments.

In a word, temperament is one thing, philosophy is another. There was a temporary coolness — there could not be a long one, with two such men — between Theodore Parker and his old friend and benefactor, Convers Francis, because the latter declined to compromise the Divinity School at Cambridge by preaching for him. But Mr. Francis, however much he admired Mr. Parker, and however warm his personal sympathy with his position may have been, felt the pressure of organized responsibilities, and postponed his private predilections to his public duty. He belonged to the first generation of New England Transcendentalists. He was a man of deep emotions, strong feelings of personal affection, a true friend, an ardent humanitarian, an anti-slavery man of pronounced opinions, a dear lover of intellectual liberty, as all Transcendentalists were. But he had none of the gifts of the popular orator; his voice was unmusical, his action unimpassioned, his style of address scholas-

tic. An enthusiast in his love of natural beauty, the melodies of creation, the singing of birds, the rustling of leaves, the murmur of brooks did not get into his discourse. There was dryness in his tone and in his manner. A quality of bookishness seemed a part of the man. He was an enormous reader of all sorts of books, old and new, conservative and liberal; but his delight was in books that emancipated the mind, whether theological, philosophical, critical, poetical, or simply literary. He was too universal a reader to be a partisan of reform. He saw the strong features of both sides, and while holding very decided opinions of his own, was respectful towards the honest opinions of others. Mr. Francis was a devoted member of "The Transcendental Club;" an attendant at its initial meeting at the house of George Ripley; an intimate friend of Mr. Emerson; in close, sympathetic intercourse with all the men who favored what were known as "advanced opinions." There is no doubt whatever that he belonged to the party of progress. He himself never concealed or disguised the fact that he did. Nevertheless, such was the literary attitude of his mind that he was asked by the party which was not that of progress to leave his parish in Watertown for a professorship in the Divinity School at Cambridge.

His teaching there, on pulpit eloquence, the pastoral office, with all that it implied of history, doctrine, Biblical criticism, was characterized by the same temperate, impartial, truthful spirit. Such, in fact, was his fidelity to the unprejudiced view that it often seemed as if he had no view of his own. The students tried, usually in vain, to drive him into a corner, and extract from him an avowal of private belief; until at last it was the current opinion that he had no belief of his own. Never was there a greater mistake. Out of the class-room he could be explicit enough. Nobody

who conversed with him on books, men, and doctrines could for a moment doubt where his personal convictions were. As one who was in the Divinity School during his service there, I can bear witness to the singular candor of his instruction, and to the pleasure he took in imparting knowledge, in stimulating inquiry, in extending the intellectual horizon of young men. His library, his erudition, his thought, were open and free to all. He was even grateful when a scholar wanted anything he had. As I look back over the long course of years that has elapsed since those university days, I can trace distinctly to him liberating and gladdening influences, which, at the time, were not acknowledged as they should have been.

Mr. Francis was an early friend of Theodore Parker, then a youth, teaching school at Watertown. He lent him books, gave him suggestions, encouraged his pursuits, sympathized with his aims, poured out his own stores of learning, put the ambitious scholar in the way of mental advance. And though the pupil presently took a stand which the teacher could not altogether applaud, the feeling of affectionate interest never was diminished, nor at the last was the cordial regard less than it was at the first. The two men, so unlike, yet understood and loved one another.

The philosophical phase of Boston Transcendentalism was also represented by two men, — James Walker and George Ripley. The former has already been spoken of. He was a thinker, calm, profound, silent; a student of opinions, a reader of books, a friendly, warm-hearted man, candid and generous, but in no way demonstrative or oracular. His was a judicial mind, slow in coming to conclusions, but clear, close, firm, reticent; never impatient or forward, outspoken only when fully and finally convinced. His tastes were not especially literary; his reading was severe; he did not much concern himself

with political or social reform; was neither leader nor orator. He pondered over Cudworth, Butler, Reid, in England; over Kant, Jacobi, Schleiermacher, in Germany; over Cousin, Jouffroy, Degerando, in France. He occupied himself with problems. In 1834, in a discourse printed later as a tract, on the Philosophy of Man's Spiritual Nature in Regard to the Foundations of Faith, he said, "Let us hope that a better philosophy than the degrading sensualism out of which most forms of infidelity have grown will prevail, and that the minds of the rising generation will be thoroughly imbued with it. Let it be a philosophy which recognizes the higher nature of man, and aims, in a chastened and reverential spirit, to unfold the mysteries of his higher life. Let it be a philosophy which continually reminds us of our intimate relations to the spiritual world," etc. The philosophy thus commended was, it is quite unnecessary to say, Transcendentalism. In 1840, the same teacher, discoursing to the alumni of the Cambridge Divinity School, declared that the return to a higher order of ideas had been promoted by such men as Schleiermacher and De Wette, and gave his opinion that the religious community had reason to look with distrust and dread on a philosophy which limited the ideas of the human mind to information imparted by the senses, and denied the existence of spiritual elements in the nature of man. This was two years after the delivery of Mr. Emerson's famous "Address" which brought on the controversy between Mr. Norton and Mr. Ripley. Mr. Walker's statement was cautious, inasmuch as orthodox theologians might maintain the existence of a spiritual susceptibility which revelation would develop; but at that epoch of time, and from Unitarian lips, the declaration was construed as a confession of faith in the "intuitive" doctrine. There is no evidence that Mr. Walker went be-

yond the opinion given above, unless an expression used in a sermon be taken as evidence. "The drunkard and the sensualist," he said, "are the monsters;" implying that depravity was not of nature, but a *violation* of nature, which was holy and divine. This, however, may have been only another way of saying that evil was a deprivation, and that goodness was the normal condition of man, — a very innocent proposition. Mr. Walker was in no sense a naturalist, a believer in instinct, an advocate of passion, a patron of organic temperament or constitutional bias. He was a devout Christian in every practical respect, — humble, submissive, obedient. Infidelity he ascribed to the opposite school of speculation, and looked to the system he espoused for a restoration of faith. For his own part, he held fast to divine inspiration, Christ, Bible, Church, the established means of grace, simply transferring the sanctions of authority from outward to inward, from external testimony to immediate consciousness, from the senses to the soul, as the deepest thinkers in all ages had done. It was not in his thought to erect a new tribunal, merely to remove an old one from an exposed and precarious position to one of absolute safety. Beyond that he seems not to have gone. In other words, he attributed to the soul a *receptive* but not a *creative* power; an ability to take what was given, but not to *originate* ideas. Dr. Walker had great influence over the young men of his generation, and imparted to them an impulse toward spiritual belief; made them self-respecting, high-principled, noble of purpose, pure, and God-fearing, but he made no skeptics. His last asseveration was of a personal faith in prayer.

The same, essentially, was the position of George Ripley, though the more ardent, impulsive temperament of the man pushed him nearer to the social confines of liberalism. Ripley was not

a slow, silent, recluse thinker, not an original, creative mind; but a great reader, a student of German, a lover of philosophy, a master of elegant English, a careful writer, a singularly clear expositor. Only in an ideal sense, however, and as democratic ideas were involved in the Transcendental premises, was he a social reformer. He took on himself the most opprobrious names, the more heroically as he was not distinguished as a worker in any of the causes which those names represented. He made heavy sacrifices for Brook Farm, but his was rather a Utopian view of the possibilities of such an institution. There seems to have been a gulf between his conception and his execution. He raised his hand, but could not strike the blow. He was convinced, yet cautious; frank in his persuasions, but reserved in his expressions; his feelings were warm, but he kept them very much to himself. A Transcendentalist he certainly was, an outspoken one; but his chief interest was in the speculative aspects of the faith. He perceived whither the faith tended in times like his, and was not sorry to see others — Parker, for instance — push it to its conclusion, but he could not do so himself. The philosophy alone would not necessarily have led to rationalism. Ripley stood midway between the philosophy and the rationalism to which it readily lent itself, and while standing apart welcomed all earnest scholars in the new field. Materialism he detested; animalism he feared; criticism he never pursued. The French school, as represented by Cousin, Jouffroy, and Constant, was his favorite before the German, which he sought rather for literary stimulus, Goethe being his model writer. It was evident that the Transcendental system, which was but a literal form of idealism, was running into sentimentalism, the deification of human nature, but in 1836 that was merely a tendency. Its real influence was conservative of estab-

lished institutions and ideas. So it was in James Walker, so it was in George Ripley, the two men who stood for the philosophical truth of idealism. From thought to feeling, however, the step was short and quickly taken, as we shall see.

The ethical element in Transcendentalism followed closely on the intellectual. This, also, had two representatives, — John Pierpont and Theodore Parker. Why John Pierpont? He is the third named on Mr. Ripley's list, and is a good example of the indirect force of philosophical ideas. Forty years ago he was conspicuous as a champion of temperance in Boston, as the hero, in fact, of an ecclesiastical council held to determine his relations to his parish in Hollis Street. He was not a philosopher, not a man of letters, though he wrote verses. "Poetry is not my vocation," he said, in the preface to his published volume. It evidently was not. With a few exceptions, his verses were reform manifestoes, rhymed sermons, exhortations in metrical form. He published sermons and letters, but they were more remarkable as specimens of dialectics than as examples of philosophical acuteness. Apparently he was not greatly concerned with speculative questions, not abstract, introspective, ethereal, but tremendously concrete. In the ranks of the idealists he was never conspicuous. The lists of attendants on the discussions of the newest phases of thought do not contain his name. He was a reformer of an extreme description, — an abolitionist, a temperance man, a general iconoclast. But all this he seems to have been by virtue of that faith in the natural man which was characteristic of the Transcendentalism of the period. His views of Christianity as a religion of humanity; of the gospel as a proclamation of universal good will; of the Christ as an elder brother, saving by unfolding men and women; of God as a loving Father, — all

pointed in the direction of social reconstruction. He believed in remodeling circumstances, in obtaining liberty, in securing better conditions of life for the unprivileged. The agitators loved him, the teetotalers, the come-outers, the spiritualists, because he hit hard the lucrative, organized evils of the time, but he was a thorn in the flesh of moderate people who hated such inspiration.

The air of the period was agitated by furious winds. Naturalism in every shape was abroad. Meetings were held, newspapers were printed, and "organs" were established in advocacy of new ideas in every direction. Temperance, anti-slavery, non-resistance, mesmerism, phrenology, Swedenborgianism, spiritualism, antimonianism, materialism, had all their prophets. There was a general outbreak of protest against received dogmas and institutions. In the heat of this turmoil appeared the Luther of the time, — Theodore Parker. He was a man of prodigious intellectual voracity united with a corresponding moral earnestness; no mystic or seraphic enthusiast, no idealist by native temperament, but a stout reformer in the sphere of practical ethics, honest, faithful, courageous, uncompromising. His first direction was theological. Convers Francis stimulated his appetite for reading of a religious character. The Divinity School at Cambridge threw him into a whirl of questioning, which involved him in argument, and resulted in doubt. The spirit of the age added fuel to the flame. N. L. Frothingham lent him books. George Ripley gave him the guidance of a clear mind, of capacious knowledge and firm convictions, not to speak of the quickening sympathy of a hopeful, bright spirit. The new theology found him an easy convert, especially as led by men like Herder, Schleiermacher, De Wette, in Germany; like Channing, Walker, Ripley, at home. Emerson fascinated him, excited in him the passion for liberty, animated his

courage, awoke his confidence in the soul. But after all he did not come rapidly to his final convictions. To be a Unitarian, making reason a critic of dogmas, was something. To be a *liberal* Unitarian, setting reason to judge certain records of the Bible, as well as certain dogmas of the creed, was the next step. To exalt reason as the final judge of revelation was the final conclusion. He was critical rather than speculative, concrete rather than abstract. He became an idealist from reading and personal association, but he was not one by constitution. He preferred Aristotle to Plato, Fichte and Jacobi to Kant and Schelling, was more akin to Paley than to Cudworth. His Transcendentalism had a basis in common-sense. Instead of serenely withdrawing, like Emerson, from a profession he could not follow, instead of plunging heroically into some humane enterprise, like Brook Farm, as his friend Ripley did, leaving the pulpit he could not occupy with hearty conviction, he maintained his attitude, threw down the glove of defiance, and took the profession to task for its shortcomings, waging a war that lasted for years. He was not a seer or a regenerator, but a prophet and a warrior, "the Orson of parsons," as Lowell called him. He used idealism as a safe territory to lodge cardinal truths in while criticism was ravaging the country of historical Christianity. His very idealism took practical form. Not satisfied with the sublime indefiniteness of Emerson, or the silent stoicism of Ripley, he put his transcendental postulates into portable packages, doing for them what he did for Webster's philosophy of a republic: "The people's government, made for the people, made by the people, and answerable to the people." Parker turned the formula over in his mind as the sea turns over rough stones, until finally it became smooth and round, as thus: "Democracy, that is, a government of all the

people, *by* all the people, *for* all the people." So, unable to hold idealism pure and simple, he condensed its aroma into the three ultimate facts of consciousness: The Existence of God; The Immortality of the Individual Soul; The Moral Law. When Ripley was content, in the controversy with Andrews Norton, to illustrate and maintain the excellence of the spiritual philosophy, Parker, as "Levi Blodgett," contended that man had a spiritual eye by which he could look directly on specific ideas, and obtain an immediate knowledge of truths. Emerson knew Parker incidentally only, and, while admiring his brave independence, was too far removed from him by the method of arriving at convictions, as well as by the convictions themselves, to be intimate with him.

In a word, Parker was a reformer. Yet, even as a reformer, he was a critic. He saw the weak points in the argument of the total abstinence men; he detected the vulnerable places in the armor of the champions for a secular Sunday; and he shot deadly arrows at phrenology. Though a close personal friend of Ripley, a minister at West Roxbury, a frequent visitor at Brook Farm, he would not join the community; once, being asked what he thought of it, he replied: "Ripley, there, seems like a highly finished engine drawing a train of mud-cars." The anti-slavery reform seems to have been the only one to which he gave himself without reserve, and to this he devoted his energies with singular constancy and extraordinary power. It summoned his whole force to combat, — his religious zeal, his moral earnestness, his scorn, his pity, his faith in God, his confidence in man, his trust in Providence, his belief in democratic institutions, his passion for statistical proof, his love of conflict, his eloquence, his sarcasm. Here was genuine, unadulterated humanity in its most practical shape. It is hardly

doubtful that multitudes were attracted to him by this alone, — multitudes who did not comprehend or sympathize with his religious views, but were fascinated by his manliness, and by the undercurrent of faith which sustained it. Finally he became an ethical idealist. Had he lived longer, he would probably have thrown himself into one of the social causes that have come up since the war. The much meditated book on Theism which was to have embodied his spiritual ideas would have been interrupted by the battle-cry that summoned him to arms. The music of the spheres would have been drowned in the din of conflict.

To Dr. Channing really belongs the credit of transferring the evidence of Christianity to the field of human nature. He was a Christian, but a spiritual one. He believed in Christ as "Mediator, Intercessor, Lord and Saviour, ever living, and ever active for mankind; through all time, now as well as formerly, the active and efficient friend of the human race." He was persuaded that all spiritual wisdom and influence came from above. From this persuasion he never was separated. At the same time he had faith in the human soul as the organ through which the divine communications were made. "We have, each of us, the spiritual eye to see, the mind to know, the heart to love, the will to obey God." "A spiritual light, brighter than that of noon, pervades our daily life. The cause of our not seeing it is in ourselves." "They who assert the greatness of human nature see as much of guilt as the man of worldly wisdom. But amid the passions and the selfishness of men, they see another element, — a divine element, — a spiritual principle." He was not afraid of philosophy or criticism; in fact, he listened to them patiently, hopefully, as long as they promised a nearer access of the human soul to the divine, as long, that is, as they tended to remove obstructions

of ignorance; beyond that he had no interest in them. To him the panic about Emerson's famous Divinity School address seemed uncalled for. Parker's positions gave him no uneasiness. But he did not think that science or philosophy or criticism were likely to solve the problems of being, and when he perceived that their energies were expended in a mundane direction, his expectation from them was at an end. "I see and feel the harm done by this crude speculation," he wrote in a letter, "whilst I also see much nobleness to bind me to its advocates. In its opinions generally I see nothing to give me hope. I am somewhat disappointed that this new movement is to do so little for the spiritual regeneration of society."

Dr. Channing's faith in human nature led him to take a deep concern in all reforms that contained the germ of a new life for the future of humanity, — temperance, the education of the working classes, anti-slavery. He was one of the inspirers of Brook Farm. To use the language of his biographer, — "His soul was illuminated with the idea of the absolute, immutable glory of the Moral Good; and reverence for conscience is the key to his whole doctrine of human destiny and duty." But Channing thought as well as felt, considered as well as burned. Hence the restraining limitations of his zeal. He desired the elevation of the race, not of any single class. His very idealism, therefore, in proportion to its earnestness and breadth, made him pause. He was in communication, chiefly through letters and conversation, with the current ideas of the time, but no thought fairly engaged him that had not an ideal aspect; no reform enlisted his support which did not hold out the prospect of a large future for mankind. He was a Unitarian, primarily because Unitarianism seemed to him the more spiritual form of the Christian faith. His whole

view of Unitarianism was spiritual, and except for that had little attraction for his mind. The dogmatic side of it had no charm for him; he was not a formalist in any degree, and it is not probable that he would have advocated any system of mere opinions which promised nothing for the well-being of the race.

Mr. Emerson was a man of different stamp from any of those mentioned. An artist in the construction of sentences and the choice of words, he was not a man of letters, for he ever put substance before form. A student of Plato, he was not a philosopher, for the intellectual method was foreign to his genius. Though foremost in every movement of radical reform, — the anti-slavery cause, the claims of woman, the stand for freedom in religion, a bold speaker for human rights, a eulogist of John Brown, of Theodore Parker, of Henry Thoreau, he was not a reformer, for he avoided conventions, eluded associations, and perceived the limitations of all applied ethics. He was not, in any recognized sense of the term, a Christian. He would call no man Master. He knew of no such thing as authority over the soul. He would acknowledge no mediator between finite and infinite. He had no belief in Satan; evil, in his view, was a shadow; the sense of sin was a disease; Jesus was a myth. "There are no such men as we fable; no Jesus, nor Pericles, nor Caesar, nor Angelo, nor Washington, such as we have made. We consecrate a great deal of nonsense because it was allowed by great men." "A personal influence is an *ignis fatuus*." All his life he resisted interference with the spiritual laws. One might call him Buddhist as easily as Christian. He was the precise opposite of that, — the purest idealist we have ever known.

But no diligent reader of his books will doubt that Emerson was a theist of a most earnest description; so earnest that he would not accept any definition

of deity. From this faith came his passion for wild, uncultivated nature, for rude, unsophisticated men, as most likely to be informed with the immanent Spirit. From this came his invincible optimism; his boundless anticipation of good; his brave attitude of expectancy; his sympathy with whatever promised emancipation, light, the bursting of spiritual bonds; his love of health, beauty, simplicity; his serene confidence that the best would ultimately befall in spite of grief and loss. He was disappointed in individuals, in groups of individuals, in causes and movements; but although the looked-for Spirit did not come down, his assurance of the justness of his method kept him on tiptoe with expectation. He would not call himself a Transcendentalist. "There is no such thing as a Transcendental party; there is no pure Transcendentalist; we know of none but prophets and heralds of such a philosophy; all who by strong bias of nature have leaned to the spiritual side in doctrine, have stopped short of their goal. We have had many harbingers and forerunners; but of a purely spiritual life, history has afforded no example." Transcendentalism, he said, was but a form of idealism, a name bestowed on it in these latter days; but the fact was as old as thinking. The notion that the soul of man could create truth, or do anything but meekly receive it from the divine mind, probably never occurred to Emerson. No virtue was more characteristic of him than humility.

Shortly after the History of Transcendentalism in New England was published, Mr. Emerson said to the author, that in his view, Transcendentalism, as it was called, was simply a protest against formalism and dogmatism in religion; not a philosophical, but a spiritual movement, looking toward a spiritual faith. And so it was in great part, undoubtedly, though it may be questioned if it would have seized on minds like

Walker, Ripley, Hedge, and many besides, but for Kant, Fichte, Jacobi, Schelling, Schleiermacher, De Wette in Germany, Cousin in France, Coleridge and Carlyle in England. Unitarianism had lapsed into a thin, barren conventionality, a poor mixture of Arianism, Arminianism, Priestleyism. Consciously or unconsciously, an arid version of Locke's empirical philosophy was accepted by the leaders of the sect. Materialism was avowed and proclaimed. The lectures of Dr. Spurzheim created a rage for phrenology throughout New England, and many a Socinian fell a prey to what Emerson then called a doctrine of "mud and blood." Transcendentalism was a reaction from this earthward tendency, and Emerson was one of its leaders. The young men principally felt the new afflatus. Hedge, who was educated in Germany, and brought the German atmosphere home with him; Parker and Ripley, who read German; Bartol, Bartlett, Dwight, Alcott, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth Peabody, W. H. Channing, Orestes Brownson, added their genius and fiery zeal.

Thus philosophy and faith, thought and feeling, literary and poetic fervor, united to produce that singular outburst of idealism which has left so deep an impression on the New England intellect. The circumstances of the time determined the particular form it assumed. As those circumstances passed away, the fashion of speculation altered, but the old original idealism remained, and will remain when Channing and Emerson are forgotten except as its interpreters. The local and incidental phases that have been noticed are of the remote past. Literature has come into possession of all its rights. Philosophy sits serenely on its throne, unvexed by its old-fashioned controversy with materialism. Reform is no longer obliged to be one-sided, or extreme, or anarchical, but is taken up by reasonable men and women. Religion is released from dogmatism, at least in a measure, the championship of it being left to scholars of whatever denomination. And all this has been, in great degree, accomplished by men who were once called heretics.

O. B. Frothingham.

A PRELUDE.

I.

SPiRiT that moves the sap in spring,
When lusty male-birds fight and sing,
Inform my words, and make my lines
As sweet as flowers, as strong as vines.

Let mine be the freshening power
Of rain on grass, of dew on flower;
The fertilizing song be mine,
Nut-flavored, racy, keen as wine.

Let some procreant truth exhale
From me, before my forces fail;
Or ere the ecstatic impulse go
Let all my buds to blossoms blow.

II.

If quick, sound seed be wanting where
 The virgin soil feels sun and air,
 And longs to fill a higher state,
 There let my meanings germinate.

Let not my strength be spilled for naught,
 But, in some fresher vessel caught,
 Be blended into sweeter forms,
 And fraught with purer aims and charms.

Let bloom-dust of my life be blown
 To quicken hearts that flower alone;
 Around my knees let scions rise
 With heavenward-pointing destinies.

And when I fall, like some old tree,
 And subtile change makes mould of me,
 There let earth show a fertile line,
 Whence perfect wild-flowers leap and shine!

Maurice Thompson.

EN PROVINCE.

I.

THE COUNTRY OF THE LOIRE.

WE good Americans — I say it without presumption — are too apt to think that France is Paris, just as we are accused of being too apt to think that Paris is the celestial city. This is by no means the case, fortunately for those persons who take an interest in modern Gaul, and yet are still left vaguely unsatisfied by that epitome of civilization which stretches from the Arc de Triomphe to the Gymnase theatre. It had already been revealed to the author of these light pages that there are many good things in the *doux pays de France* of which you get no hint in a walk between those ornaments of the capital; but the truth had been revealed only in quick-flashing glimpses, and he was conscious of a desire to look it well in the

face. To this end he started one rainy morning, in mid-September, for the charming little city of Tours, from which point it seemed possible to make a variety of fruitful excursions. His excursions resolved themselves ultimately into a journey through several provinces, a journey which had its dull moments (as one may defy any journey not to have), but which enabled him to feel that his proposition was demonstrated. France may be Paris, but Paris is not France; that was perfectly evident on the return to the capital. I must not speak, however, as if I had discovered the provinces. They were discovered, or at least revealed, by Balzac, if by any one, and are now easily accessible to visitors.

It is true, I met no visitors, or only one or two, whom it was pleasant to meet. Throughout my little tour, I was almost the only tourist. That is perhaps one reason why it was so agreeable.

I.

I am ashamed to begin with saying that Touraine is the garden of France; that remark has long ago lost its bloom. The town of Tours, however, has something sweet and bright, which suggests that it is surrounded by a land of fruits. It is a very agreeable little city; few towns of its size are more ripe, more complete, or I should suppose in better humor with themselves and less disposed to envy the responsibilities of bigger places. It is truly the capital of its smiling province, a region of easy abundance, of good living, of genial, comfortable, optimistic, rather indolent, opinions. Balzac says in one of his tales that the real Tourangeau will not make an effort, or displace himself even, to go in search of a pleasure; and it is not difficult to understand the sources of this genial indifference. He must have a vague conviction that he can only lose by almost any change. Fortune has been kind to him: he lives in a temperate, reasonable, sociable climate, on the banks of a river which, it is true, sometimes floods the country around it, but of which the ravages appear to be so easily repaired that its aggressions may perhaps be regarded (in a region where so many good things are certain) merely as an occasion for healthy suspense. He is surrounded by fine old traditions, religious, social, architectural, culinary; and he may have the satisfaction of feeling that he is French to the core. No part of his admirable country is more characteristically national. Normandy is Normandy, Burgundy is Burgundy, Provence is Provence; but Touraine is essentially France. It is the land of Rabelais, of Descartes, of Balzac, of good books and good company, as well as good dinners and good houses. George Sand has somewhere a charming passage about the mildness, the convenient quality, of the physical conditions of central France: "*son climat souple et chaud, ses pluies abondantes*

et courtes." In the autumn of 1882, the rains perhaps were less short than abundant; but when the days were fine it was impossible that anything in the way of weather could be more charming. The vineyards and orchards looked rich in the fresh, gay light; cultivation was everywhere, but everywhere it seemed to be easy. There was no visible poverty; thrift and success presented themselves as matters of good taste. The white caps of the women glittered in the sunshine, and their well-made sabots clicked cheerfully on the hard, clean roads. Touraine is a land of old châteaux — a gallery of architectural specimens and of large hereditary properties. The peasantry have less of the luxury of ownership than in most other parts of France; though they have enough of it to give them quite their share of that shrewdly conservative look which, in the little chattering *place* of the market-town, the stranger observes so often in the wrinkled brown masks that surmount the agricultural blouse. This is moreover the heart of the old French monarchy, and as that monarchy was splendid and picturesque, a reflection of the splendor still glitters in the current of the Loire. Some of the most striking events of French history have occurred on the banks of that river, and the soil it waters bloomed for awhile with the flowering of the Renaissance. The Loire gives a great style to a landscape of which the features are not, as the phrase is, prominent, and carries the eye to distances even more poetic than the green horizons of Touraine. It is a very fitful stream, and is sometimes seen to run thin and expose all the crudities of its channel; a great defect certainly in a river which has such serious artistic responsibilities. But I speak of it as I saw it last, full, tranquil, powerful, bending in large, slow curves, and sending back half the light of the sky. Nothing can be finer than the view of its course which you get from the battle-

ments and terraces of Amboise. As I looked down on it from that elevation one lovely Sunday morning, through a mild glitter of autumn sunshine, it seemed the very model of a generous, beneficent stream. The most charming part of Tours is naturally the shaded quay that overlooks it, and looks across too at the friendly faubourg of Saint Symphorien and at the terraced heights which rise above this. Indeed, throughout Touraine it is half the charm of the Loire that you can travel beside it. The great dike which protects it, or protects the country from it, from Blois to Angers, is an admirable road; and on the other side, as well, the highway constantly keeps it company. A great river, as you follow a great road, is excellent company; it heightens and shortens the way. The inns at Tours are in another quarter, and one of them, which is midway between the town and the station, is very good. It is worth mentioning for the fact that every one belonging to it is extraordinarily polite — so unnaturally polite as (at first) to excite your suspicion that the hotel has some hidden vice, so that the waiters and chambermaids are trying to pacify you in advance. There was one waiter in especial who was the most accomplished social being I have ever encountered; from morning till night he kept up an inarticulate murmur of urbanity, like the hum of a spinning top. I may add that I discovered no dark secrets at the Hôtel de l'Univers; for it is not a secret to any traveler to-day that the obligation to partake of a lukewarm dinner in an over-heated room is as imperative as it is detestable. There is a certain Rue Royale at Tours which has pretensions to the monumental; it was constructed a hundred years ago, and the houses, all alike, have on a moderate scale a pompous eighteenth-century look. It connects the Palais de Justice, the most important secular building in the town, with the long bridge which spans

the Loire — the spacious, solid bridge pronounced by Balzac, in *Le Curé de Tours*, "one of the finest monuments of French architecture." The Palais de Justice was the seat of the government of Léon Gambetta in the autumn of 1870, after the dictator had been obliged to retire in his balloon from Paris, and before the Assembly was constituted at Bordeaux. The Germans occupied Tours during that terrible winter; it is astonishing, the number of places the Germans occupied. It is hardly too much to say that wherever one goes in certain parts of France, one encounters two great historic facts: one is the Revolution, the other is the German invasion. The traces of the Revolution remain, in a hundred scars and bruises and mutilations; but the visible marks of the war of 1870 have passed away. The country is so rich, so living, that she has been able to dress her wounds, to hold up her head, to smile again; so that the shadow of that darkness has ceased to rest upon her. But what you do not see you still may hear, and one remembers with a certain shudder that only a few short years ago this province, so intimately French, was under the heel of a foreign foe. To be intimately French was apparently not a safeguard; for so successful an invader it could only be a challenge. Peace and plenty, however, have succeeded that episode; and among the gardens and vineyards of Touraine it seems only a legend the more in a country of legends. It was not, all the same, for the sake of this chequered story that I mentioned the Palais de Justice and the Rue Royale. The most interesting fact, to my mind, about the High Street of Tours was that as you walk toward the bridge on the right-hand trottoir you can look up at the house, on the other side of the way, in which Honoré de Balzac first saw the light. That violent and complicated genius was a child of the good-humored and succulent Touraine. There

is something anomalous in this fact, though if one thinks about it a little one may discover certain correspondences between his character and that of his native province. Strenuous, laborious, constantly infelicitous in spite of his great successes, he suggests at times a very different set of influences. But he had his jovial, full-feeding side — the side that comes out in the *Contes Drolatiques*, which are the romantic and epicurean chronicle of the old manors and abbeys of this region. And he was moreover the product of a soil into which a great deal of history had been trodden. Balzac was genuinely as well as affectedly monarchical, and he was impregnated with a sense of the past. Number 39 Rue Royale, of which the basement, like all the basements in the Rue Royale, is occupied by a shop, is not shown to the public, and I know not whether tradition designates the chamber in which the author of *Le Lys dans la Vallée* opened his eyes into a world in which he was to see, and to imagine, such extraordinary things. If this were the case, I would willingly have crossed its threshold; not for the sake of any relic of the great novelist which it may possibly contain, nor even for that of any mystic virtue which may be supposed to reside within its walls; but simply because to look at those four modest walls can hardly fail to give one a strong impression of the force of human endeavor. Balzac, in the maturity of his vision, took in more of human life than any one, since Shakespeare, who has attempted to tell us stories about it; and the very small scene on which his consciousness dawned is one end of the immense scale that he traversed. I confess it shocked me a little to find that he was born in a house “in a row,” a house moreover which at the date of his birth must have been only about twenty years old. All that is contradictory. If the tenement selected for this honor could not be ancient and

picturesque, it should at least have been detached. There is a charming description in his little tale of *La Grenadière* of the view of the opposite side of the Loire as you have it from the square at the end of the Rue Royale, — a square that has some pretensions to grandeur, overlooked as it is by the Hôtel de Ville and the Musée, a pair of edifices which directly contemplate the river, and ornamented with marble images of François Rabelais and René Descartes. The former, erected a few years since, is a very honorable production; the pedestal of the latter could as a matter of course only be inscribed with the *Cogito, ergo Sum*. The two statues mark the two opposite poles to which the brilliant French mind has traveled, and if there were an effigy of Balzac at Tours, it ought to stand midway between them. Not that he by any means always struck the happy mean between the sensible and the metaphysical; but one may say of him that half of his genius looks in one direction and half in the other. The side that turns toward François Rabelais would be on the whole the side that takes the sun. But there is no statue of Balzac at Tours; there is only, in one of the chambers of the melancholy museum, a rather clever, coarse bust. The description in *La Grenadière*, of which I just spoke, is too long to quote; neither have I space for any one of the brilliant attempts at landscape-painting which are woven into the shimmering texture of *Le Lys dans la Vallée*. The little manor of Cloche-gourde, the residence of Madame de Mortsaufr, the heroine of that extraordinary work, was within a moderate walk of Tours, and the picture in the novel is presumably a copy from an original which it would be possible to-day to discover. I did not, however, even make the attempt. There are so many châteaux in Touraine that have been commemorated in history, that it would take one too far to look up those that

have been commemorated in fiction. The most I did was to endeavor to identify the former residence of Made-moiselle Gamard, the sinister old maid of Le Curé de Tours. This terrible woman occupied a small house in the rear of the cathedral, where I spent a whole morning in wondering rather stupidly which house it could be. To reach the cathedral from the little *place* where we stopped just now to look across at La Grenadière, without, it must be confessed, very vividly seeing it, you follow the quay to the right and pass out of sight of the charming *côteau* which, from beyond the river, faces the town — a soft agglomeration of gardens, vineyards, scattered villas, gables and turrets of slate-roofed châteaux, terraces with gray balustrades, moss-grown walls draped in scarlet Virginia creeper. You turn into the town again beside a great military barrack which is ornamented with a rugged mediæval tower, a relic of the ancient fortifications, known to the Tourangeaux of to-day as the Tour de Guise. The young Prince of Joinville, son of that Duke of Guise who was murdered by the order of Henry II. at Blois, was, after the death of his father, confined here for more than two years, but made his escape one summer evening in 1591, under the nose of his keepers, with a gallant audacity which has attached the memory of the exploit to his sullen-looking prison. Tours has a garrison of five regiments, and the little red-legged soldiers light up the town. You see them stroll upon the clean, uncommercial quay, where there are no signs of navigation, not even by oar, no barrels nor bales, no loading nor unloading, no masts against the sky nor booming of steam in the air. The most active business that goes on there is that patient and fruitless angling in which the French, as the votaries of art for art, excel all other people. The little soldiers, weighed down by the contents of their enormous pockets, pass

with respect from one of these masters of the rod to the other, as he sits soaking an indefinite bait in the large, indifferent stream. After you turn your back to the quay you have only to go a little way before you reach the cathedral.

II.

It is a very beautiful church of the second order of importance, with a charming mouse-colored complexion and a pair of fantastic towers. There is a commodious little square in front of it, from which you may look up at its very ornamental face; but for purposes of frank admiration the sides and the rear are perhaps not sufficiently detached. The cathedral of Tours, which is dedicated to Saint Gatianus, took a long time to build. Begun in 1170, it was finished only in the first half of the sixteenth century; but the ages and the weather have interfused so well the tone of the different parts that it presents, at first, at least, no striking incongruities, and looks even exceptionally harmonious and complete. There are many grander cathedrals, but there are probably few more pleasing, and this effect of delicacy and grace is at its best toward the close of a quiet afternoon, when the densely decorated towers, rising above the little Place de l'Archevêché, lift their curious lanterns into the slanting light, and offer a multitudinous perch to troops of circling pigeons. The whole front, at such a time, has an appearance of great richness, although the niches which surround the three high doors (with recesses deep enough for several circles of sculpture) and indent the four great buttresses that ascend beside the huge rose-window, carry no figures beneath their little chiseled canopies. The blast of the great Revolution blew down most of the statues in France, and the wind has never set very strongly toward putting them up again. The embossed and crocketed cupolas which crown the towers of Saint Gatien

are not very pure in taste ; but, like a good many impurities, they are decidedly picturesque. The interior has a stately slimness with which no fault is to be found, and which in the choir, rich in early glass and surrounded by a broad passage, becomes very bold and noble. Its principal treasure, perhaps, is the charming little tomb of the two children (who died young) of Charles VIII. and Anne of Brittany, in white marble, embossed with symbolic dolphins and exquisite arabesques. The little boy and girl lie side by side on a slab of black marble, and a pair of small kneeling angels, both at their head and their feet, watch over them. Nothing could be more perfect than this monument, which is the work of Michel Colomb, one of the earlier glories of the French Renaissance ; it is really a lesson in good taste. Originally placed in the great abbey-church of Saint Martin, which was for so many ages the holy place of Tours, it happily survived the devastation to which that edifice, already sadly shattered by the wars of religion and successive profanations, finally succumbed in 1797. In 1815, the tomb found an asylum in a quiet corner of the cathedral. I ought, perhaps, to be ashamed to acknowledge that I found the profane name of Balzac capable of adding an interest even to this venerable sanctuary. Those who have read the terrible little story of the Curé de Tours will perhaps remember that, as I have already mentioned, the simple and child-like old Abbé Birotteau, victim of the infernal machinations of the Abbé Troubert and Mademoiselle Gamard, had his quarters in the house of that lady (she had a specialty of letting lodgings to priests), which stood on the north side of the cathedral, so close under its walls that the supporting pillar of one of the great flying buttresses was planted in the spinster's garden. If you wander round behind the church, in search of this more than historic habitation, you will have occasion to see that

the side and rear of Saint Gatien make a delectable and curious figure. A narrow lane passes beside the high wall which conceals from sight the palace of the archbishop, and beneath the flying buttresses, the far-projecting gargoyles and the fine south porch of the church. It terminates in a little, dead grass-grown square, entitled the Place Grégoire de Tours. All this part of the exterior of the cathedral is very brown, ancient, gothic, grotesque ; Balzac calls the whole place "a desert of stone." A battered and gabled wing, or outhouse (as it appears to be), of the hidden palace, with a queer old stone pulpit jutting out from it, looks down on this melancholy spot, on the other side of which is a seminary for young priests, one of whom issues from a door in a quiet corner, and, holding it open a moment behind him, shows a glimpse of a sunny garden, where you may fancy other black young figures strolling up and down. Mademoiselle Gamard's house, where she took her two abbés to board, and basely conspired with one against the other, is still further round the cathedral. You cannot quite put your hand upon it to-day, for the dwelling of which you say to yourself that it *must* have been Mademoiselle Gamard's does not fulfill all the conditions mentioned in Balzac's description. The edifice in question, however, fulfills conditions enough ; in particular, its little court offers hospitality to the big buttress of the church. Another buttress, corresponding with this (the two, between them, sustain the gable of the north transept), is planted in the small cloister, of which the door on the further side of the little soundless Rue de la Psalette, where nothing seems ever to pass, opens opposite to that of Mademoiselle Gamard. There is a very genial old sacristan at Tours, who introduced me to this cloister from the church. It is very small and solitary, and much mutilated, but it nestles with a kind of

wasted friendliness beneath the big walls of the cathedral. Its lower arcades have been closed, and it has a little plot of garden in the middle, with fruit-trees which I should imagine to be too much overshadowed. In one corner is a remarkably picturesque turret, the cage of a winding staircase which ascends (no great distance) to an upper gallery, where an old priest, the *chanoine-gardien* of the church, was walking to and fro with his breviary. The turret, the gallery, and even the *chanoine-gardien*, belonged, that sweet September morning, to the class of objects that are dear to painters in water-colors.

III.

I have mentioned the church of Saint Martin, which was for many years the sacred spot, the shrine of pilgrimage, of Tours. Originally the simple burial place of the great apostle who, in the fourth century, christianized Gaul, and who, in his day a brilliant missionary and worker of miracles, is chiefly known to modern fame as the worthy that cut his cloak in two at the gate of Amiens to share it with a beggar (tradition fails to say, I believe, what he did with the other half), the Abbey of Saint Martin, through the Middle Ages, waxed rich and powerful, till it was known at last as one of the most luxurious religious houses in Christendom, with kings for its titular abbots (who, like Francis I., sometimes turned and despoiled it), and a great treasure of precious things. It passed, however, through many vicissitudes. Pillaged by the Normans in the ninth century and by the Huguenots in the sixteenth, it received its death-blow from the Revolution, which must have brought to bear upon it an energy of destruction proportionate to its mighty bulk. At the end of the last century a huge group of ruins alone remained, and what we see to-day may be called the ruin of a ruin. It is difficult to understand how so vast an edifice can have been

so completely obliterated. Its site is given up to several ugly streets, and a pair of tall towers, separated by a space which speaks volumes as to the size of the church, and looking across the close-pressed roofs to the happier spires of the cathedral, preserve for the modern world the memory of a great fortune, a great abuse, perhaps, and at all events a great penalty. One may believe that to this day a considerable part of the foundations of the great abbey is buried in the soil of Tours. The two surviving towers, which are dissimilar in shape, are enormous; with those of the cathedral they form the great landmarks of the town. One of them bears the name of the Tour de l'Horloge; the other, the so-called Tour Charlemagne, was erected (two centuries after her death) over the tomb of Luitgarde, wife of the great Emperor, who died at Tours in 800. I do not pretend to understand in what relation these very mighty and effectually detached masses of masonry stood to each other; but in their gray elevation and loneliness they are very striking and suggestive to-day, holding their hoary heads far above the modern life of the town, and looking sad and conscious, as they had outlived all uses. I know not what is supposed to have become of the bones of the blessed saint during the various scenes of confusion in which they may have got mislaid; but a mystic connection with his wonder working relics may be perceived in a strange little sanctuary on the left of the street, which opens in front of the Tour Charlemagne—the rugged base of which, by the way, inhabited like a cave, with a diminutive doorway, in which, as I passed, an old woman stood cleaning a pot, and a little dark window decorated with homely flowers, would be appreciated by a painter in search of “bits.” The present shrine of Saint Martin is inclosed (provisionally, I suppose) in a very modern structure of timber, where, in a dusky cellar, to

which you descend by a wooden staircase adorned with votive tablets and paper roses, is placed a tabernacle surrounded by twinkling tapers and prostrate worshippers. Even this crepuscular vault, however, fails, I think, to attain solemnity, for the whole place is strangely vulgar and garish. The Catholic church, as churches go to-day, is certainly the most spectacular; but it must feel that it has a great fund of impressiveness to draw upon when it opens such queer little shops of sanctity as this. It is impossible not to be struck with the grotesqueness of such an establishment, as the last link in the chain of a great ecclesiastical tradition. In the same street, on the other side, a little below, is something better worth your visit than the shrine of Saint Martin. Knock at a high door in a white wall (there is a cross above it), and a fresh-faced sister of the convent of the Petit Saint Martin will let you into the charming little cloister, or rather fragment of a cloister. Only one side of this exquisite structure remains, but the whole place is effective. In front of the beautiful arcade, which is terribly bruised and obliterated, is one of those walks of interlaced *tûleuls* which are so frequent in Touraine, and into which the green light filters so softly through a lattice of clipped twigs. Beyond this is a garden, and beyond the garden are the other buildings of the convent, where the placid sisters keep a school — a test, doubtless, of placidity. The imperfect arcade, which dates from the beginning of the sixteenth century (I know nothing of it but what is related in Mrs. Pattison's *Renaissance in France*), is a truly enchanting piece of work; the cornice and the angles of the arches being covered with the daintiest sculpture of arabesques, flowers, fruit, medallions, cherubs, griffins, all in the finest and most attenuated chiseling. It is like the chasing of a bracelet in stone. The taste, the fancy, the elegance, the refinement, bring tears to the

eyes; such a piece of work is the purest flower of the French Renaissance; it is one of the most delicate things in all Touraine. There is another fine thing at Tours which is not particularly delicate, but which makes a great impression — the very interesting old church of Saint Julian, lurking in a crooked corner, at the right of the Rue Royale, near the point at which this indifferent thoroughfare emerges — with its little cry of admiration — on the bank of the Loire. Saint Julian stands to-day in a kind of neglected hollow, where it is much shut in by houses; but in the year 1225, when the edifice was begun, the site was doubtless, as the architects say, more eligible. At present, indeed, when once you have caught a glimpse of the stout, serious Romanesque tower, which is not high, but strong, you feel that the building has something to say, and that you must stop to listen to it. Within, it has a vast and splendid nave, of immense height — the nave of a cathedral, with a shallow choir and transepts, and some admirable old glass. I spent half an hour there one morning — listening to what the church had to say — in perfect solitude. Not a worshiper entered, not even an old man with a broom. I have always thought there is a sex in fine buildings; and Saint Julian, with its noble nave, is of the masculine gender. It was that same morning, I think, that I went in search of the old houses of Tours; for the town contains several goodly specimens of the domestic architecture of the past. The dwelling to which the average Anglo-Saxon will most promptly direct his steps, and the only one I have space to mention, is the so-called *Maison de Tristan l'Hermite*, — a gentleman whom the readers of *Quentin Durward* will not have forgotten — the hangman in ordinary to the great King Louis XI. Unfortunately the house of Tristan is not the house of Tristan at all; this illusion has been cruelly dispelled. There are

no illusions left, at all, in the good city of Tours, with regard to Louis XI. His terrible castle of Plessis, the picture of which sends a shiver through the youthful reader of Scott, has been reduced to suburban insignificance; and the residence of his *triste compère* — on the front of which a festooned rope figures as a motive for decoration — is observed to have been erected in the succeeding century. The Maison de Tristan may be visited for itself, however, if not for Walter Scott; it is an exceedingly picturesque old façade, to which you pick your way through a narrow and tortuous street — a street terminating a little beyond it in the walk beside the river. An elegant gothic doorway is let into the rusty-red brick-work, and strange little beasts crouch at the angles of the windows, which are surmounted by a tall graduated gable, pierced with a small orifice, where the large surface of brick, lifted out of the shadow of the street, looks yellow and faded. The whole thing is disfigured and decayed; but it is a capital subject for a sketch in colors. Only I must wish the sketcher better luck — or a better temper — than my own. If he ring the bell to be admitted to see the court, which I believe is more sketchable still, let him have patience to wait till the bell is answered. He can do the outside while they are coming. The Maison de Tristan, I say, may be visited for itself; but I hardly know what the remnants of Plessis-les-Tours may be visited for. To reach them you wander through crooked suburban lanes, down the course of the Loire, to a rough, undesirable, incongruous spot, where a small, crude building of red brick is pointed out to you by your cabman (if you happen to drive) as the romantic abode of a superstitious king, and where a strong odor of pig-sties and other unclean things so prostrates you for the moment that you have no energy to protest against this obvious fiction. You enter

a yard encumbered with rubbish and a defiant dog, and an old woman emerges from a shabby lodge and assures you that you are indeed in an historic place. The red brick building, which looks like a small factory, rises on the ruins of the favorite residence of the dreadful Louis. It is now occupied by a company of night-scavengers, whose huge carts are drawn up in a row before it. I know not whether this be what is called the irony of fate; at any rate, the effect of it is to accentuate strongly the fact (and through the most susceptible of our senses) that there is no honor for the authors of great wrongs. The dreadful Louis is reduced simply to an offense to the nostrils. The old woman shows you a few fragments — several dark, damp, much-encumbered vaults, denominated dungeons, and an old tower staircase, in good condition. There are the outlines of the old moat; there is also the outline of the old guard-room, which is now a stable; and there are other vague outlines and confused masses, which I have forgotten. You need all your imagination, and even then you can make out that Plessis was a castle of large extent, though the old woman, as your eye wanders over the neighboring *potagers*, talks a good deal about the gardens and the park. The place looks mean and flat, and as you drive away you scarcely know whether to be glad or sorry that all those bristling horrors have been reduced to the commonplace. A certain flatness of impression awaits you also, I think, at Marmoutier, which is the other indispensable excursion in the near neighborhood of Tours. The remains of this famous abbey lie on the other bank of the stream, about a mile and a half from the town. You follow the edge of the big brown river; of a fine afternoon you will be glad to go further still. The abbey has gone the way of most abbeys, but the place is a restoration as well as a ruin, inasmuch as the sisters of the

Sacred Heart have erected a terribly modern convent here. A large gothic doorway, in a high fragment of ancient wall, admits you to a garden-like inclosure, of great extent, from which you are further introduced into an extraordinarily tidy little parlor, where two good nuns sit at work. One of these came out with me, and showed me over the place—a very definite little woman, with pointed features, an intensely distinct enunciation, and those pretty manners which (for whatever other teachings it may be responsible) the Catholic church so often instills into its functionaries. I have never seen a woman who had got her lesson better than this little trotting, murmuring, edifying nun. The interest of Marmoutier to-day is not so much an interest of vision, so to speak, as an interest of reflection—that is, if you choose to reflect (for instance) upon the wondrous legend of the seven sleepers (you may see where they lie in a row), who lived together—they were brothers and cousins—in primitive piety, in the sanctuary constructed by the blessed Saint Martin (emulous of his precursor, Saint Gatianus), in the face of the hillside that overhung the Loire, and who, twenty-five years after his death, yielded up their seven souls at the same moment, and enjoyed the curious privilege of retaining in their faces, in spite of this process, the rosy tints of life. The abbey of Marmoutier, which sprung from the grottoes in the cliff to which Saint Gatianus and Saint Martin retired to pray, was therefore the creation of the latter worthy, as the other great abbey, in the town proper, was the monument of his repose. The cliff is still there, and a winding staircase, in the latest taste, enables you conveniently to explore its recesses. These sacred niches are scooped out of the rock, and will give you an impression if you cannot do without one. You will feel them to be sufficiently venerable when you learn that the particular

pigeon-hole of Saint Gatianus, the first Christian missionary to Gaul, dates from the third century. They have been dealt with as the Catholic church deals with most of such places to-day: polished and furnished up, labeled and ticketed—*edited*, with notes, in short, like an old book. The process is a mistake. The early editions had more sanctity. The modern buildings (of the Sacred Heart), on which you look down from these points of vantage, are in the vulgar taste which seems doomed to stamp itself on all new Catholic work; but there was nevertheless a great sweetness in the scene. The afternoon was lovely, and it was flushing to a close. The large garden stretched beneath us, blooming with fruit and wine and succulent vegetables, and beyond it flowed the shining river. The air was still, the shadows were long, and the place, after all, was full of memories, most of which might pass for virtuous. It certainly was better than Plessis-les-Tours.

IV.

Your business at Tours is to make excursions, and if you make them all you will be very well occupied. Touraine is rich in antiquities, and an hour's drive from the town in almost any direction will bring you to the knowledge of some curious fragment of domestic or ecclesiastical architecture, some turreted manor, some lonely tower, some gabled village or historic site. Even, however, if you do everything—which was not my case—you cannot hope to relate everything, and fortunately for you the excursions divide themselves into the greater and the less. You may achieve most of the greater in a week or two; but a summer in Touraine—which, by the way, must be a charming thing—would contain none too many days for the others. If you come down to Tours from Paris, your best economy is to spend a few days at Blois, where a clumsy but rather attractive little inn,

on the edge of the river, will offer you a certain amount of that familiar and intermittent hospitality which a few weeks spent in the French provinces teaches you to regard as the highest attainable form of accommodation. Such an economy I was unable to practice; I could only go to Blois (from Tours) to spend the day; but this feat I accomplished twice over. It is a very sympathetic little town, as we say nowadays, and one might easily resign one's self to a week there. Seated on the north bank of the Loire, it presents a bright, clean face to the sun, and has that aspect of cheerful leisure which belongs to all white towns that reflect themselves in shining waters. It is the water-front only of Blois, however, that exhibits this lucid complexion; the interior is of a proper brownness, as befits a signally historic city. The only disappointment I had there was the discovery that the castle, which is the special object of one's pilgrimage, does not overhang the river, as I had always allowed myself to understand. It overhangs the town, but it is scarcely visible from the river. That peculiar good fortune is reserved for Amboise and Chaumont. The Château de Blois is one of the most beautiful and elaborate of all the old royal residences of this part of France, and I suppose it should have all the honors of my description. As you cross its threshold you step straight into the brilliant movement of the French Renaissance. But it is too rich to describe — I can only touch it here and there. It must be premised that in speaking of it as one sees it to-day, one speaks of a monument completely restored. The work of restoration has been as skillful as it is profuse; but it rather chills the imagination. This is perhaps almost the first thing you feel as you approach the castle from the streets of the town. These little streets, as they leave the river, have pretensions to romantic steepness; one of them, in-

deed, which resolves itself into a high staircase, with divergent wings — the *escalier monumental* — achieved this result so successfully as to remind me vaguely — I hardly know why — of the great slope of the Capitol, beside the Ara Cœli, at Rome. The view of that part of the castle which figures to-day as the back (it is the only aspect I had seen reproduced) exhibits the marks of restoration in the most vivid way. The long façade, consisting only of balconied windows, deeply recessed, erects itself on the summit of a considerable hill, which gives a fine, plunging movement to its foundations. The deep niches of the windows are all aglow with color; they have been repainted with red and blue, relieved with gold figures, and each of them looks more like the royal box at a theatre than like the aperture of a palace dark with memories. For all this, however, and in spite of the fact that, as in some others of the châteaux of Touraine (always excepting the colossal Chambord which is not in Touraine!), there is less vastness than one had expected, the least hospitable aspect of Blois is abundantly impressive. Here, as elsewhere, lightness and grace are the keynote; and the recesses of the windows, with their happy proportions, their sculpture and their color, are the empty frames of brilliant pictures. They need the figure of a Francis I. to complete them — or of a Diane de Poitiers, or even of a Henry III. The base of this exquisite wing emerges from a bed of light verdure, which has been allowed to mass itself there and which contributes to the springing look of the walls; while on the right it joins the most modern portion of the castle, the building constructed, on foundations of enormous height and solidity, in 1635, by Gaston d'Orléans. This fine frigid mansion — the proper view of it is from the court within — is one of the masterpieces of François Mansard, whom a kind providence

did not allow to make over the whole palace in the superior manner of his superior age. This had been a part of Gaston's plan — he was a blunderer born, and this precious project was worthy of him. This execution of it would surely have been one of the great misdeeds of history. Partially performed, the misdeed is not altogether to be regretted, for as one stands in the court of the castle and lets one's eye wander from the splendid wing of Francis I., which is the last word of free and joyous invention, to the ruled lines and blank spaces of the ponderous erection of Mansard, one makes one's reflections upon the advantage, in even the least personal of the arts, of having something to say, and upon the stupidity of a taste which had ended by becoming an aggregation of negatives. Gaston's wing, taken by itself, has much of the *bel air* which was to belong to the architecture of Louis XIV.; but taken in contrast to its flowering, laughing, living neighbor, it marks the difference between inspiration and calculation. We scarcely grudge it its place, however, for it adds a price to the rest of the château. We have entered the court, by the way, by jumping over the walls. The more orthodox method is to follow a modern terrace, which leads to the left, from the side of the château that I began by speaking of, and passes round, ascending, to a little square on a considerably higher level, which is not, like the very modern square on which the back (as I have called it) looks out, a thoroughfare. This small, empty *place*, oblong in form, at once bright and quiet, with a certain grass-grown look, offers an excellent setting to the entrance-front of the palace, the wing of Louis XII. The restoration here has been lavish; but it was no more than a just reaction against the injuries, still more lavish, by which the unfortunate building had long been overwhelmed. It had fallen into a state of ruinous neglect, relieved only

by the misuse proceeding from successive generations of soldiers, for whom its charming chambers served as barrack-room. Whitewashed, mutilated, dishonored, the castle of Blois may be said to have escaped simply with its life. This is the history of Amboise as well, and is to a certain extent the history of Chambord. Delightful, at any rate was the refreshed façade of Louis XII., as I stood and looked at it one bright September morning. In that soft, clear, merry light of Touraine, everything shows, everything speaks. Charming are the taste, the happy proportions, the color of this beautiful front, to which the new feeling for a purely domestic architecture — an architecture of security and tranquillity, in which art could indulge itself — gave an air of youth and gladness. It is true that for a long time to come the castle of Blois was neither very safe nor very quiet; but its dangers came from within, from the evil passions of its inhabitants, and not from siege or invasion. The front of Louis XII. is of red brick, crossed here and there with purple; and the purple state of the high roof, relieved with chimneys beautifully treated and with the embroidered caps of pinnacles and arches, with the porcupine of Louis, the ermine and the festooned rope which formed the devices of Anne of Brittany — the tone of this rich-looking roof carries out the mild glow of the wall. The wide, fair windows look as if they had expanded to let in the rosy dawn of the Renaissance. Charming, for that matter, are the windows of all the châteaux of Touraine, with their squareness corrected (as it is not in the Tudor architecture) by the curve of the upper corners, which makes this line look — above the expressive aperture — like a penciled eyebrow. The low door of this front is crowned by a high, deep niche, in which, under a splendid canopy, stiffly astride of a stiffly-draped charger, sits in profile an image of the good King

Louis. Good as he had been, the father of his people as he was called (I believe he remitted several taxes), he was not good enough to pass muster at the Revolution, and the effigy I have just described is no more than a reproduction of the primitive statue, demolished at that period. Pass beneath it, into the court, and the sixteenth century closes round you; it is a pardonable flight of fancy to say that the expressive faces of an age in which human passions lay very near the surface seem to look out at you from the windows, from the balconies, from the thick foliage of the sculpture. The portion of the wing of Louis XII. that looks toward the court is supported on a deep arcade. On your right is the wing erected by Francis I., the reverse of the mass of building which you see on approaching the castle. This exquisite, this extravagant, this transcendent piece of architecture is the most joyous utterance of the French Renaissance. It is covered with an embroidery of sculpture in which every detail is worthy of the hand of a goldsmith. In the middle of it, or rather a little to the left, rises the famous winding staircase which even the ages which most misused it must vaguely have admired. It forms a kind of chiseled cylinder, with wide interstices, so that the stairs are open to the air. Every inch of this structure, of its balconies, its pillars, its great central columns, is wrought over with lovely images, strange and ingenious devices, prime among which is the great heraldic salamander of Francis I. The salamander is everywhere at Blois — over the chimneys, over the doors, on the walls; this whole division of the castle bears the stamp of that eminently pictorial prince. The running cornice along the top of the front is like an unfolded, an elongated, bracelet. The windows of the attic are like shrines for saints. The gargoyles, the medallions, the statuettes, the festoons, are like the

elaboration of some precious cabinet rather than the details of a building exposed to the weather and to the ages. In the interior there is a profusion of restoration, and it is all restoration in color. This has been, evidently, a work of great science and research, but it will easily strike you as overdone. The universal freshness is a discord, a false note; it seems to light up the dusky past with an unnatural glare. Begun in the reign of Louis Philippe, this terrible process — the more terrible always the more you admit that it has been necessary — has been carried so far that there is now scarcely a square inch of the interior that has the color of the past upon it. It is true that the place had been so coated over with modern abuse that something was needed to keep it alive; it is only, perhaps, a pity that the restorers, not content with saving its life, should have undertaken to restore its youth. The love of consistency, in such a business, is a dangerous lure. All the old apartments have been rechristened, as it were; the geography of the castle has been reestablished. The guard-rooms, the bed-rooms, the closets, the oratories, have recovered their identity. Every spot connected with the murder of the Duke of Guise is pointed out by a small, shrill boy who takes you from room to room, and who has learned his lesson in perfection. The place is full of Catherine de' Medici, of Henry III., of memories, of ghosts, of echoes, of possible evocations and revivals. It is covered with crimson and gold; the fireplaces and the ceilings are magnificent; they look like expensive "sets" at the grand opera. I should have mentioned that below, in the court, the front of the wing of Gaston d'Orléans faces you as you enter, so that the place is a course of French history. Inferior in beauty and grace to the other portions of the castle, the wing is yet a nobler monument than the memory of Gaston deserves. The second of the

sons of Henry IV., who was no more fortunate as a father than as a husband, younger brother of Louis XIII., and father of the great Mademoiselle, the most celebrated, most ambitious, most self-complacent and most unsuccessful *filles à marier* in French history, passed in enforced retirement at the castle of Blois the close of a life of clumsy intrigues against Cardinal Richelieu, in which his rashness was only equaled by his pusillanimity and his ill-luck by his inaccessibility to correction, and which, after so many follies and shames, was properly summed up in the project, begun but not completed, of demolishing the beautiful habitation of his exile in order to erect a better one. With Gaston d'Orléans, however, who lived there without dignity, the history of the Château de Blois declines. Its interesting period is that of the wars of religion. It was the chief residence of Henry III., and the scene of the principal events of his weak, violent, immoral reign. It has been restored more than enough, as I have said, by architects and decorators; the visitor, as he moves through its empty rooms, which are at once brilliant and ill-lighted (they have not been refurnished), undertakes a little restoration of his own. His imagination helps itself from the things that remain; he tries to see the life of the sixteenth century in its form and dress — its turbulence, its passions, its loves and hates, its treacheries, falsities, touches of faith, its latitude of personal development, its presentation of the whole nature, its nobleness of costume, charm of speech, splendor of taste, unequaled picturesqueness. The picture is full of movement, of contrasted light and darkness, full altogether of abominations. Mixed up with them all is the great name of religion, so that the drama wants nothing to make it complete. What episode was ever more perfect — looked at as a dramatic occurrence — than the murder of the Duke of Guise? The insolent

prosperity of the victim; the weakness, the vices, the terrors, of the author of the deed; the perfect execution of the plot; the accumulation of horror in what followed it, give it, as a crime, a kind of immortal solidity. But we must not take the Château de Blois too hard; I went there, after all, by way of entertainment. If among these sinister memories, your visit should threaten to prove a tragedy, there is an excellent way of removing the impression. You may treat yourself, at Blois, to a very cheerful afterpiece. There is a charming industry practiced there, and practiced in charming conditions. Follow the bright little quay, down the river, till you get quite out of the town — reach the point where the road beside the Loire becomes sinuous and attractive, turns the corner of diminutive headlands, and makes you wonder what is beyond. Let not your curiosity induce you, however, to pass by a modest white villa which overlooks the stream, inclosed in a fresh little court; for here dwells an artist — an artist in faience. There is no sort of sign, and the place looks peculiarly private. But if you ring at the gate, you will not be turned away. You will, on the contrary, be ushered upstairs, into a parlor — there is nothing resembling a shop — encumbered with specimens of remarkably handsome pottery. The work is of the best, a careful reproduction of old forms, colors, devices; and the master of the establishment is one of those completely artistic types that are often found in France. His reception is as friendly as his work is ingenious, and I think it is not too much to say that you like the work the better because he has produced it. His vases, cups and jars, lamps, platters, *plaques*, with their deep, strong hues, their innumerable figures, their family likeness and wide variations, are scattered through his occupied rooms; they serve at once as his stock-in-trade and as household ornament. As we all know, this is an age

of prose, of machinery, of wholesale production, of coarse and hasty processes. But one brings away from the establishment of the very intelligent M. Ulysse the sense of a less eager activity and a greater search for perfection. He has but a few workmen, and he gives them plenty of time. The place makes a little vignette, leaves an impression: the quiet white house, in its garden, on the road by the wide clear river, without the smoke, the bustle, the ugliness, of so much of our modern industry. It ought to gratify Mr. Ruskin.

Henry James.

SOMETHING PASSES.

SOMETHING passes in the air,
That if seen would be most fair;
And if we the ear could train
To a keener joy and pain,
Sweeter warblings would be heard
Than from wild Arabian bird:
Something passes.

Blithest in the spring it stirs,
Wakes with earliest harbingers;
Then it peers from heart's-ease faces,
Clothes itself in wind-flower graces;
Or, begirt with waving sedge,
Pipes upon the river's edge;
Or its whispering way doth take
Through the plumed and scented brake;
Or, within the silent wood,
Whirls one leaf in fitful mood.
Something knits the morning dews
In a web of seven hues;
Something with the May-fly races,
Or the pallid blowball chases
Till it darkens 'gainst the moon,
Full, upon a night of June:
Something passes.

Something climbs, from bush or croft,
On a gossamer stretched aloft;
Sails, with glistening spars and shrouds,
Till it meets the sailing clouds;
Else it with the swallow flies,
Glimpsed at dusk in southern skies;
Glides before the even-star,
Steals its light, and beckons far.
Something sighs within the sigh
Of the wind, that, whirling by,

Strews the roof and flooded eaves
 With the autumn's dead-ripe leaves.
 Something — still unknown to me —
 Carols in the winter tree,
 Or doth breathe a melting strain
 Close beneath the frosted pane:
 Something passes.

Painters, fix its fleeting lines;
 Show us by what light it shines!
 Poets, whom its pinions fan,
 Seize upon it, if ye can!
 All in vain, for, like the air,
 It goes through the finest snare:
 Something passes.

Edith M. Thomas.

TOMPKINS.

HE was a small, wiry man, about forty years of age, with a bright young face, dark eyes, and iron-gray hair. We were reclining in a field, under a clump of pines, on a height overlooking Lake Champlain. Near by were the dull-red brick buildings of the University of Vermont. Burlington, blooming with flowers and embowered in trees, sloped away below us. Beyond the town, the lake, a broad plain of liquid blue, slept in the June sunshine, and in the farther distance towered the picturesque Adirondacks.

"It is certainly true," said Tompkins, turning upon his side so as to face me, and propping his head with his hand, while his elbow rested on the ground. "Don't you remember, I used to insist that they were peculiar, when we were here in college?"

I remembered it very distinctly, and so informed my old classmate.

"I always said," he continued, "that I could not do my best in New England, because there is no sentiment in the atmosphere, and the people are so peculiar."

"You have been living in Chicago?" I remarked inquiringly.

"That has been my residence ever since we were graduated; that is, for about seventeen years," he replied.

"You are in business there, I believe?" I questioned.

Tompkins admitted that he was, but did not name the particular line.

"Halloo!" he suddenly called out, rising to his feet, and looking toward the little brown road near us. I looked in the same direction, and saw a plainly dressed elderly couple on foot, apparently out for a walk. Tompkins went hastily toward them, helped the lady over the fence, the gentleman following, and a moment later I was introduced to Mr. and Mrs. Pember, of Chicago.

Tompkins gathered some large stones, pulled a board off the fence in rather a reckless manner, and fixed a seat for the couple where they could lean against a tree. When they were provided for, I reclined again, but Tompkins stood before us, talking and gesticulating.

"This," said he, "is the identical place, Mrs. Pember. Here you can see

the beauties I have so often described. Before you are the town and the lake, and beyond them the mountains of Northern New York; and (if you will please to turn your head) that great blue wall behind you, twenty miles away, is composed of the highest mountains in Vermont. The mountains in front of you are the Adirondacks, and those behind you are the Green Mountains. You are at the central point of this magnificent Champlain Valley; and you are comfortably seated here beneath the shade, on this the loveliest day of summer. Dear friends, I congratulate you," and Tompkins shook hands with Mr. and Mrs. Pember.

"And there, Timothy," observed the old gentleman, pointing at the University buildings with his cane, "is actually where you went to college."

"It was in those memorable and classic halls, as my classmate here can testify," replied Tompkins. "And here we roamed in 'Academus' sacred shade,' and a good deal beyond it. We went fishing and boating during term time, and made long trips to the mountains in the vacations. In the mean time, this wonderful valley was photographed upon the white and spotless sensorium of my youthful soul."

"Going, going, going!" cried Mrs. Pember, with a light, rippling laugh, glancing at me. "That is the way I stop Mr. Tompkins when he gets too flowery."

Tompkins looked at me and reddened. "I own up," he remarked, "I am an auctioneer in Chicago."

I hastened to say that I felt sure he was a good one, and added, in the kindest way I could, that I had just been wondering how he had become such a good talker.

"Is it a good deal of a come-down?" asked Tompkins, with a mixture of frankness and embarrassment.

I replied that the world was not what we had imagined in our college days,

and that the calling of an auctioneer was honorable.

A general conversation followed, in the course of which it appeared that Tompkins had boarded at the home of the Pembers for several years. They evidently looked upon him almost as their own son. They were traveling with him during his summer rest.

"This is a queer world," observed Tompkins, dropping down beside me, and lying flat on his back, with his hands under his head. "I came to college from a back neighborhood over in York State, and up to the day I was graduated, and for a long time afterward, I thought I must be President of the United States, or a Presbyterian minister, or a great poet, or something remarkable, and here I am an auctioneer."

Occasional remarks were made by the rest of us for a while, but soon the talking was mainly done by Tompkins.

Said he, "Since I was graduated, I never was back here but once before, and that was four years ago next August. I was traveling this way then, and reached here Saturday evening. I was in the pork business at that time, as a clerk, and had to stop off here to see a man for the firm. I put up at the best hotel, feeling as comfortable and indifferent as I ever did in my life. There was not the shadow of an idea in my mind of what was going to happen. On Sunday morning I walked about town, and it began to come down on me."

"What, the town?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"No; the strangest and most unaccountable feeling I ever had in my life," answered Tompkins. "It was thirteen years since I had said good-by to college. It had long ago become apparent to me that the ideas with which I had graduated were visionary and impracticable. I comprehended that the college professors were not the great men I had once thought them, and that a college president was merely a human being. I

had been hardened by fighting my way, as a friendless young man has to do in a great city. As the confidential clerk of a large pork house in Chicago, I felt equal to 'the next man,' whoever he might be. If a professor had met me as I got off the cars here Saturday night, it would have been easy for me to snub him. But Sunday morning, as familiar objects began to appear in the course of my walk, the strange feeling of which I have spoken came over me. It was the feeling of old times. The white clouds, the blue lake, this wonderful scenery, thrilled me, and called back the college dreams."

As he spoke, my old classmate's voice trembled.

"You may remember that I used to like Horace and Virgil and Homer," he remarked, sitting up, crossing his feet tailor-fashion, and looking appealingly at me.

I replied, enthusiastically and truly, that he had been one of our best lovers of the poets.

"Well," continued Tompkins, "that Sunday morning those things began to come back to me. It was n't exactly delightful. My old ambition to do something great in the world awoke as if from a long sleep. As I prolonged my walk the old associations grew stronger. When I came near the college buildings it seemed as if I still belonged here. The hopes of an ideal career were before me as bright as ever. The grand things I was going to do, the volumes of poems and other writings by Tompkins, and his marvelous successes were as clear as day. In short, the whole thing was conjured up as if it were a picture, just as it used to be when I was a student in college, and it was too much for me."

Tompkins seemed to be getting a little hoarse, and his frank face was very serious.

"Timothy," suggested Mr. Pember, "may be you could tell us what that big rock is, out in the lake."

"Why, father, don't you remember? That is rock Dunder," said Mrs. Pember.

"I guess it is," said the old gentleman, musingly.

"Well," resumed Tompkins, "as I was saying, on one side were Homer and Virgil and Horace and Tompkins, and on the other was pork. I cannot explain it, but somehow there it was. The two pictures, thirteen years apart, were brought so close together that they touched. It was something I do not pretend to understand. Managing to get by the college buildings, I came up to this spot where we are now. You will infer that my eyes watered badly, and to tell the truth they did. Of course it is all very well," explained Tompkins, uncrossing his legs, turning upon his side, and propping his head on his hand again; — "of course it is all very well to rake down the college, and say *Alma Mater* does n't amount to anything. The boys all do it, and they believe what they say for the first five or six years after they leave here. But we may as well understand that if we know how to slight the old lady, and don't go to see her for a dozen years, she knows how to punish. She had me across her knee, that Sunday morning, in a way that I would have thought impossible. After an hour I controlled myself, and went back to the hotel. I brushed my clothes, and started for church, with a lump in my throat all the while. My trim business suit did n't seem so neat and nobby as usual. The two pictures, the one of the poets and the other of pork, were in my mind. I shied along the sidewalk in a nervous condition, and reaching the church without being recognized managed to get a seat near the door. Could I believe my senses? I knew that I was changed, probably past all recognition, but around me I saw the faces of my Burlington friends exactly as they had been thirteen years before. I did not understand then,

as I do now, that a young man in business in Chicago will become gray-headed in ten years, though he might have lived a quiet life in Vermont for quarter of a century, without changing a hair."

"It is the same with horses," suggested Mr. Pember. "Six years on a horse-car in New York about uses up an average horse, though he would have been good for fifteen years on a farm."

"Exactly," said Tompkins. "You can imagine how I felt that Sunday, with my hair half whitewashed."

"You know I always said you might have begun coloring your hair, Timothy," said Mrs. Pember kindly.

"Yes," replied Tompkins, with an uneasy glance at me; "but I did n't do it. There was one thing in the church there, that morning, that I shall never have a better chance to tell of, and I am going to tell it now, while you are here."

This last sentence was addressed to me, and my old classmate uttered the words with a gentleness and frankness that brought back my best recollections of him in our college days, when he was "little Tompkins," the warmest-hearted fellow in our class.

"Do you remember Lucy Cary?" he asked.

I replied that I did, very well indeed; and the picture of a youthful face, of Madonna-like beauty, came out with strange distinctness from the memories of the past, as I said it.

"Well, I saw Lucy there," continued Tompkins, "singing in the choir in church, looking just as she did in the long-ago days when we used to serenade her. I am willing to tell you about it."

Tompkins said this in such a confident manner that I instinctively moved toward him and took hold of his hand.

"All right, classmate," he said, sitting up, and looking me in the eyes in a peculiarly winning way that had won us all when he was in college.

"Why, boys!" exclaimed Mrs. Pember, with her light laugh.

Tompkins found a large stone, put it against a tree, and sat down on it, while I reclined at his feet. He said, —

"You have asked me, Mrs. Pember, very often, about the people up here, and now I will tell you about some of them. Do you notice that mountain away beyond the lake, in behind the others, so that you can see only the top, which is shaped like a pyramid? That is old Whiteface, and it is more than forty miles from here. It used to be understood that there was nothing whatever over there except woods and rocks and bears and John Brown. But the truth is, right at the foot of the mountain, in the valley on this side, there is a little village called Wilmington, and it is the centre of the world. Lucy Cary and I were born there. It was not much of a village then, and it is about the same now. There was no church, and no store, and no hotel, in my time; there were only half a dozen dwelling-houses, and a blacksmith shop, and a man who made shoes. Lucy lived in the house next to ours. Her father was the man who made shoes. Lucy and I picked berries and rambled about with Rover, the dog, from the time we were little. Of course you will naturally think there is something romantic coming, but there is not. We were just a couple of children playing together; and we studied together as we grew older. They made a great deal of studying and schooling over there. They had almost as much respect for learning then in Wilmington as they have now among the White Mountains, where they will not allow any waiters at the hotels who cannot talk Greek.

"It was quite an affair when Lucy and I left Wilmington and came to Burlington. The departure of two inhabitants was a loss to the town. It was not equal to the Chicago fire, but it was an important event. I went to college,

and Lucy came over the lake to work in a woolen factory. *There* is where she worked," pointing to the beautiful little village of Winooski, a mile away behind us, in the green valley of Onion River.

"And she had to work there for a living, while you went to college?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"That was it," said Tompkins. "We used to serenade her sometimes, with the rest; but she seemed to think it was not exactly the right thing for a poor factory girl, and so we gave it up. I used to see her occasionally, but somehow there grew up a distance between us."

"How was that?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"Well, to tell the truth," answered Tompkins, "I think my college ideas had too much to do with it. I did not see it at the time, but it has come over me lately. When a young chap gets his head full of new ideas, he is very likely to forget the old ones."

"You did not mean to do wrong, I am sure," said Mrs. Pember.

"The excuse I have," continued Tompkins, "is that I had to work and scrimp and suffer so myself, to get along and pay my way, that I hardly thought of anything except my studies and how to meet my expenses. Then there was that dream of doing some great thing in the world. I taught the district school in Wilmington three months during my Sophomore year to get money to go on with, and I think that helped to make me ambitious. It was the sincere conviction of the neighborhood over there that I would be president of the college or of the United States. I do not think they would have conceded that there was much difference in the two positions. I felt that I would be disgraced if I did not meet their expectations. By one of those coincidences which seemed to follow our fortunes, Lucy made a long visit home when I was teaching in Wilmington. She was one of my pu-

pils. She was a quiet little lady, and hardly spoke a loud word, that I remember, all winter."

"Did you try to talk to her, Timothy?" asked Mrs. Pember.

"I do not claim that I did," answered Tompkins. "I was studying hard to keep up with my class, and that was the reason. But I wish I had paid more attention to Lucy Cary that winter. I would not have you think there was anything particular between Lucy and me. It was not that."

"We will think just what we please," interrupted Mrs. Pember, in a serious tone.

"Well," continued the narrator, "it would be absurd to suppose there was any such thing."

There was a long pause. "You had better tell the rest of the story, Timothy," said the old gentleman, persuasively.

"Yes, I will," responded Tompkins. "After I came back to college I got along better than before I had taught. The money I received for teaching helped me, and another thing aided me. The folks in Wilmington found out how a poor young man works to get through college. Some of us used to live on a dollar a week apiece, and board ourselves in our rooms, down there in the buildings; and we were doing the hardest kind of studying at the same time. We would often club together, one doing the cooking for five or six. The cook would get off without paying. It was one of the most delightful things in the world to see a tall young man in a calico dressing-gown come out on the green, where we would be playing football, and make the motions of beating an imaginary gong for dinner. In order to appreciate it, you need to work hard and play hard and live on the slimmiest kind of New England fare. But there is one thing even better than that. To experience the most exquisite delight ever known by a Burlington stu-

dent, you ought to have an uncle Jason. While I was teaching in Wilmington, my uncle Jason, from North Elba, which was close by, came there. When he found out what an important man I was, and how I was fighting my way, he sympathized wonderfully. He was not on good terms at our house, but he called at my school, and almost cried over me. He was not a man of much learning, but he looked upon those who were educated as a superior order of beings. I was regarded in the neighborhood as a sort of martyr to science, a genius who was working himself to death. I was the only public man ever produced by the settlement up to that date. It was part of the religion of the place to look upon me as something unusual, and uncle Jason shared the general feeling. I could see, as he sat there in the school-house observing the school, that he was very proud of me. Before leaving, he called me into the entry and gave me a two-dollar bill. It was generous, for he was a poor man, and had his wife and children to support. It brought the tears to my eyes when he handed me the money, and told me I was the flower of the family and the pride of the settlement. I felt as if I would rather die than fail of fulfilling the expectations of my friends. There was great delight in it, and it was an inexpressible joy to know that my relatives and the neighbors cared so much for me.

"To comprehend this thing fully, Mrs. Pember, you ought to be in college, and when you are getting hard up, and see no way but to leave, get letters, as I did from uncle Jason, with five or six dollars at a time in them. Such a trifle would carry you through to the end of the term, and save your standing in the class. If you were a Burlington college boy, while you might be willing to depart this life in an honorable manner, you would not be willing to lose your mark and standing as a student.

You would regard the consequences of such a disaster as very damaging to your character, and certain to remain with you forever.

"I may as well say, while it is on my mind, that I *do* think this matter of education is a little overdone in this part of the country. A young man is not the centre of the universe merely because he is a college student, or a graduate, and it is not worth while to scare him with any such idea. The only way he can meet the expectation of his friends, under such circumstances, is to get run over accidentally by the cars. That completes his martyrdom, and affords his folks an opportunity to boast of what he would have been if he had lived."

"Tell us more about Lucy," said Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, certainly," replied Tompkins. "Lucy had a wonderful idea of poetry and writing. It is really alarming to a stranger to see the feeling there is up here in that way. The impression prevails generally that a writer is superior to all other people on earth. I remember to have heard that one of our class, a year after we were graduated, started a newspaper back here about ten miles, on the bank of the Onion River. He might just as well have started it under a sage bush out on the alkali plains. He gave it some queer Greek name, and I heard that the publication was first semi-weekly, then weekly, and then very weakly indeed, until it came to a full stop at the end of six months. It would have been ridiculous anywhere else; but being an attempt at literature, I suppose it was looked upon here as respectable."

"And did you use to write poetry?" queried Mrs. Pember.

"Not to any dangerous extent," replied Tompkins. "I do not deny that I tried while in college, but I reformed when I went West. I think uncle Jason always had an idea that it might

be better for me to be Daniel Webster. He stood by me after I left college, and for three years I continued to get those letters, with five or six dollars at a time in them. They kept me from actual suffering sometimes, before I got down off my stilts, and went to work, like an honest man, in the pork business."

"I thought you were going to tell us something about that girl," suggested Mrs. Pember.

"Yes, I was," rejoined Tompkins. "When I saw Lucy here, four years ago, in the gallery with the singers, I felt as if it would be impossible for me to face her and talk with her. She would not have known me, for one thing. When I was a brown-haired boy, making poetry, and being a martyr, and doing serenading, and living on codfish and crackers and soup, I could meet Lucy with a grand air that made her shudder; but as I sat there in church, gray and worn, I dreaded to catch her eye, or have her see me. Although there was not three years' difference in our ages, yet it seemed to me that I was very old, while she was still blooming. Then there was the feeling that I had not become a great poet, or orator, or anything really worth while. On the contrary, I was just nobody. It seemed like attending my own funeral. I felt disgraced. Of course it was not all true. I had been a good, square, honest, hard-working man."

"Yes, you had indeed, Timothy," assented Mrs. Pember, with an emphatic nod.

"Yes indeed, I had," repeated Tompkins, his chin quivering. "It was not the thing for a fair-minded man to think so poorly of himself; but I was alone, and the old associations and the solemn services were very impressive. There was Lucy in the choir; she always could sing like a nightingale. When I heard her voice again, it overcame me. I did not hear much of the sermon. I think it was something about temptation

and the suggestions of the evil one; but I am not sure, for I had my head down on the back of the pew in front of me most of the time. I had to fight desperately to control my feelings. One minute I would think that as soon as the services closed I would rush around and shake hands with my old acquaintances, and the next minute would be doing my best to swallow the lump in my throat. It was as tough a sixty minutes as I ever passed. But finally the services were ended. I felt that it was plainly my duty to stop in the porch and claim the recognition of my friends. I did pause, and try for a few seconds to collect myself; but the lump grew bigger and choked me, while the tears *would* flow. Besides that, as the adversary just then, in the meanest possible manner, suggested to my soul, there was that pork. I knew I would have to tell of it if I stopped. But I did not stop; I retreated. When I reached my room in the hotel I felt a longing to get out of town. Fortunately, I could not leave on Sunday. So in the afternoon I sat with the landlord on his broad front platform, or piazza. It was not the person who keeps the place now, but one of the oldest inhabitants, who knew all about the Burlington people. He guessed that I was a college boy; he thought he remembered something about my appearance. I did not mind talking freely with a landlord, for hotels and boarding-houses had been my home in Chicago. I had always been a single man, just as I am to this day. This landlord was a good-hearted old chap, and it was pleasant to talk with him. While we were sitting there, who should come along the street but Lucy, with a book in her hand. She was on the opposite sidewalk, and did not look up. She would not look at a hotel on Sunday. I asked the landlord about her, and he told me all there was to tell. She was living in one end of a little wooden cottage over toward Winooski,

another factory woman occupying the other part of the house. They made a home together. The landlord said Lucy was an excellent woman, and might have married one of the overseers in the factory any time she chose for years back, but that she preferred a single life.

"When I got back to Chicago I kept thinking about Lucy Cary. The old times when we used to live in Wilmington came back to my mind. The truth of it was, I was getting along a little, at last, in Chicago in the way of property, and I found myself all the while planning how I could have Lucy Cary near me."

"Did you want to marry her, Timothy?" inquired Mrs. Pember.

"It was not that," he replied; "but I wanted to become acquainted with her again. I knew she was the best girl I had ever seen. She always was just as good and pious as anybody could be. We were like brother and sister, almost, when young; and when I thought of home and my folks and old Wilmington and the college days, somehow Lucy was the centre of it all. In fact, almost everything else was gone. My folks were scattered, and Lucy and uncle Jason were nearly the only persons up this way that I could lay claim to. There is a kind of lonesome streak comes over a man when he has been grinding away in a great city for a good many years, and comes back to the old places, and sees them so fresh and green and quiet, and he can't get over it. He will cling to anything that belongs to old times. I was strongly influenced to write to Lucy, but finally I did not. I determined that I would get all I could for two or three years, and then I would come here and face things. I would get something comfortable, and would have a place I could call my own in Chicago. Then, when I had it fixed, I would come and see uncle Jason and Lucy, and stand the racket. Of course

it was nonsense to feel shy, but it seemed to me that I could not say a word until I had something to brag of. They knew, in a general kind of way, that I was in Chicago, dealing in pork, or doing auctioneering or something, and that was as much humiliation as I could endure. To be sure, it was nothing to be ashamed of, for I had been an honest, faithful man; but to come back to my friends empty-handed, without money or fame, and gray-headed at that, was more than I could stand. If I had *had* anything, or *been* anything, just to take the edge off, I could have managed it. As it was, I looked ahead and worked. If any man in Chicago has tried and planned and toiled during the last three years, I am that man. There has been a picture before my mind of a pleasant home there."

"And have you calculated to marry Lucy Cary?" inquired Mrs. Pember, in an eager voice.

"Perhaps it was not just in that way I thought of it," replied the narrator, very seriously. "You know I told you that the landlord said she preferred a single life."

"Timothy Tompkins," exclaimed the old lady apprehensively, "don't deny it, — don't! Think how dreadfully you will feel if you know you have told a lie!"

"It is nothing to be ashamed of, Timothy," said Mr. Pember, in a kind and sympathetic voice.

"If you put it in that way," answered my old classmate, in strangely mournful tones, "all I can say is, there was never anything between us, — nothing at all."

"And did you come here this time to see her?" inquired Mrs. Pember, almost starting from her seat, and with the thrill of a sudden guess in her voice.

"I suppose it was as much that as anything," replied Tompkins doggedly, looking down, and poking with a short stick in the ground at his feet.

"And that is what has made you act so queer," mused Mrs. Pember. "Have you seen her?"

"Let *him* tell the story, Caroline," urged the old gentleman peevishly.

Tompkins looked gloomily out upon the lake and the broad landscape for a few moments; and then, resuming his narrative, said,—

"As I was saying, I have worked hard, and have got a nice little pile. I am worth thirty-five thousand dollars. When I made up my mind to come East this summer, the money to pay uncle Jason for what he had done was all ready. It made me choke to think how long I had let it run. I figured it up as near as I could, — the two hundred that came to me in college, and the two hundred after that; and I put in the simple interest at seven per cent., according to the York State law, which brought the sum total up to nearly nine hundred; and to fix it all right I made it an even thousand dollars. Then I bought a new buckskin bag, and went to a bank in Chicago and got the money all in gold. I knew that would please uncle Jason. He once talked of going to California to dig. I suppose he had never seen a pile of the real yellow coin in his life. I wrote to him that I was to be in Burlington, and that I would be ever so glad if he would come over and see me. I met him yesterday afternoon, as he got off the boat, down at the steamboat landing. He knew me, and I knew him, although we were both changed a good deal. After we had talked a little, and got used to each other, I took him up to my room in the hotel. I was in a hurry to get at the business part of my visit with him first; for it seemed to me that it would be better to let him see, to begin with, that I was not exactly poor, nor such an ungrateful cub as may be he had thought I was. It was my resolve that before we talked of anything else I would get that money off my conscience. I knew

that then I could hold up my head, and discuss our neighborhood and old times, and it would be plain sailing for me. I had pictured to my mind a dozen times how uncle Jason would look with that new yellow buckskin bag crammed with gold on his knee, steadying it with his hand and talking to me. So when I got him up to my room, and seated him in a chair, I began the performance. I got red in the face, and spluttered, and flourished round with the bag and the gold; and to tell the truth, I fully expected to make the old man's hair rise right up. But it did not work. He got shaky and trembled, and somehow did not seem to want the money at all, and finally owned how it was. He said that he had never given me a cent; it was all Lucy Cary's doing. And she had made him promise, on his everlasting Bible oath, as he called it, that he would not tell. She had put him up to the whole thing; even that first two-dollar bill had come from her wages."

My old classmate ceased speaking. He was becoming flushed and excited. He gazed abstractedly at the broad blue mirror of old Champlain, upon which he and I had looked together so often in the days of our youth.

Mr. Pember sat silently. Mrs. Pember was whimpering behind her handkerchief.

I ventured the inquiry, "Have you seen Lucy yet?"

Tompkins' face quivered; he was silent.

Mrs. Pember's interest in the question restored her. "Tell us, have you seen her?" she asked.

"I heard of it yesterday," Tompkins replied huskily, with an effort.

"Why, Timothy, what is the matter?" cried Mrs. Pember, rising from her seat and coming to him, as he bent his head and buried his face in his hands. The motherly woman took off his soft hat, and stroking his hair said, "You had better tell; it will do you good." And then

she put his hat on again, and stood wiping her eyes in sympathy, while he struggled with himself.

The storm of feeling passed away, and Tompkins, having gained control of his emotions, slowly lifted his face from his hands, and sat peering out under his hat brim, looking apparently at a boat upon the lake. At last he said in a calm voice, "She is dead."

It was very still after this announcement. The softest breath of June scarcely whispered in the pines overhead, and the vast landscape below seemed strangely at rest in the fervid brightness of the summer noon.

My old classmate was the first to break the silence.

"Well," said he wearily, "it must be about time for dinner; let us go to the hotel."

We took the little brown road, and walked down a long, shaded, quiet street. Memories of college days and romantic summer nights, with music and starlight, and the long, long thoughts of youth came back to me, as I looked at the houses and gardens familiar in college days, and chatted about them with Mrs. Pember.

"Timothy always means well," said she to me confidentially, reverting to the subject of which we were all thinking, "but it was very wrong for him to neglect that poor factory girl; don't you think so?"

P. Deming.

SERVICE.

FRET not that thy day is gone,
And the task is still undone.
'T was not thine, it seems, at all:
Near to thee it chanced to fall,
Close enough to stir thy brain,
And to vex thy heart in vain.
Somewhere, in a nook forlorn,
Yesterday a babe was born:
He shall do thy waiting task;
All thy questions he shall ask,
And the answers will be given,
Whispered lightly out of heaven.
His shall be no stumbling feet,
Falling where they should be fleet;
He shall hold no broken clue;
Friends shall unto him be true;
Men shall love him; falsehood's aim
Shall not shatter his good name.
Day shall nerve his arm with light,
Slumber soothe him all the night;
Summer's peace and winter's storm
Help him all his will perform.
'T is enough of joy for thee
His high service to foresee.

E. R. Sill.

OXFORD IN WINTER.

"Merie singen the Munechen binnen Ely
Tha Cnut Ching ren thereby;
Roweth Cnichtet nœr the land
And hear we thes Munchen sæng."

As one by one the noble army of our compatriots, perpetually roaming this continent in search of pleasure, health, or æsthetic advancement, became acquainted with our fixed determination to spend the winter in England, and in Oxford, the announcement was received with every possible shade of anxious pity and mild dismay. What? With all Italy and the Riviera wreathed in perpetual sunshine; with Egypt once more ready to receive callers, and even Athens easily accessible, — what sort of a suicidal whim was this? Now the consciousness that the motives which impelled us were almost purely sentimental caused us to hang our heads a little, even in the presence of our countryfolk, who do really, as the world will one day come to know, understand romantic purposes and unprofitable pursuits better than any other people in the world. It was not until we were called upon to answer for our eccentricity by the Briton at home, and to explain our motives under the stress of his coldly questioning eye, that the blank absurdity of our position was brought home to us, and we were thoroughly and distressingly cowed.

"You know, of course, that Oxford, apart from the colleges, is merely the dulllest of small country towns. All that is really beautiful and notable in the way of architecture you may see in a day, and sleep comfortably in London at night."

"You understand that the country about Oxford is totally devoid of interest. It is quite the tameest landscape that we have."

"You must not imagine that you are

going to find locomotion easy there. The roads are far too heavy for driving at this season, and the foot-ways are simply under water!"

"Ah, but, dear," put in at this point a deprecatory and compassionate voice, "you know we did use to have nice walks sometimes, *along the curbstones!*"

"You must be prepared for the fact, however, that recent innovations have quite altered the character of society in Oxford. And really, now that the X's are gone, and the Y's and the Z's, there is hardly anybody there one would care to know."

"The house you have selected is probably the fustiest hole in all England. And have you good introductions? If so, you might possibly be entertained at Oxford at another season of the year; but not otherwise, and not now. Make no mistake."

"But what you really ought thoroughly to appreciate is that Oxford is the unhealthiest spot in the three kingdoms. It reeks rheumatism, sweats typhoid, and sows consumption broadcast."

"How can this be," we cry, in our desperation, "when the flower of England has flourished there so amazingly for a thousand years?"

"Oh!" is the slightly irrelevant but no less withering response (and the attempt to indicate by any arrangement of vowels the complex pronunciation of this monosyllable would be vain to those who know it not, and superfluous to those who do), — "Oh! So you still credit the thousand-year myth! I fancied that modern research had quite established the fact that King Alfred never founded so much as a Sunday-school class in Oxford. The most venerable of the colleges cannot count more than six hundred years. Really, you know, if it's antiquity you want,

and that sort of thing, would n't you have done better to stay in Rome, you know?"

To this day I am unable to explain why we should have held on our forlorn way against so tremendous a moral pressure. Was it obstinacy? Was it fatalism? I am quite sure that it was not until long after the fact that we perceived how mutually subversive were several of these obstructionist arguments. If the landscape was so uninteresting, might it not as well be under water? If society in Oxford had lost its charm, what did we want with introductions?

We drew near the goal of our dishonored dreams in the early twilight of a gray January day, and the watery prospect reminded us irresistibly of that through which the royal Cnut must have been voyaging, when he was arrested and charmed by the lusty choruses of the monks of Ely. We too had been alert for sacred voices from the shore, and not wholly unmindful of the far-off echo of monastery bells. And indeed, for some short time after we had landed and begun to look about us, there was little to disturb the antique severity of our illusions. Looking back upon those dim, soft, silent days, out of the social brightness and animating stir of the later time, we find that they had an extraordinary charm of their own, — a charm that we would fix, if possible, before it fades from memory, and if possible, also, convey.

The undergraduate world was all away, as yet, working off the effects of its Christmas puddings, and "somewhere out of human view" the doctor and the don were resting from their academic labors; so that we roamed unchallenged and unstayed through cloister, quadrangle, and sleeping garden, and explored many a devious and delightful walk, raised high amid the misty floods, and embowered in feathery brown trees, whose fair anatomy was doubled

in the waveless water upon either hand, and richly bordered with hardy and deep-tinted winter shrubbery. Linnets discoursed hopefully amid the beauteous interlacings of the arching boughs; blue periwinkle blossoms peeped between their perennial leaves; "sweet fields beyond those swelling floods stood dressed in living green;" even at that season, tower and gable, gray arch and timbered house-front, all wore their warm, rich mantles of unfading ivy, and along many a stained and crumbling wall the blossoming sprays of the winter jasmine streamed perpetual sunshine.

One is always generalizing one's recollections. It is Magdalen, I perceive, which is really in my mind when I use these words, and the stately tower of Magdalen was in fact the magnet which first attracted our wayward steps through the fine first quadrangle and the cloister, and along the broad terrace of the second, — gazing wistfully between the iron palings into the slumberous antiquities, both animal and vegetable, of the deer-park; then, retracing our steps, we descended to the river-side, and proceeded to describe the charmed circle of Addison's walk. It is strange that, of all the poets who belong to Oxford, the only one who has impressed his individuality sufficiently to give a lasting name to a locality should have been the most staid, self-conscious, didactic, and in truth prosaic of the tuneful choir. The lighter and more fiery singers appear to have sprung aloft and vanished in the ether, like the lark above the Oxfordshire meadows, thence to shower over the forest of domes and spires the music of a "sightless song." But the memory of Addison at Magdalen sufficed to set us listening for those melodious voices, and led us to search, first of all, along the dreamy Oxonian ways, for the trail of the poets, rather than for the more conspicuous vestiges of prelates and of kings.

It has often been said, and the opin-

ion seems somewhat widely to prevail, that as between the two great English universities Cambridge bears off the palm in the matter of poets. The truth is that the honors of song, like the honors of the river, have been pretty fairly divided between the two, and have alternated, or oscillated, with some degree of regularity; remaining continuously for a certain season with the one, and then passing over to the other.

Going back to the time when English poetry first began to assume the shapes that we know and love, we find that the author of the *Vision of Piers Plowman* was of Oxford, and Skelton, with his laughter-bubbling song to Merrie Margaret. Wyatt and Surrey were of Cambridge, and Spenser; but Sidney, Raleigh, and the majority of the great Elizabethan lyrists, as well as the splendid Cavalier singers of the succeeding reigns, with their sanity in love, their fervor in faith, and their gallantry in death, down to Lovelace, who closed the list, were Oxonians. Milton was of Cambridge, and Dryden, as well as Crashaw, Herbert, and the seventeenth-century mystics generally. Addison was of Oxford, and Collins and Shenstone and Young and Johnson. The Lake Poets were about equally divided between the two schools, and among the later nineteenth-century singers, if Cambridge can boast the greatest names of all, Byron and Tennyson, Oxford can reply with Shelley and Landor, Keble and Newman, Arnold, Clough, and Swinburne.

This, of course, is not an exhaustive list. We classify the names roughly as they occur to us, and then, still hanging about the bosky purlieus of Magdalen, we begin searching the memory for echoes from those poets who have belonged precisely to the superb foundation, just past its four hundredth birthday, of William of Waynflete. John Lyly, the euphuist, was here, and George Wither, the manly author of

"Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair?"

Wither himself speaks with peculiar fondness of his "happy years at Oxford." His best poems were written in youth, and published under the title of *Juvenilia*; but there is one among the very latest having all the bright healthfulness of tone which marks the earlier pieces, and in which, with the memory, he seems almost to recover the melody of his morning hour:—

"So shall my rest be safe and sweet
When I am lodged in my grave;
And when my soul and body meet
A joyful meeting they shall have.
Their essence then shall be divine,
This muddy flesh shall star-like shine,
And God shall that fresh youth restore
Which will abide forevermore."

Sir Henry Wotton was also of Magdalen, — he who contributed so truly to the moral support of all subsequent generations by his noble hymn,

"How happy is he born and taught
Who serveth not another's will!"

He too composed (one feels that *composed* is the right word), in equally calm and polished verse, one of the last of the strictly chivalrous lyrics: the address, namely, to his formally selected and of course quite unattainable mistress, Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia:—

"You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,
What are you when the rose is blown?"

How the rose looked when fully blown one may see in the Bodleian Library, where her majesty's pictured face hangs among those of scholars and sages: very handsome, certainly, faultlessly so in a rather hard style, but not at all *simpatica*. One perceives that she took Wotton's worship quite as a matter of course, and does not wonder that he had all his wits about him when he sang her praise.

It seems a long way from Wotton to Collins, who was likewise a Magdalen

scholar; it is, in fact, as far as from the late mediæval to the early modern world. "How sleep the brave who sink to rest" is like a lyric of our own time; and in the beautiful Ode to Evening, of which Swinburne says, in his graphic way, that "Corot might have signed it upon canvas," one finds the very feeling of the Oxfordshire landscape:—

"For when thy folding-star, arising, shows
His paly circle, at his warning lamp,
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,
And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with
sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car;
Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile
Or upland fallows gray
Reflect its last cool gleam."

The laws of association know nothing of the laws of precedence. They say of Magdalen, nowadays, that it aspires to be what Christ Church is; and they say nothing whatever of St. John's, which nevertheless comes next to Magdalen, if it does not surpass it, in visionary charm. A vision, or a dream, was also the first cause of its being. Early in the sixteenth century, one Sir Thomas White was admonished in the night-watches that he should build a college "for the education of youth in piety and learning" where he should find an elm with three trunks issuing from the same root. He finally discovered such an one in the court of the decayed college of St. Bernard, whose site is occupied by the present St. John's. Anthony à Wood, the antiquarian *par excellence* of Oxford, says that the original triple tree was living in 1677, a hundred and thirty years later, and they speak, but not with confidence, of a descendant of the same as still flourishing somewhere among the bowers of the exquisite gardens. The garden front of the present college, with its rich gables and oriels, its pictured windows and queer gargoyles, melting into unmeaning projections as the gray

stone crumbles, was built by Archbishop Laud, who was a great benefactor of St. John's, and for a number of years president of the college. Bishop Juxon was also president here, — he whom the king upon the scaffold bade "*Remember*;" and they show in the Welsh College of Jesus, hard by, a watch which was once the property of Charles I., and which is claimed by some as the very one which the king gave to his faithful prelate, along with that mysterious last mandate. Charles and Henrietta Maria were feasted by Laud in the hall to which the right-hand oriel belongs. Do they ever revisit the spacious window recess, where they may have loitered in the passive after-dinner hour, those two, Charles and Laud? And if so, with what reflections, now that the doom which was prepared for each has been so long accomplished? St. John's was always intensely loyal, and orthodox to the very verge of Romanism. It is but a few years ago that "an oak chest, that had long lain hid," full of gorgeous ecclesiastical vestments, was found in an out-of-the-way nook of the huge and rambling buildings. It was very shortly after the king's execution that James Shirley, the one poet whose name is associated with St. John's, wrote the one verse by which he keeps his hold on the memory of the present generation. It is a fitting strain to recall here, the dirge of a "lost cause," which may have deserved to lose, but which enlisted the very highest order of human loyalty, and the sacrifice of nobler lives than have often been laid down in merely human service:—

"The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
The garlands wither on your brow;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now,
See where the victor-victim bleeds.
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

Worcester, too, had its one Cavalier poet, and the sweet lawns and immemorial ivies of the place are wonderfully adapted to harbor the echoes of his song. Who does not remember how Richard Lovelace triumphed in captivity?

"Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage:
Minds innocent and quiet take
That for an hermitage.
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free,
Angels alone that soar above
Enjoy such liberty!"

There are several other colleges, the airy voices in whose classic shades "syllable" the name of one poet only. The stately courts of All Souls have but a handful of living tenants, as the world well knows, though "fit" for the place, undoubtedly, as the select audience of the angel in Paradise. "We few, we happy few," should be the motto of that illustrious little band of brothers, as of the heroes who fought on the day of which All Souls is a perpetual memorial; for it was founded to secure prayers for the souls of those who fell at Agincourt; and long and far lapsed from its original intention though it be, there is a certain suitability in the fact that its one minstrel should have been Edward Young, the official poet of night and death, who rises, perhaps, to his own highest poetic level in his half-remorseful appeal to the shades of the departed:—

"Ungrateful, shall we grieve their hovering shades,

Which wait the revolution in our hearts?

Shall we disdain their silent, soft address,

Their posthumous advice and pious prayer,
Senseless as herds that graze their hallowed graves?

Tread under foot their agonies and groans,
Frustrate their anguish, and destroy their deaths?"

Far different is the note of the solitary singer of gray old Lincoln,—of Sir William Davenant, the kinsman (perhaps) of Shakespeare, who caught the tune of the skylark more charmingly than any other minstrel between him and Shelley:—

"The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And, climbing, shakes his dewy wings.
He takes your window for the east,
And to implore your light he sings:
Awake! Awake! The morn will never rise
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes!"

Close by, under the venerable towers of University, Shelley himself made his brief, inglorious, and stormy sojourn at Oxford. "Expelled for atheism at nineteen." Well, if that most ethereal of rebels ever revisits, in these days, the glimpses of the Oxford moon, he ought to consider himself avenged. To us, there seems a distinct reminiscence of the scene of his boyish defiance in those piercing lines from the Ode to the West Wind:—

. . . "if even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be
The comrade of thy wanderings over heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skiey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have
striven
As thus, with thee in prayer, in my sore need.
I fall upon the thorns of life! I bleed!
Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is!
What if my leaves are falling, like its own?
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies
Will take from thee a deep autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness."

This wild cry reminds us, by a pathetic law of contrast, of another appeal to the airs of heaven, by quite another Oxford poet,—by the saintly John Keble of Oriel, who sings on All Saints Day,—

"Why blowest thou not, thou wintry wind,
Now every leaf is brown and sere,
And, idly droops, to thee resigned
The fading chaplet of the year?
Yet wears the pure, aerial sky
Her summer veil, half drawn on high
Of silvery haze; and dark and still
The shadows sleep on every slanting hill.
How quiet shows the woodland scene!
Each flower and tree, its duty done,
Reposing in decay serene,
Like weary men, when age is won:
Such calm old age as conscience pure
And self-commanding hearts insure,
Waiting their summons to the sky;
Content to live, but not afraid to die."

But Keble's is no solitary glory in Oriel. Langland was here five hundred years ago, and Sir Walter Raleigh was here. It is not, however, so much of the daring youth of the latter and his middle age of storms, of his deeds of

high emprise and great thoughts upon secular things, that we are minded, beneath Oriel's monumental walls, as of the swan songs which he lifted up in prison, and in the immediate view of death : —

“Go, soul, the body's guest,”
and,

“Give me my scallop-shell of quiet,
My staff of faith to rest upon;
My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
My bottle of salvation;
My gown of glory, hope's true gage,
And thus I'll take my pilgrimage.
Blood must be my body's balmer;
No other balm will there be given;
While my soul, a quiet Palmer,
Traveleth towards the land of Heaven.”

Nevertheless, as we turn toward that corner of the hoary quadrangle where must inevitably lie its intensest interest for the latter-day pilgrim, and do homage in our hearts to him whom the “kindly light amid the encircling gloom” led so far away from his scholarly life in these peaceful precincts, we are reminded again of Sir Walter Raleigh, and of certain words that stand written in the *History of the World*; and we fancy for the moment that we can hear across the silent courts and the graves of three centuries the deep of prophetic insight calling unto the deep of impassioned self-devotion : —

“All art and care bestowed and had of the church wherein God is to be served and worshiped is accounted a kind of popery, and proceeding from an idolatrous disposition. Insomuch as time would soon bring to pass, if it were not resisted, that God would be turned out of churches into barns, and from thence again into the fields and mountains, and under the hedges, and the offices of the ministry be as contemptible as their places; all order, discipline, and church government left to newness of opinion and men's fancies. Yea, and soon after, as many kinds of religion would spring up as there are parish churches within England; every contentious and ignorant person clothing his fancy with the

spirit of God, and his imagination with the gift of revelation. Insomuch as when the truth, which is but one, shall appear to the simple multitude no less variable than contrary to itself, the faith of men will soon after die away by degrees, and all religion be held in scorn and contempt.”

So we turn to the next-door neighbor of Oriel, — Corpus Christi, with the angels bearing the Host above its gateway; with its quaint little cloister, and the elaborate sun-dial in its homely but venerable quadrangle; less rich in poetic associations than its fellow, albeit one of the sweetest, in more senses than one, of the Oxford legends concerns the bees of Ludovicus Vives, a Spanish scholar of Valencia, who was sent by Cardinal Wolsey to be teacher of rhetoric here, and was one of the first Fellows of the college. “He was welcomed thither,” according to that industrious antiquary, Brian Twynne, “by a swarm of bees, which, to signify the incomparable sweetness of his eloquence, settled themselves over his head under the leads of his study, at the west end of the cloister, where they continued about one hundred and thirty years. . . . In the year 1630, the leads over Vives his study being plucked up, it being then the study of Mr. Gabriel Brydges, their stall was taken, and with it an incredible mass of honey; but the bees, as presaging their intended and imminent destruction, whereas they were never known to have swarmed before, did that spring, to preserve their famous kind, send down a fair swarm into the president's garden, which, in the year 1633, yielded ten swarms, one whereof pitched in the garden, for the president; the other they sent up as a new colony, to preserve the memory of this mellifluous doctor, as the university styled him in a letter to the cardinal.” Another historian of Oxfordshire here takes up the tale. “And there,” he says, “they continued till, by the parliament visitation in 1648,

for their loyalty to the king, they were all but two turned out of their places. At what time, with the rest of the inhabitants of the college, they removed themselves, but no farther than the east end of the same cloister, where (as if the feminine sympathized with the masculine monarchy) they instantly declined, and came shortly to nothing. After the extirpation of which ancient race, there came, 'tis true, another colony to the east end of the cloister, where they continued until after the return of his most sacred majesty that now is; but, it not being certain that they were any of the remains of the ancient stock (though 'tis said they removed them to the first place), nor any of them long continuing there, I have chose rather to fix their period in the year 1648 than to give too much credit to uncertainties. And thus, unhappily, after sixscore years' continuance, ended the famous stock of Vives his bees; where 'tis pity they had not remained, as Virgil calls them *immortale genus*." The naïve logic of this last observation reminds us that John Conington, the lamented commentator and translator of Virgil, was also of Corpus.

We have spoken of Cardinal Newman in connection with Oriel, where he was Fellow, and attained his first fame. His undergraduate years were passed at Trinity, which boasts, amid a throng of slightly distinguished names, its trio of more memorable poets. But what a strange association of spirits is here! Thomas Lodge, the friend of Lyly, a better euphuist than his master, — the gay, anacreontic author of "Love in my bosom, like a bee," and "Like to the clear in highest sphere," — Walter Savage Landor, and John Henry Newman. Can these all be creatures of the same race? There may be notes in some of Landor's earlier lyrics which chord not ill with some of Lodge's, but how is one to measure the spiritual distance between the tranquil and disdainful pa-

ganism of Landor's fine last word upon himself, —

"I strove with none, for none was worth my strife;

Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art.

I warmed both hands before the fire of life;

It sinks, and I am ready to depart," —

and the soft song of the disembodied spirit in the Dream of Gerontius: —

"Take me away, and in the lowest deep

There let me be!

And there in hope the lone night-watches keep

Told out for me!"

And yet these men were contemporaries. "Were," one says, and instinctively applies the word to both. It is no more Newman's patriarchal years and sacred seclusion than his remoteness in spiritual ascendancy which leads one perpetually to forget that he has not yet passed the barrier of this lower life, and to class him with the mighty dead. It is exactly the reverse with Arthur Hugh Clough, at Balliol, — the college of all others whose glories are of the present, its star rising, its interest the "hope of unaccomplished years." One thinks of the author of *Qua Cursum Ventus* and "Say not the struggle naught availeth" as living yet, and engaged beside his kinsmen and his peers; a transfigured rather than a spectral figure, — like those of the divine brethren at Lake Regillus. And Balliol has its ancient glories, too, which the glow of the prosperous present ought not wholly to eclipse.

Sir Edward Dyer was of Balliol, the bosom friend of Sir Philip Sidney, who made, with him and Fulke Greville, that trio for whom Sidney supplied the motto, —

"Join hearts and hands! So let it be;

Make but one mind in bodies three."

Sir Edward Dyer has enriched our literature with at least one admirable lyric: "My mind to me a kingdom is." In its final stanza, there is a pride as high as Landor's own, but of a saner and more noble order: —

"Some have too much, yet still do crave;
 I little have, and seek no more:
 They are but poor, though much they have,
 And I am rich, with little store.
 They poor; I rich. They beg; I give.
 They lack; I leave. They pine, I live."

Is there, or is there not (there ought to be), one tree in the winter gardens of Balliol beneath which, in passing, one would always remember that Southey also was of this college, — abundantly endowed and unreasonably abused Southey; who must have had a stratum of genuine humility underlying his more obvious self-conceit, and who realized in an old age of singular beauty the aspiration, —

"And should my youth, as youth is apt, I know,
 Some harshness show,
 All vain asperities I, day by day,
 Would wear away,
 Till the smooth temper of my age should be
 Like the high leaves upon the holly-tree!"

But the spirit of Sir Philip Sidney, once evoked, is drawing our loitering steps at last toward Christ Church, — Christ Church, the aristocratic and superb, to which, since we did not give it precedence over all the rest, we must be supposed to have gradually ascended. We can barely turn aside on our way to the famous towered gateway, to remember that little Pembroke, on the other side of the busy street, sheltered Francis Beaumont and Shenstone and Samuel Johnson; the burly figure of the latter, as might be expected, subtending such an angle as effectually to screen from view all the other worthies of Pembroke, and its predecessor upon the same spot, — Broadgates Hall.

The haughty person in ecclesiastical dress, in the niche above the portal of Christ Church, has confronted ten generations, unmoved by the throbbings and boomings of Great Tom of Oxford, which hangs in the belfry above. He seems always to be saying, curtly and grimly, "It should have been called *Cardinal's*," which would not, in sooth, have sounded ill. It is a wonder that Henry VIII., when he resumed and contin-

ued, on a much less magnificent scale than was originally planned, the unfinished work of Cardinal Wolsey, should have refrained from calling the college "*King's*," but happily he elected to give it a nobler name than either, — the name of the small but beautiful cathedral included in the circuit of its walls. The first Bishop of Oxford, Robert King, or Kynge, was the last abbot of disestablished and devastated Osney, and so the old order changed and gave place to the new. Christ Church has been the chosen school of royal and titled students ever since, and of many a renowned Anglican churchman. But whose are the voices of singing men that here make themselves audible, above the chiming of bells and the clinking of spurs, as we hearken toward the past? Philip Sidney's first, the pride and darling of the English people, the brightest exemplar of all youth everywhere who speak the English tongue; and Ben Jonson's, the honeyed singer; and Thomas Otway's, the stern and sad.

"A wandering bard, whose muse was crazy
 grown,
 Cloyed with the nauseous follies of the buzzing
 town,
 Came, looked about him, sighed, and laid him
 down:
 'T was far from any path, but where the earth
 Was bare and naked all, as at her birth,
 When, by the Word, it first was made,
 Ere God had said,
 'Let grass and flowers and every green thing
 grow,
 With fruitful herbs after their kind,' — and it was
 so.
 The whistling winds blew fiercely round his head;
 Cold was his lodging, hard his bed.
 Aloft his eyes on the wide heavens he cast,
 Where, we are told, peace only is found at last;
 And as he did its hopeless distance see,
 Sighed deep, and cried, 'How far is peace from
 me!'"

There was, in fact, no peace for this wailing banshee among the bards of Oxford until he was released, at thirty-four, from a most painful life by a most tragical death. A wider contrast could not be, whether in spirit or in fortunes, than that between the unhappy Otway

and the remaining two poets of Christ Church whose names we found at home in our recollection. With these two, however, the chief if not the only episcopal poets of England, we discovered that we were upon terms of such old and dear familiarity that we made it our special object, in those early days, to gather every possible memorial of them.

It would be strange indeed if the present writer could forget that a voice, now silent fifteen years, used oftenest to pronounce its half-humorous maternal blessing in these words : —

“What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say, I wish thee well.
I wish thee well; before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health!
Not too much wealth or wit come to thee;
So much of either might undo thee!”

If the temperate request of the last couplet was as scrupulously fulfilled in the original as in the applied case, the cheery author of it should have been well content. But indeed it was hardly in his nature to have been otherwise, in any event. Richard Corbett, the seventh Bishop of Oxford, was the spiritual (or perhaps temperamental) ancestor of Sydney Smith, — a man whose delightful and unfailing humor irradiates every tradition of him with wholesome sunshine. He was already celebrated as a poet and wit, when he matriculated at Christ Church in 1605. Seven years later, on the death of Henry, Prince of Wales, Corbett, then a proctor, was deputed to pronounce the prince's oration, and, according to Anthony à Wood, “very oratorically speeched it, in St. Mary's Church, before a numerous auditory.” Corbett was of Laud's way of thinking, the quaintest of preachers, the tersest, wittiest, and most refreshing of correspondents. His generosity was more than regal. He contributed £400, an enormous sum in those days, toward the restoration of St. Paul's Cathedral, for which he pleaded from his pulpit in this homely and forcible style: “St. Paul's Church,

— one word in behalf of St. Paul! He hath spoken many in ours. He hath raised our inward temples. Let us help to requite him in the outward,” etc. Local history teems with reminiscences of Bishop Corbett's fun. It was he who, finding one day near the beautiful market-cross of Abingdon, five miles from Oxford, a dejected ballad-singer, who had sold none of his wares, assumed the dress and function of the wandering bard, and trolled forth the ballads in his own peculiarly rich voice, until he had gathered a crowd about him and sold them all. It was he who shouted to the throng that pressed uncomfortably near him on a confirmation day, “Bear off, or I'll confirm ye with my staff!” It was he who gave that cruel account of the upset of his coach in “an extraordinary deep and dirty lane,” when his fat friend Dr. Stubbins was within: “Dr. Stubbins was up to his elbows in mud, and I was up to my elbows in Stubbins.” It was he, and he alone, of the Oxford poets, who ever cared to celebrate in song the richest of all the antiquarian treasures hereabout, — the beautiful old German stained glass in the windows of Fairford Church, preserved from the ravages of Cromwell's soldiery by so extraordinary an act of æsthetic precaution : —

“Tell me, ye anti-saints, why brass
With you is shorter-lived than glass,
And why the saints have 'scaped their falls
Better from windows than from walls?”

... Then, Fairford, boast
Thy church hath kept what all have lost,
And is preserved from the bane
Of either war or Puritan.
Whose life is colored in thy paint,
The inside dross, the outside saint!

I know no paint of poetry
Can mend such colored imagery
In sullen ink; yet, Fairford, I
May relish thy fair memory.
Such is the echo's fainter sound,
Such is the light, when the sun's drowned;
So did the fancy look upon
This work before it was begun.”

The genial bishop was eventually trans-

And think not much of my delay;
 I am already on the way,
 And follow thee with all the speed
 Desire can make, or sorrows breed
 Each minute is a short degree,
 And every hour a step towards thee!"

Once only before that time had Henry King emerged from the quiet scenes of home love and literary pastime, and the assiduous good works so congenial to his nature, into anything like public controversy. His devoted father had died three years before, and immediately after his decease rumors got abroad, which appeared to rest on good authority, to the effect that the metropolitan bishop had been, during his latest years, declining more and more toward the Church of Rome, and had even received its sacraments in his last illness, at the hands of one Father Preston, a Benedictine monk. It was also said that Bishop John King had written a letter to King James, confessing the true state of his mind, which the king, after reading, had instantly torn in twain and thrust into the fire. However these charges may have originated, they were explicitly and publicly denied by Henry King in a sermon and a pamphlet, and by Father Preston so far as his own complicity was concerned, on examination before the Archbishop of Canterbury. One is surprised at the frequent occurrence, in the annals of the English church of the seventeenth century, of this charge of reversion to Rome, until one remembers that its absence would be more surprising still. A serious and sturdy people, constant in its affections and tenacious of its memories, does not change its heart wholly and finally in a day, or even in a century.

It is quite consistent with the mild but generous character of Henry King that he should always have been reckoned a moderate in politics and religion, until the gathering misfortunes of Charles I. quickened him to a keener loyalty. His curate in the living of

Petworth, which he held from Charles, was fired upon in his pulpit by an insurgent in the congregation, and he himself was driven from the see of Chichester, which he had then occupied only a few months. During the period of exile which followed, he made some exceedingly close and beautiful versions from the Psalms, and his Lament for the king's death, although inferior to the Elegy on his wife, was noble, and in parts impassioned. Readers old enough to have affected Scott's Woodstock in their youth will certainly remember the effect with which young Albert Lee, when captured by Cromwell in the old Oxfordshire palace, is made to confound the Protector by offering him a text of Scripture for meditation: "Had Zimri peace, who slew his master?" It seems highly probable, however, that Scott had in his mind, either consciously or unconsciously, the closing lines of Bishop King's Lament, which are these: —

"But he whose trump proclaims Revenge is mine
 Bids us our sorrow by our hope confine;
 And reconcile our reason to our faith,
 Which, in thy ruin, such concussions hath.
 It dares conclude God doth not keep his word,
 If Zimri die in peace, who slew his lord."

Henry King was restored to his see by Charles II., and died in Chichester in 1669.

So much for our greeting by the ghosts of Oxford. There came an early day when shadow was succeeded by substance, and the faith which had led us thither against such formidable odds was exchanged for "glad fruition;" when the hands that were extended to us gave warm and cordial pressure, — no longer the *frustra comprehensa manus* of illusive shades. The result of all which has been to animate us by so romantic an optimism that we incline to believe the ancient glories of Oxford to be pale beside those of the present, while we devoutly pray that those of the future may outshine them all.

Harriet Waters Preston.

NEWPORT.

I.

"FORTY — LOVE."

At the beginning of the Newport season there is a gentle novelty about the surroundings, even to those who are most familiar with them: indeed, for the moment, it closely resembles the surprise of a discovery.

"Don't you think so?" Mrs. Deering asked her cousin Oliphant. They were walking together through the Casino grounds, and had just taken some chairs on the inner lawn. "I've always found it so. How is it, Eugene, with you?"

Her vivacious, rosy face, as she put the question, made more impression on him than her remark.

"I have no experience," he said; "it is so long, you know, since I was here last, and everything was different then." Perhaps it occurred to Mrs. Deering that, under the term "everything," he included many circumstances of deeper moment than mere outward changes; but he went on as if these had no place in his thoughts: "This establishment is so recent that it can't be a very old story even to you. I certainly feel the novelty you speak of; but will it go on? That's what I want to know. If it will, I shall be very grateful to Newport."

"Ah, now you are asking too much," said his cousin, bestowing upon him so much of reproof as the sparkling contentment in her young eyes would consent to. "I hope you're not going to begin sighing, after my advising you to come here. Please observe that it is n't flattering to me."

"True," said Oliphant, smiling; "you might construe it so. Well, you sha'n't hear a murmur. Not a drum shall be heard, nor a funeral note escape me."

"I should trust they would n't," Mrs. Deering exclaimed. "You really have no cause to complain, Eugene. You are well off; you are still young;" and she was considering whether to add "you are handsome," when he cut short the enumeration.

"Not so very youthful," he said. "There is a great difference between being 'still young,' and young without any adverb. When you put that in, you clap on about ten years at one stroke."

"Well," replied Mrs. Deering, taking advantage of the chance, "even ten years can't make it so very bad. How old are you, really?"

Oliphant affected to ponder. "That," he said, "is one of the great mysteries of the period. I may be able to tell you, though, some day or other."

She knew, however, that he had probably entered his fortieth year; and in fact there were little glintings of silver white here and there in the comely chestnut hue of the thick, short, curling hair beneath his hat-brim. The tolerant sun disclosing these was not more indifferent to their presence than Oliphant: as for Mary Deering, she thought they added distinction to his fine bearing and strong, quiet face. So did other people. It may be said here that, although Oliphant had been for three years a widower, women of undoubted attractiveness had several times, without his being aware of it, made him the object of sentimental reveries. At this very moment, his cousin, who from her point of view as a married woman was quite disinterested, busied herself with a silent inquiry as to whether he had positively decided never to wed again; being convinced that if he persisted in such a decision it would be a great pity.

From where they sat they caught,

through the curious lattice-work of the dark Horseshoe Gallery, a glimpse of the clock-tower, with its gilded dial, above the verdant, fountained quadrangle; on the other side they had in near view the brown galleries and brick front of the theatre and racket-court, near which, in an additional inclosure, were a number of lawn-tennis players; limber young men and picturesque, — some in white flannel, others with long scarlet stockings, colored belts or dark sashes, and white hats bent down towards their ears, like the petasus of Mercury shorn of its wings. The two listened to the low twang of the rackets in the hands of these players, alternating with strains of the lightest possible music from one corner of the balcony; waltzes and French opera, inspired by a witticism and beaten up, if that were conceivable, with white of egg. A brilliant sunlight streamed over everything, touching the shingle roofs with bright grays, making vivid the summer trees that stood golden-green side by side with heavy conifers; and from that portion of the building devoted to the Casino Club a dormer appeared to be winking, with a combination of mediæval and of Yankee humor. There was a mixture in the architecture; at all events, a hint of something old English, something Nüremberg-like, and something Japanese.

"This is a fascinating piece of work," Oliphant remarked, looking around; "a delightful mimicry of I don't exactly know what. There's an affectation, perhaps, in staining the wood to make it look old, but the whole thing seems to be unique; and it's like Newport. For Newport has its own atmosphere, and yet you feel that it is always imitating something else."

"I'm not sure you do justice either to the building or to Newport," answered his cousin, dissentingly. "They're both delightful; so what is the use of trying to pick some flaw? That's the way we're always spoiling our enjoyment of

things, nowadays; or, if we don't, some critic does it for us under the pretense that he was born for the purpose. Are you going to assume that rôle?"

"Fate has played the critic with me, and taught me how," was Oliphant's reply. "When circumstances have always forced me to see the flaws in life, how can you expect that I should n't form the habit of looking for them a little in everything?"

"Oh, you are a dreadful, horrible cynic," said his cousin, concentrating the quick, soft lines of her small face upon him, in an amusing glance mingled of horror and beaming approval. "This is just the way you talk about everything."

Eugene merely laughed. "Shall I keep silent, then?" he asked.

"Yes," said Mrs. Deering, with despotism promptness.

They remained a while without speaking. As water flowing against a rock wears wave-lines into it, so a person who has been much alone has the marks of solitude worn into his being. Traces of that slow erosion were discernible in Oliphant's face when in repose, showing with what force silent experiences had wrought upon it. His light-hearted cousin was not much inclined to analyze what she saw there; probably she could not have done so if she had tried; but as she scrutinized him sidewise at this moment, something made her think of his past. She remembered how he had gone very early into a business life, and had had to toil desperately until within a short time; but that was nothing: had not Roger, her husband, done the same? and he was still toiling, while Eugene, after becoming a bankrupt, had recovered, and by a lucky hit leaped into independence. She remembered, further, how she had always supposed him to be unhappy with his wife; he had been mis-mated. But there, again, how fortunate! Was he not free, with many advantages should he wish to make

a happier match, and well provided for living by himself if he preferred what she thought so regrettable a state? Life is so simple — when we don't have to live it ourselves.

Grievances are noisy: griefs are little heard from. Luckily we cannot trundle our sorrows about in plain sight, when we go walking; hence Mary Deering was not made uncomfortable by knowing just what was in Oliphant's mind; and the people who kept assembling more and more in the Casino, while these two sat there, were able to display themselves one to another with an unconcern as suave as if they had borrowed their minds, no less than their trim attire, from the latest fashion-plates. Pretty sight it was: how placid they looked! Eugene fondly believed them all much happier than himself: he was young enough for that, you see. But Mrs. Deering was the first to resume conversation, which she did by commenting on an individual here and there.

Eugene, having grown absent-minded, only half heard her. He was humming under his breath an old ballad, the words of which that came to him, though he did not utter them, ran thus: —

“An' I were as fair as she,
Or she were as kind as I;
What pair could have made, as we,
So pretty a sympathie!”

What glimmer of recollection, what sunken hope, brought this tune into his mind? He was roused by his cousin's sharper accent.

“Look, Eugene! I want you to notice these people.”

“Which? Coming along the path here?”

“Yes; the lady in front is Mrs. Farley Blazer.” He beheld a large, stout woman with a smoky white face, and quietly but not well dressed, who moved with slow grandeur, as if in her youth she had been swan-like, and had not quite forgotten the fact. “And the gen-

tleman is old Dana Sweetser. Does n't look old, does he? Those two younger women, behind, are her nieces.” The two girls referred to, though not beyond question pretty, evidently made great claim to style; and, swimming in the wake of their majestic aunt, were trying in their limited way to be swan-like also.

Mrs. Deering exchanged a smile and a bow with the group; but as they passed away again, she said to Oliphant, “That woman is what I call a social usurper. She came here years ago and tried to impose herself on the world by a *coup d'état*. There was a bitter resistance, but slowly and surely she has borne it down, and seems to be settled on her throne.”

“And Sweetser?” asked Oliphant, mildly amused. “What about him?”

“Oh, he's good style; good family, and all that; but principally he's a sentimental old beau. He divides his time between organizing societies for Promoting the Importance of Members, and falling in love. He will pass through half a dozen rhapsodical affairs, this summer. Poor Dana!”

She had barely finished speaking when they observed a slender young man, with a single eye-glass and a long coat, who stiffly carried a thin stick, approaching them from the racket-court. Just as he came opposite them, a white ball bounding from the tennis-ground flew towards him, at an angle threatening mischief to his tall hat. He dodged it, and it struck the sward near enough to bounce again in the direction of Mary Deering. The slender young man darted vainly forward, to arrest this perplexing missile before it should reach her; but though he bent down with commendable promptness, it escaped him and grazed her chair. At the same instant he found himself landing on one knee, to avoid a fall, and gazing anxiously towards her. He took off his hat.

"Attitude of devotion!" he exclaimed in a subdued voice, with what was meant to pass for well-regulated humor. Even in these few words, however, he contrived to let his perfected English accent manifest itself. "Good morning, Mrs. Deering," he added, more formally, straightening himself up again.

"Good morning, Mr. Atlee." She made the two men acquainted, briefly. "You could n't have done that better if you'd been on the stage," she said.

"It hardly counts in the game, I suppose," said Oliphant, picking up the grass-stained ball, which he threw to the players.

Atlee looked at him through his glass, as if he hardly knew how this remark was designed; then he turned the polished disc inquiringly on Mrs. Deering, who smiled with mysterious satisfaction. "Well, no," he said haltingly. "I suppose, Mrs. Deering," he recommenced, "you are coming to the Casino dance, to-night. *On se donne le mot*, you know. Monday is to be *the* night, regularly."

"That will be bad for the ladies who ride, when the meets begin," said she. "But, of course, I shall come to-night."

Oliphant had given up dancing, and looked upon the artificial fox-hunt with contempt; so he began to feel out of place, and to wish that Atlee would go away. But as the young man did not vanish, our friend adopted the simple expedient of considering him an inferior individual, and withdrew from the conversation, fixing his attention entirely on the tennis. He became oblivious to everything but the cries of the players: "Net!" — "Fault." — "Thirty, love." — "Deuce." At length these annoyed him, too. "Do you understand the game, Mr. Atlee?" he asked.

"Oh, a trifle," said the young man. "Must do what all the other fools do, you know."

"Naturally," returned Oliphant, with zest.

"Is that the reason you asked him?"

Mrs. Deering inquired of her cousin, darting mischief at Atlee. "How clever, when you have n't known him!"

"That's hard," feebly protested her admirer. "Well, you see," he continued, addressing Oliphant with the comprehensiveness of an amateur lecturer, "there are four courts, and one man serves, and" —

"Oh, I don't want a regular exposition," Oliphant interrupted, having reached an advanced stage of unreason. "But it would be a relief if you would tell me what their sentimental phrase 'love' means."

"That's very easy," Atlee said. "It's only a gentle way of saying that one side has n't won anything whatever."

"Then, according to this computation, love is nothing."

"Exactly."

"How appropriate! I think better of the game: there must be some sense in it."

"Eugene!" cried Mrs. Deering, in reproof. "I thought I had got you nicely chained up. What do you mean by breaking loose again, and barking like that? Mr. Atlee, my cousin is a cynic."

Thus admonished, Atlee examined him cautiously with his defensive eyeglass.

"None of the other people are sitting down," said Oliphant. "Don't you think we'd better be getting away from here?"

"Game; forty — love," muttered Atlee, who had again diverted his superb attention to the nearest pair of batters. "That's total defeat, you know," he volunteered for Oliphant's benefit.

Eugene could not help applying this phraseology of the game to his own case. His cousin had, that morning, expatiated to him on the happiness of some friends of hers who had married in middle life; and within a few moments she had questioned him as to his own age. But love and forty made a

bad combination in tennis, as they might also in a human career ; a combination involving absolute failure on one side.

"We may as well go up on to the balcony, if you want to move," Mrs. Deering said, obligingly ; and they all three started in that direction.

The latticed promenade, when they reached it, was crowded, and echoed to a light buzz of rapid talk, salutation, and correct laughter, as if it had been a drawing-room. They paced up and down its length for a few minutes ; Oliphant noticing that the space nearer the music was tacitly left to those who were not of the governing social league ; persons of unfashionable appearance, many of them passing visitors, who gazed over at the others from a chilly borderland of solitude, as it were, and appeared to be taking the spectacle with a good deal of seriousness, an air of mute and mournful inquiry. Atlee slipped away to speak to a young lady at one side of the gallery : "Vivian Ware," Mrs. Deering specified to her companion. "A charming girl, from Boston. I want you to know her, too."

Beyond doubt, Miss Ware was a most engaging creature, even on a casual glance. She stood by one of the turned posts that upheld the gallery-ceiling, leaning slightly against it and surrounded by several young men, — "That is the Count Fitz-Stuart nearest to her," Oliphant heard his feminine mentor saying, — so that she might have been figured as at bay, making a final stand against her pursuers. But the situation evidently did not disturb her. Slight without suggesting fragility, she showed decided calm and self-possession, but was radiant with expression, and was talking first to one and then to another. Oliphant not being devoid of imagination, it occurred to him that, in her pure white dress wrought with a perfection of skill that made it resemble a natural growth, she might well be compared to a fresh honeysuckle blossom.

"I should like to know her," he said ; "but not now. For a while I will just look."

"There 'll be plenty of time," his pretty cousin agreed. "You're like a man who has been starving, and I must be careful with you ; too much at once might be your death."

The next instant she was accosted by Mr. Dana Sweetser, who, of a shapely figure, had a light but aged mustache that lay like a withered leaf above his lips and brushed his cheeks, the pink of which was forcing itself out of season. He wore a light salmon-tinted sirocco neck-scarf, and apparently was brimming over with compliments.

"A most lovely morning, Mrs. Deering," he exclaimed, poising himself artfully on his thin legs, that terminated in narrow shoes adorned with buff gaiters. "And I assure you one sees it better when it is reflected in a lovely face."

"That's a new sort of barometer," said she, "but not hard to find, here ;" and she glanced around.

"Happy to make your acquaintance," Sweetser proceeded as elastically as before, on being presented to Oliphant. "And you have lately arrived? Ah, Newport is the gem of all our watering-places. You will find yourself unable to leave it, Mr. Oliphant. Are you not already charmed?"

"I'm trying to be," replied Oliphant ; "and I dare say, if I'm not it won't be the fault of the place."

"You have only to look about you, sir. The most delightful society — people of leisure and cultivation, assembled from the different cities that separate them in winter : Newport claims them all, you see, by natural right. I was about to tell you something, Mrs. Deering," he pursued, turning to her ; and Oliphant seized the occasion to move apart.

He had not gone many steps, before he was arrested by the sight of a face

that he fancied was familiar to him. It offered a surface epitome of character not distinguished for refinement, but rather forcible than coarse, in spite of a rough-grained complexion and the aggressive bushiness of brown whiskers and a biforked beard. The man was dressed in a blue flannel yachting suit, as if he disdained making much concession to the custom of elaborate toilets. Nevertheless, it was clear that he stood well in the estimation of those around him. He bore signs of mental power, and possessed a cool, ample eye that took in everything with undisturbed comprehensiveness. We might say it was a peculiarly noiseless eye. Indeed, Oliphant was persuaded that it had encompassed him, as it were, and had fully identified him, an instant or two before any light of recognition was allowed to flash out. But when that preliminary was over, the face became energetic with geniality, and the individual to whom it belonged stepped forward with hand outstretched.

"My dear fellow!" said he, in a hearty, melodious voice that carried conviction with it. "How do you do; and where did you drop from?"

"I thought it was you, Porter," Oliphant responded, oddly feeling that his own heartiness, though he knew it to be genuine, was a mere make-believe or shadow beside the other man's; "but it's such a length of time. . . . I was rather hesitating."

"As the Irishman said," Porter at once rejoined, "when they asked him whether, as a punishment for his crime, he would prefer to go to the gallows or Australia. He told 'em, you know, he would 'rather hesitate.' Well, where have you been? Tell me all about it? What's the news?"

They began to walk the gallery at the least crowded end, with occasional inroads upon the more fashionable one. It was not a place for clapping a man upon the back; and, for all his force,

Porter's manner was perfectly in keeping with the genius of the spot. But Oliphant felt that practically he had been clapped upon the back, and rather liked it: he began to be more at home. He noticed, also, as they passed and re-passed, that those who had previously been talking with Porter were now examining himself with an access of interest merging into respect, as they saw the friendly terms on which he stood with the wearer of the blue suit. This roused in Oliphant an internal laughter; but it was agreeable to find that, while still unknown, he could thus enjoy an indirect homage. "I have my foot on the stair," he said to himself.

Meanwhile, two gentlemen who sat together in the shadow, not far from the musicians, fixed their attention on the pair as they receded in their walk.

"Quisbrough," said one of these individuals, — grave, elderly, clad throughout in black and wearing the long-skirted broadcloth of a departing generation, — "is n't that man Porter? Horatio Porter, I mean; commonly known as Raish."

The speaker had a pale, smooth-shaven face, seamed with fine wrinkles arranged on a system which implied in equal measure a great store of legal acumen and much experience of dyspepsia.

"Yes; that's Raish," replied Quisbrough. "But I thought you knew him, Judge: thought everybody knew him, and that you knew everybody."

"Well, you've hit it pretty close," the Judge answered, with a grim smile, restrained by habit. "Of course I know of him. A case in which he had an interest came before me, in fact. But he did n't appear but once, and I have n't seen him since. I'm not a brilliant financier, and I'm not a yachtsman, and I'm not a half society man, either; so our lines hardly cross. He certainly is going ahead remarkably, is Raish. What do you think of him?" In saying this,

he turned his eyes warily towards Quisbrough.

"I've hardly formed an opinion," said the latter, poking one finger meditatively into the side of his thick, black beard. "He's a friend of old Thorburn's, you know."

"I see; I see," murmured the old gentleman. "Friend of young Thorburn's, too?" he asked.

"Yes," said Quisbrough, still prodding his beard. And they began talking of something else.

"Oh yes, I know the old fellow," Porter was saying at the same moment, in answer to a question from Oliphant. "It's Judge Malachi Hixon, of New York; one of the old school. I admire him as one of the few incorruptible men on the bench; but we have no personal acquaintance. The little man at his side is a queer fish; he used to be tutor to Perry Thorburn, but has burst the chrysalis, I believe, and become private secretary to Thorburn senior." Here Porter nodded informally to Judge Hixon's neighbor, whose glance just then met his. "Name's Quisbrough," he continued as they turned their backs and walked away once more, "and he's as odd as his name. You probably think he looks dull, — so he does, — always has that fagged, sleepy air. But bless you, that's no more than the blur you make on good steel, by breathing. I tell you he's sharp; sharp as a razor."

"I begin to feel interested in these people," said Oliphant. "Somehow it is different here from other places in America: in the others, everybody is in such a hurry, that you need an instantaneous photograph to show you what they are like. They run about so."

"Exactly," threw in Porter. "You have heard of the darkey, have n't you, who found it so hard to make out how many hens he had. He got along very well with counting them all — except

one; and that one ran round so, he could n't count it. That's the way with American society."

Oliphant laughed heartily. "Very likely," he said. "But here in Newport they have more repose: perhaps it's due to the drowsy, peaceful atmosphere."

"Isle of Peace, you know," rejoined his friend: "that's what the Indian name, Aquidneck, means. The 'ile of peace is very emollient; you try it, and see. This all leads back to what I was saying — that you'd better come and bunk with me at my cottage, and settle down for a good season of it. Yes, sir, you'll find the genuine leisure class here. Talk about our having none! — Do you remember what one of our bright girls said to the Englishman who complained that there were no people of leisure in this country — people who don't do anything? 'Oh yes,' she said, 'we have those people, but here we call them tramps.' I assure you, the kind of tramps you meet in this place are worth knowing."

"I've a great mind," said Oliphant with slow frankness, "to accept your invitation. Nothing could be better, if we can both keep our independence."

"My dear fellow, I shall insist upon keeping mine; and that leaves you to take care of yourself."

"That's fair, at any rate," the widower agreed. "But, oh!" he added, slightly blushing — "it seems funny to ask — you haven't, in the interval, gone and got married, have you?"

"Not I," answered Porter with decision. "Marriage has its good side; but you make me think of a man I heard of, who got alarmed about an earthquake that was to visit his city; so he sent off his two sons to a country clergyman, to keep *them* safe, any way. Well, after two or three days, the parson, finding the boys lively, wrote to him: 'Please take back your boys, and send on the earthquake.' None of that

in mine, thank you! Now tell me when you'll come over to the house."

"To-morrow, if that suits you. I must go and look after Mrs. Deering, now."

"All right; but can't you join me, later? There are some men here you ought to know, and they're going to lunch with me at one. Will you take a plate with us?"

"Thanks: if I can."

Hereupon they separated; and Eugene, finding that Mrs. Deering was ready to go, extricated her from a knot of acquaintances, and escorted her to the spacious arched passage that gives entrance to the grounds. As they drew near the point of emergence on Bellevue Avenue, a high, polished gig stopped at the curb, and the young man who had been driving dismounted with alacrity.

"Perry Thorburn!" Mrs. Deering whispered, impressively.

As the youth over whom she cast the glamour of that opulent name stood for a moment on the sidewalk, giving some direction to his groom, Oliphant beheld him framed in the archway, with the glare of the outer light upon him. He was a tall, sinewy young fellow, clad in a combination of gray cut with supreme stylishness, that set off his red-tanned face, his long neck and amber-colored hair, in remarkable contrast. His figure, from the great length of the arms and legs, would have been ungainly but for the commanding pose habitual with him. He was not handsome, but neither was he bad-looking; and here again the only half-successful contour of his features was made respectable by the haughty vigor that informed them. Thus much Oliphant was able to observe while young Thorburn stood on the pavement, and as he passed them on his way in, with long strides.

"So that's the heir of his father, is it?" said Eugene. "He looks as if he could spend the money, and if his en-

ergies happened to strike in, he might make it, too. You don't know him, I see, personally."

"Dear me, no," said Mrs. Deering. "Confidentially, you understand, he is way beyond us; though I fancy his father buys and sells in Roger's office a good deal. Perhaps I ought to say he is not 'of our set.' I draw the line at the Thorburns, chiefly because I can't draw *them* inside of it."

Then, begging her cousin to come and dine with her that evening, she nodded, got into her village-cart, and drove away.

It was with unusual exhilaration that he returned to the cheerful precinct he had just left. The meeting with Porter had enlivened him; a new zest was making its way into his veins. People were now beginning to leave the spot, and strayed by twos and threes past the rich grass-plots, the beds of diversified coleas, and the heavy stone base of the Clock-Tower; and Oliphant gazed with satisfaction at the fresh, happy faces of the young women amongst them. On gaining the balcony, which was still dotted with scraps of vivid color in the bright morning dresses, and the parasols of "crushed raspberry" that lingered, he at once caught sight of Perry Thorburn, who was just then passing Quisbrough. Perry gave the latter no sort of recognition; a fact which the tutor-secretary took without concern; and, going on farther, was speedily absorbed in conversation with a lady of very striking appearance, in black and yellow, who was obviously much older than he.

I doubt whether Oliphant could have told why, but the sight of the arrogant, attractive young millionaire, leaning over and talking with unconcealed earnestness to this handsome woman whom our friend himself did not know, roused in him a blind protest; and forthwith the whole scene before him underwent a change. A moment earlier, it had

been agreeably sparkling and satisfactory; now, on the contrary, it became shallow, insincere, and hollow. "They're all on exhibition," he murmured to himself. "It's like the opening scene of a comedy. Bell rings; curtain is up — beginning of the season. In they come, actors and audience; and every one seems to say, 'I'm still on the surface, you see, and I'm as fine as you are. What next?' Bah!"

Taking out his watch, he discovered that it was a quarter after one; and while he was closing it he heard Porter saying: "Ah, there you are, Oliphant! We are just going to lunch."

As they passed up-stairs, Oliphant seemed to hear a voice repeating, "Forty — love; forty — love!"

II.

THE LIFE OF A LETTER.

The lunch was a pleasant affair, and Porter exhibited himself in a light which brought out his versatile capacity.

Besides himself and his prospective visitor, there were present Atlee and Perry Thorburn; Stillman Ware of Boston (brother of the young lady Oliphant had seen on the balcony); one Admiral Glines of the navy; a retired major in the regular army named Bottick, who seemed to consist chiefly of big, red, bald cranium and iron-gray mustache; and finally a college professor of great scientific repute, who hid his celebrity under a reddish beard, an excellent double-breasted coat, and (on entering the room) a tall white hat, which made him look like a rather solid butterfly of fashion.

With these personages Porter conversed in a way which showed that he was master of their various interests; or could at least convince them that he was. To Glines he talked about torpe-

does and the decline of the navy; to Major Bottick, of the war in Egypt, varied by ancient club-gossip redolent of stale tobacco smoke. Thorburn he engaged chiefly on matters connected with polo and yachting; the length of water-line in different boats; their owners, cost, and vicissitudes in sundry races. With Ware, again, he deftly assumed the cultivated tone, mingling society and house-decoration with data about rare editions of books.

As they took their places, "You know," he said, quoting from some dead-and-gone society verse, "'Vitelius's feasts cost a million;' but I'm not Vitellius, and I intend giving you to-day only the last two or three figures of that amount."

Nevertheless, so far as it went the repast was delicious, and every one was pleased. Even young Thorburn was mollified into laying aside his unnecessary hauteur, under the influence of a particular claret called Lagrange, which Porter recommended, and of a cigar rather better than those which the young man usually bought for himself. To inhale his entertainer's lavishness in this way was an enjoyment heightened by the sense of his own superior prudence. Oliphant being placed next to them, they naturally fell into talk; and when the party was breaking up, they again found themselves side by side at one of the windows giving on the Avenue.

"There isn't much driving yet, I suppose," half inquired Eugene.

"Oh, it's beginning," answered the other, carelessly. "I believe there won't be so much as there used to be. At any rate, the people who used to drive don't do it so much now, I'm told."

"The set changes, then," said Eugene. "A new dynasty — is that it?"

Thorburn laughed: he was pleased with the phrase. "If you like to call it so," he said. "I'm one of 'em, whatever it is. I drive. Later in the afternoon's the hour, you know."

"This is n't your first season here, is it?" Eugene asked.

"Well, yes, really it is," the young man conceded. He betrayed some hesitation, however, as if to admit the fact reminded him uncomfortably of his youth and newness. "Father only built his house here last fall, you know."

Oliphant liked him the better for showing so easily what he felt; and began to think that this young fellow's lofty mode of carrying himself did him injustice. Then suddenly came back the recollection of that scene on the balcony, where the sight of Thorburn and the lady in black and yellow had affected him so curiously; and he was taken with a desire to ask who she was. But this of course could not be done, and he had besides, as he thought, asked questions enough.

Just at this moment they heard a peculiar sharp jingling in the street, which attracted their attention. Perry looked out rather eagerly, Oliphant thought, as if he had been waiting for the sound, or at least recognized it; and as Oliphant's own eyes turned in the same direction, there passed swiftly by a light barouche, properly manned with a liveried driver and groom, and drawn by small, strong horses, bearing at the front of their harness a close-linked steel chain, that churned forth with rapid motion the metallic signal which the two men had heard. In the carriage was seated the identical lady who had just been occupying Oliphant's thoughts. She was of small but not diminutive figure; in a certain way beautiful, or perhaps I ought to say fine, without having much color in her cheeks or any splendor of physical endowment that at once overpowered the eye; above all, she gave an impression of delicate energy, of a something unusual without being obtrusive, and of compact completeness. This it was which made her appearance striking, as I have said it was, when Oliphant had first seen her. She still wore her dress

of black, sparingly touched with yellow in one or two places, and a small black bonnet in which a single narrow golden band likewise appeared. Whether she saw the two gentlemen who were looking at her, I cannot say. She was out of sight again, in a flash; gone like some wonderful kind of bird that had been startled out of her covert and had taken a quick flight into other shelter. That was the effect on Oliphant: the carriage and pair dissolved, as it were, and he could think of nothing, for an instant, except the sable form and the dash of gold that had swept by him.

"Who is that lady?" he now asked, easily enough. "I've noticed her before." As he spoke, the jangling of the horses' chain was still heard faintly, and chimed in with an emphasis bizarre and semi-barbaric.

"A Mrs. Gifford," said Thorburn. "Very much of a favorite here, and deserves it, too. She's a bright woman."

"Ah, she's married," Oliphant rejoined, reflectively. "I had an idea she was in mourning."

"Mourning? I should smile! Not exactly. Did n't you see the yellow in her dress?"

"Yes, yes; so there was. I noticed it especially, too." And Oliphant was surprised to find that the black garb, and perhaps something in the general appearance of the wearer, had neutralized the meaning of that vivid color.

"She's a widow, though," added Thorburn, as if he had enjoyed holding the fact in reserve.

"Oh," said Eugene, a little coolly, beginning to move away. He was not quite pleased with himself, on finding that this information revived his interest. "From New York?" he inquired.

"No; Baltimore. She spends part of the winter in Washington, and comes here in the summer."

Oliphant now went back to Porter; they all took their hats for departure; and he was soon on his way to his hotel,

alone. The rest of the afternoon was occupied with sundry idle employments, during which he gave little thought to the various persons who had come into his field of experience since the morning; but he was destined to hear more of Mrs. Gifford, and to make a discovery which should give her a fixed and unique place in his reflections.

Putting on his evening dress, he proceeded to his cousin's, and there met Atlee, who was to dine with them. For some cause, the presence of this young man was by no means pleasant to Oliphant: he wondered whether Roger Deering were aware how it looked, that his wife should be accepting Atlee's devotion. True, it was the devotion of an image, a stuffed doll. But possibly, if Roger had to choose, he would prefer to have the appearance of a fashionable flirtation sustained by something of more dignity than a doll. Atlee was in the small parlor with Mrs. Deering and her two children, — a boy of eleven, and a little daughter scarcely three; they made a very domestic group.

"And how do you like Newport, Clarence?" Eugene asked the boy, assuming a cousinly air.

"First rate," said Clarence, with his hands in his pockets. "I want to go to the Casino hop to-night."

"What, you?" inquired his mature friend, in astonishment. "You're too young."

"No I ain't, either," declared the boy. "Everybody goes; but the best people take the lead. I've heard 'em say that. Ain't we the best?"

"Clarence," said his mother, "you must n't talk in that way."

"Well, I don't care," he remarked. "I know what they want is young people, to dance. I know how to dance: have n't I been to dancing-school? If papa was here, he'd let me go. Now Mr. Oliphant, you tell mamma to let me. Mr. Atlee ain't any good that way, for all he comes here so much."

"Clarence," his mother repeated, "I'm ashamed of you! If you go on so, I shan't let you come in to dessert."

Atlee, who was some six feet distant from the object of disturbance, affixed his eye-glass, and regarded Clarence painfully; while the boy, in spite of his valiant attitude, gave symptoms of crying.

"Come here," said Eugene, engagingly. "I've got something to show you." He had, in fact, provided himself with a little present. It was an ivory puzzle-box, of such dimensions that it could be carried on the watch-chain which he had noticed that his young cousin wore. Clarence was at first much interested, but Oliphant soon perceived that he had miscalculated the precocious child's capacity. "Watch-chains ain't in fashion now, you know," Clarence confided to him in undertone. "They wear fobs. Hullo," he continued, examining Oliphant's waistcoat, "*you* have n't got any fob! Why, Steve Richards has got one, and he ain't any bigger than I am; and he's got lots of other things, too. He's got a toy engine, and a real rifle, and a bicycle, and — I don't see why it is! We're just as good as the others, but some fellow always has more things than I do."

Oliphant was amused, and slightly disgusted; but just at that juncture, dinner was announced, and the children were dismissed. Yet even in the brief moment of their leave-taking Mrs. Deering's preference for her little daughter Effie was plainly revealed: she detached herself from the clinging baby arms and the gold-haired face, with a tender, pathetic reluctance.

At the table, some allusion was made to young Thorburn, and Oliphant was prompted to say, "By the way, he seems to be a good deal interested in that Mrs. Gifford whom I saw at the Casino this morning. Do you know her?"

"Oh, yes," said Mary Deering, "I know her. But I don't think young

Mr. Thorburn's interest lies especially in that direction."

"Is that because you know that it takes some other direction?" he asked.

"I can't say positively," his cousin answered. "But it's generally supposed that, if he has any inclination of that sort, it is towards Miss Hobart, of New York, you know; Josephine Hobart. You have n't seen her, have you? Well, she's quite the accepted belle, at home; though, for particular reasons, she does n't flourish so much here at Newport. Don't you think I'm right about Perry Thorburn and Josephine, Mr. Atlee?"

The young man appealed to gave an exceedingly slow and eminently Britan-
nic assent.

Eugene, however, was hardly convinced. "There is something familiar," he resumed, "about that name of Gifford. It's not uncommon, of course; but it's really a New England name. How does it happen that she hails from Baltimore?"

"I believe," said Mrs. Deering, "that her husband *was* a New Englander, and came from your region, Eugene,—not far from Springfield; though when you come to talk about families, it's quite absurd to ask me. I have enough to do to look after my own, as I guess you saw just before dinner. Still, I *can* tell you this much, that he afterwards moved to Baltimore, and that his first name was Helvetius. I can always remember that."

"I should think you might!" exclaimed Atlee, laying down his fork and allowing a subdued hilarity to distend his mustache. "Helvetius!" he repeated, with condescension. "Most extraw-d'n'ry name. I should think you might!" His own name was Gustavus, but he had gradually modified it to "Augustus," and kept even that in the background except on occasions when he thought it would be effective.

"Well," said Oliphant, "I'm not

much better off than before. I can't 'place' the name, as they say in the country. And yet"—

In a fit of abstraction, he ceased to speak. "I don't think your association with the name amounts to anything," Mrs. Deering asserted, with such a determined closing of her lively lips that controversy seemed hopeless. "But you may be sure, Eugene, of one thing: Octavia Gifford is a woman perfectly contented as she is. She will never marry again."

"But if that's so," said Atlee, "why is it that she does n't wear mourning?"

"She does n't, exactly, it's true," said their hostess. "If you notice, though, you will see that she always dresses in black or white, with just a little of one color scattered in. And then," she continued, turning to Oliphant, "I understand she has a theory that it is not quite truthful to wear black entirely. The way she looks at it is this: 'I'm happy, and I still enjoy a great deal in life, so why should I pretend that I don't, and shut myself up in a dark shroud?' But, really, the reason she holds that opinion is that she was so thoroughly happy in her married life."

"You're sure of that, are you?" inquired her cousin.

"Perfectly. The woman is n't living who looks more on the bright side, so far as that goes, than Octavia Gifford. Her existence has been so satisfactory to her that, in spite of her great loss, there is a kind of radiance over everything, in her eyes."

"Fortunate person," murmured Eugene; and then other topics came up, which absorbed them until an unexpected noise at the front door, just as salad was being served, interrupted the conversation.

"There's Roger, I declare!" exclaimed Mrs. Deering, at the sound, and she excused herself, to run out and meet him. She came back, beaming

more than ever ; and Roger himself followed, — active and semi-preoccupied as usual, with a face that appeared habitually red, either because of haste and heat, or good living, and with hair cut excessively short for summer comfort, from the nape of his neck to the edge of baldness rather far back from his forehead. He did not seem at all disturbed by Atlee's presence.

"How do?" he said cordially to both the visitors, giving his hand to each in succession. "Found I could get away all at once, as I was just explaining to Mary. Things rather dull on the street and likely to stay so the next few days, so I thought I'd run on. Let's have some champagne, Mary."

The wine was sent for, and Clarence burst prematurely into the room. "Oh papa!" he exclaimed; and, after a hearty greeting between them: "May I go to the hop?"

"Hop? No. On general principles, no. All hops excluded — except hop into bed. What party is it?" Mrs. Deering explained. "Oh, go ahead, if you want to," said the father easily. "Let him go and look on, Mary. That's all you could do, you know, Clarence: you're too young to dance there. And you don't catch *me* going. If you want to see me, you've got to stay at home."

So the matter was compromised, finally, by the boy's receiving a glass of champagne and water, and remaining with Deering. "I'll look after him," said the latter, good-humoredly, to his wife, "if Atlee and Eugene will look after you."

Oliphant's vague uneasiness about Atlee had been partially allayed by Roger's sudden arrival; now he was again made uncomfortable by the prospect of taking Mrs. Deering away for an evening of superfluous diversion, just at the instant of her husband's return. But as they chatted and smoked over their coffee, while Mrs. Deering made some

preparation for the dance, he consoled himself with the reflection that it was foolish to apply his own secluded standard of conduct, which had never brought about much happiness in his case, to the affairs of the sophisticated circle in which he now stood.

Meanwhile the Casino theatre had been lighted up, and people were slowly assembling in the garnished interior, where the white and gold of the walls and the pale-blue silver-starred panels of the ceiling cast a reflected brilliancy upon the polished floor. The first-comers were of a staid and sober sort, chiefly in dark-hued habiliments; and they collected in the gallery, or seated themselves in the remotest chairs near the lower entrances, with a solemn and expectant hush, very much as if they had arrived at church a long time before service. They were simply spectators, and those who were to furnish the spectacle did not straggle in until after nine. Among these were Mrs. Farley Blazer, Miss Ware and her brother, and young Lord Hawkstane, whom it was supposed that Mrs. Blazer intended to marry to one of her nieces, after he should have had time enough to think he had made up his own mind about it. It was of Lord Hawkstane that the Weekly Eavesdropper had said: "His gentlemanly manner has won him troops of friends;" and in the next paragraph it praised the gentlemanly head-waiter at the Ocean House. Besides these, a member of the cabinet, with his wife and daughters, made his appearance; and a foreign minister as well as a couple of attachés of legation at Washington were pointed out to the solemn people in the galleries, by the more knowing of their associates. Some looked anxiously for Count Fitz-Stuart, of whom they had heard as "the last of the Stuarts;" but he was not seen that evening, reserving himself under some mysterious sense of fitness, with which the half-dollar admission may

have had something to do. Mrs. Thornburn came, bringing a judiciously small selection of diamonds. There were other men and women who brought their family names—names of a certain antiquity in Boston or New York,—that gave them a distinction, an imperceptible halo, which the unfortunate on-lookers who did not know them entirely missed seeing. It was on the whole an agreeable, informal company, differing little from the average of cultivated persons elsewhere; notwithstanding which a local paper, the next day, lifting the trump of vulgar fame, declared that “the *élite* was in force, America’s best society people being represented by *its* fairest ladies and wealthiest citizens.”

When Oliphant came in, he met Dana Sweetser hovering about with a ravished expression of countenance.

“It is simply delightful,” said Mr. Sweetser. “You see so many charming friends, with no encumbering obligation. And the beauty! Where can you find at hazard so many attractive women as you see around this room?” As Atlee had assumed the duty of finding Mrs. Deering a chair, the gay old bachelor began pointing out to Eugene the persons whom he ought to observe. “But our quota is not yet full,” he wound up. “Before the season is over we expect to draw an Italian Count, a Russian Prince, and”—

“No crowned heads this year?” Oliphant put in.

Sweetser turned upon him a faded reproach, which made him regret his jest. “However, that’s not so impossible in the future,” resumed the ancient Dana, agile in the recovery of good-humor. “The throne business is so uncertain, nowadays. There’s something better than a crowned head to be seen to-night, though. Josephine Hobart is here.”

“Indeed?”

“Yes; she has got away from her

dreadful old father and is visiting friends in town. Envious friends!”

“I’m sorry to say I’ve never seen her,” Oliphant remarked.

Mr. Sweetser looked woe-begone. “My dear sir, you don’t know what you’ve missed! Let me present you.”

This offer Eugene contrived to evade, preferring some other approach. Before long he discovered his cousin sitting next to Mrs. Gifford, and was thus precipitated into a speaking acquaintance with the widow.

“Have you ever been in Springfield?” he asked, after a few preliminary nothings.

“No,” she said. “But how odd that you should happen to ask! Is that your home?”

“Yes. At least, it was; but I have wandered so much, I can hardly call it that any more. I have been abroad, the last three years.”

“Mr. Gifford lived there,” said the widow, in the most composed and cheerful way. “But he had entirely moved his interests to Baltimore, before our marriage, and so I never chanced to go to Springfield. Is it a pretty place?”

“‘Prettily placed’ would describe it better,” Oliphant said. But he was thinking that, serene though she was, a certain change had passed over her—like the shadow of a sunny cloud, when she mentioned her husband. There was a finer light in her eye, just for an instant: she looked as if she had been thrilled through with a proud memory, yet one that brought with it a pang. “And you were of Baltimore yourself,” he went on. “I know some people there.” So they began to make note of their acquaintances, as persons must who have little knowledge of each other.

What they said came fitfully; slender trains of words breaking off suddenly, between which the soft notes of the orchestra swept upon them in delicate waves. Then Mrs. Deering would help them on with a laughing remark; and

Oliphant began again. To complete his discouragement, Perry Thorburn strode up, even more overtopping in his dress-coat than he had been that morning, and asked for a dance with Mrs. Gifford, which she granted. At the same moment Mrs. Deering began to waltz with Atlee, and Eugene was left alone. He watched the swift but gentle whirl of the dancers. For a moment everything before him melted into a tremulous, insubstantial glow; a confusion of gold and white and gaslight and rhythmic motion. It was strange to be in such a spot, with such companionship, while his thoughts were straying off to guess at the happiness so confidently asserted of Mrs. Gifford's past, and to ask whether she had given any more for it than he had devoted without getting a like return. What was the secret of these fates? It reminded him of little Clarence's problem in the distribution of toys; but the question went on recurring like the throb of an endless trouble, a refrain to the lively music now ringing in his ears. At last Mrs. Gifford was beside him again, swept to her place by the breeze of the waltz, which died away the next instant; and the room at once became a solid, bright interior full of polished people; no refrain of destiny audible anywhere in it.

Perry Thorburn went on talking to the widow. Suddenly, "I don't see Miss Hobart," he said.

"That reminds me," Oliphant interposed, addressing her. "Do you know Miss Hobart? I have been so anxious to see her." He had begun to catch the accent of the place.

Mrs. Gifford showed a new interest in him. "Know her? Why, she's staying with me!"

"As an invisible spirit?" he asked, glancing around.

"Luckily, no," was her answer, given with due sparkle of appreciation for his little effort. "I don't see her either, Perry," she continued, to Thorburn.

"I've lost her in the waltz. And you know," to Oliphant again, "when Josephine is lost, there are so many to find her — it's quite hopeless for *me*."

"Much more so, then, for me," Oliphant said.

The other two looked in various directions, and finally descried Josephine at the end of the room where she had stopped, with the music, and was detained by a little group of admirers, among them Lord Hawkstane.

"I will go over there," said Thorburn abruptly, after a parenthetical glare at Oliphant.

Eugene wondered if the young man claimed a monopoly of both these ladies.

"It will be like Clever Alice," said Mrs. Gifford. "Everybody who goes to find her will stay."

"I venture to predict that that won't happen in this case," he returned, scattering over his remark a light powder of gallantry which softened the contradiction.

"We shall see," the widow smiled.

Miss Hobart did in fact come back almost immediately, on Thorburn's arm; and as Oliphant stood there he was introduced to her.

"I'm a very poor talker," he declared to her, becoming still more local. "I hardly belong here, for I really have nothing to say."

"That is exactly what will give you a perfect claim," said Miss Hobart. "You will be like the rest, then."

This beginning gave them a half-humorous understanding, from which they went on smoothly. Josephine had spoken quietly, softly; neither in the tone of satire nor in that of earnest. From her manner, she might have been imparting a gentle confidence of some sort. Evidently her power lay in her repose; Oliphant was struck by this. She had large, meditative, dark-gray eyes that moved slowly with a hidden glance sideways; she appeared to be low-browed, but only because of the breadth of her

forehead : altogether she was an embodiment of revery. Oliphant even fancied a guarded sadness in her face ; and all this seemed to him very strange in a young woman who drew so much admiration. More and more the thought presented itself that she was the centre of calm in the midst of the whirlpool.

If this were true, the similitude was borne out by the fact that swiftly, surely the idle young men in the neighborhood were drawn closer and closer, and soon were held in a semicircle around her. Eugene felt that he was no match for them, and hastily abandoned the conversation. For a while he stayed near the other two ladies, half-silent and uneasy, disturbed by a restlessness which he was at a loss to account for. Then, finding that Mrs. Deering would not remain much longer and expected to drive home in her carriage, he retreated to a door by the veranda ; and, after watching the group until he was thoroughly puzzled to decide whether Thorburn was more interested in the widow or Miss Hobart, he departed.

He had to repack some of his things before removing to Porter's, and it occurred to him to do this to-night ; but when he had put on his dressing-gown, an impulse led him into quite a different employment. In a smaller trunk that stood near his bed was a quantity of papers, many of them old letters, which had belonged to his wife. He had brought them hither inconsistently enough, since it was on Mary Deering's advice to sever himself wholly from his past that he had come to Newport. But when he had first looked over his wife's belongings, he had been too much affected and too weary to complete the task ; and he fancied that the present summer would be a good time to review what remained, and destroy them. The associations of the day and his musings at the dance inclined him now to take a look at these shriveled relics. He began humming again : —

"An I were as fair as she
And she were as kind as I,
What pair" —

Here he unlocked the box, and threw back the lid. A lingering musty perfume stole up from the mass of old writings. . . . Somewhere down there, he knew, were the early love-letters. There, too, — he shuddered as he thought of it, — was the equally impassioned but stern and bitter correspondence growing out of a long absence of hers, when she had threatened separation. He hesitated to touch any of these : indeed, he wondered why he had kept them at all. But there was a great tenacity in his temperament, and he had always wished to review his experience as a whole, some day, and solve its unsatisfactoriness ; so he had held on to these documents with little care what hands they might fall into, were he to die before disposing of them. The same recklessness on that head had once induced him to set down, partly for relief, partly for analysis, memoranda of the mental anguish through which he was passing, due to the luckless struggle into which his married life had fallen. Upon the little book in which he had entered these records his hand rested first, when he began to examine the contents of the trunk, and he turned a few pages to see what was there. Strange, indefensible, even ghastly seemed the bitter things he found ; and for the most part they had lost their meaning ; yet he remembered how dreadfully real their meaning had once been — how it had scorched his heart. One paragraph, however, struck him, and renewed the old turmoil. It was this : —

"Do we love each other — Alice and I — or detest ? I can't decide. But when we are both hating hardest, we cling to each other most, if only for a better chance to stab. Yes ; as some have said, love and hate are the same and merely change their effect — as strong essences may either poison to

death, or else poison us out of disease into healthy life."

Oliphaunt put down the book. "And in spite of everything," he murmured, "I suppose I loved her! Poor child, when she was laid in her grave . . . O God," he went on, looking upward, as if in communion, "if forgiveness is love, you know whether I loved; but I do not. I know there was too much weakness and resentment and longing for present happiness in me, to make me deserving in the sight of the Highest." For some time after this he remained inert and silent, unaware of any thought except as it might take the form of penitence and prayer. Then he lifted mechanically one of the packets of folded papers, untied it, and began to read. They proved to be letters written to his wife by various friends, some time before he had even known her; and there was not much in them to interest him. Still, he continued to examine them in a cursory way. Suddenly he gave a start; then he raised his eyebrows and looked closer at the written sheet which he was holding. After this he turned at once to the end, on the other page,

for the signature. The ink was time-worn, fatigued by its long waiting, but scarcely dimmed. The name stood out clearly: "Helvetius Gifford." Oliphaunt was sure he had never seen this paper before; but there, pressed upon it with mute emphasis, was the name which he had heard but a few hours since as that of Mrs. Gifford's husband!

Going back, he read the whole from the beginning; and now his eyes were lifted quietly from its lamp-lit surface to the glassy squares of his window. He at length became aware that the dying moon had cast a strange ashen light over the sky. But why had he never heard of this letter before? Why had his wife never told him of the matter? It had been addressed to her, these long years ago, by Helvetius Gifford, and contained an offer of marriage from him, couched in terms of adoration the sincerity of which was unmistakable; words that looked cold and rigid now, in their parallel inky lines—but only as lava looks black when it is cooled, showing none the less where once the fire of its life flowed burning away, into the unseen.

George Parsons Lathrop.

BOOMTOWN.

IN its early days, before there were any houses upon its streets, and when the streets themselves were indicated only by the surveyor's pegs, Boomtown was known as Boom City upon the gorgeous map which heralded its future glory. But cities, like college graduates, grow more modest as they grow old, and hence its present compacter title. Not to afflict the reader with a multitude of geographical details, I will simply say that the Boomtown of to-day is situated in the great Northwest. While it is probably south of the British boundary,

it may be above the same; for there are thousands of our English and Canadian friends whose hearts are so loyal that they would rather be swindled under her majesty's flag than grow rich on Yankee soil. For a time their opportunities for speculation without expatriation were limited to the city of Winnipeg, in Manitoba, and it is chiefly to this fact that the town owes its celebrated prosperity of 1881 and 1882.

The great Northwest is entered through the gateway of St. Paul. There the traveler first hears of Boomtown,

the "Portals of the Sunset," the "Favorite of Fortune," the "Gem of the Great Golden Northwest," the "Love-liest Spot in the Land of Light," the "Plucky Pioneers' Paradise upon the Productive Prairies." Not only are the allurements and advantages of Boomtown advertised in alliterative prose, but the real-estate man also drops into poetry, and relates how the place has grown : —

"From a village in a vale
To a city strong and hale,
Ere three harvests tell their tale."

In prospectus this city is the focus of all railroads that are ever to be built, the future capital of the future State, the garden spot of the farmer, the sanitarium of the invalid, the speculator's paradise, the land of golden grain, where the wheat grows in forests and the oats in impenetrable jungles. Should our arrival in St. Paul be opportune, we learn that an auction sale of Boomtown lots is one of the entertainments of the evening, and we are sadly lacking in the tourist's proverbial enterprise if we do not attend. Bands of music, inviting us to the scene, play lively tunes, calculated to intoxicate the buyer and loosen the strings of his purse. Like the spies sent out by Moses to report upon the land of Canaan, and who returned bearing between them that famous bunch of grapes from the brook Eshcol, the Boomtown syndicate have also brought with them the products of their land, and challenge Canaan itself to show an equal display of No. 1 hard wheat, tastefully arranged in sheaf and jar; enormous potatoes, each one a dinner in itself; and luscious fruit, which, however, owing to the undeveloped state of the country, is yet in a state of *papier maché*.

The sales are made by that most loquacious of auctioneers, the "Marquis of Mud," who has fairly earned his honorable title. He exhorts the people to catch on to the Boomtown boom, which

has surely set in to stay. Then, with the sensitiveness of the true boomer, he corrects himself, and says that this is not a boom at all, but a healthy and regular growth. The people catch on. In the fever of the moment, those buy lots who never bought before. Some buy in confidence, and some in fun. Some think that kind of a lottery as good as any other, and some invest for the privilege which it gives them of occasionally putting on the air of a capitalist, and referring, in careless tones, to their real estate up in Boomtown. They buy for that satisfaction which the mere possession of property gives. Where lives the man who has not bought a dog or a dressing-gown, an opera-house or a newspaper, for similar reasons?

Having purchased his lot, the traveler feels a natural desire to look at it, and proudly stand upon the base of his pyramid of dirt, whose apex is at the centre of the earth, three or four thousand miles away. Since Boomtown is an inland city, and the climate, he has been led to believe, is just wet enough for the farmer and just dry enough for the consumptive, he is greatly shocked to find that his destination is surrounded by a waste of waters. Only the repeated assurance that this is an exceptionally moist spring restores confidence to his soul. The steamboat upon which he has crossed the prairie unloads its passengers at the veranda of the second story of the hotel; and when, on the following day, the investor starts out in a row-boat to hunt up his real estate, he finds that he had unwittingly sailed across it as he came into town. The exact location of his lot, however, cannot be determined without a diving-bell. The corner-stakes, which were only waist-high, are under water, and he hears the surveyor, who is his pilot on this occasion, mutter to his assistant that it will be necessary to make his pegs as high as lamp-posts hereafter.

The flood subsides at last, as all floods must, and then the voice of the boomer a-booming is heard in Boomtown. This individual, who is an optimist of the most sanguine nature, has been the subject of many descriptions of late; but none have been more graphic than that which, in plain American, defines him as a "rustler." He travels with a map under his arm, hope in his heart, and, to say the least, exaggeration upon his lips. Early and late his cheerful tones are heard prophesying great things of the new city, and seductively offering a few lots for sale in the most promising part of the town. In his mind's eye he sees paved sidewalks, street railways, court-houses, orphan asylums, and other city improvements dotting the barren surface of his unsold property, and if he is a good boomer his confidence is contagious.

Not Paris herself is more cosmopolitan in her population than Boomtown, as witness this extract from a report of the sheriff of that city:—

"Jail full,—three Indians, one negro, eight white civilians, and three soldiers. I am rustling now for a Chinaman, to complete the assortment."

Social distinction is not hard to achieve in Boomtown. Rank, talent, and birth are of no importance there. Money to invest is the thing. Who would be lionized there should enter the city with the careworn brow, light grip-sack, and modest dress of the solid millionaire. Let him ask a few discreet questions about the prices of property here and there; then let him be seen pacing off the frontage of lots marked "For Sale," as if to determine their extent, and let him thoughtfully bore his cane into the soil, as if to ascertain its fitness for foundations, and his success is assured. Rumor is swift to make a magnate of him. Real-estate agents send in their cards. The hotel clerk transfers him to parlors on the first floor. Newspaper reporters solicit

his opinion upon the city of their pride; and when he answers, in terms of ordinary compliment, that its growth is wonderful and its future metropolitan splendor is beyond question, his words are printed as oracular utterances. Committees of leading citizens call upon their distinguished visitor, and give him a free ride in a hack over the avenues and boulevards which are to be; and the boomer tells him pretty stories, as they sit together over club-house dinners and champagne suppers innumerable. By all means, the tourist to Boomtown should affect the thoughtful air of the capitalist with money to spend.

One hears in Boomtown the same old jokes that have furnished amusement to the Western traveler since the days of Bonneville and Bridger, and he comes at last to wonder if new witticisms are really as rare upon the frontier as in the minstrel show and circus ring. Funny stories that were printed in *Beyond the Mississippi* and *Roughing It*, years and years ago, are told as actual occurrences of yesterday or to-day, and the exasperated listener is considered a stick if he does not join in the laughter which accompanies them. They say that the climate of Boomtown is so healthy that they had to shoot a man to start a graveyard with; the legend and adventure of "Pike's Peak or Bust" are adapted to "Boomtown or Bust;" and telling you of the dainty Englishman who, calling for a glass of sherry and an egg, was given whisky in a tin cup, and made to drink it at the revolver's muzzle, they give local color to this thrilling incident by describing the exact saloon in Boomtown in which it occurred. The man in good clothes who travels through the West is sure to be taken for a tenderfoot, and treated to a relash of Western humor. To avoid this infliction there is perhaps no safer way than to fight fire with fire, so to speak, and, anticipating your companion's jokes, tell them to him before he has a chance to begin.

Nothing so disgusts a *raconteur* as to be thus dosed with his own medicine.

The enterprising newspaper, which appropriates and retails the anecdotes of the popular lecturer, has also made common property of the mulewhacker's vernacular and the scout's adventure. A man in Arizona says a good thing, a newspaper correspondent from New York puts it in circulation, and in a month all of the people of Montana are repeating it as original material. The tourist who is writing a book will do well to ponder these things. He travels over the same routes, employs the same guides, hears the same stories, sees the same scenery, and receives the same impressions as a dozen authors who have gone before him; and when his volume appears it will be easy to prove that it is plagiarized from the works of his predecessors. He should therefore, before going into print, read all kindred existing literature, and prune his own notes accordingly; but such a discipline will leave him scarcely anything worth publishing.

Travelers arriving in Boomtown by rail will observe upon the platform at the station a person picturesquely attired in buckskin, with fringes down the legs of his pantaloons and a silver cord around his white felt hat. His hair is long and redolent. His mustache is terrible. Mexican spurs jingie at his heels. He is girt about with a whole armory of pistols and knives, silver-mounted, and his whole appearance is calculated to send the cold chills of awe over the beholder. Being questioned, this piratical individual admits that he is celebrated as an Indian slayer, was General Custer's favorite scout, and is known to fame by some such euphonic title as "Grizzly George," or "Sure Pop Peter." Yes, he will condescend to take a drink with his questioner, from whom the death-dealing terror borrows five dollars, at the close of the interview. In short, he is a fraud, as

the average hunter and trapper of the railway station is very liable to be. His appearance is purely theatrical, and his acquaintance with the Indian question entirely theoretical. The genuine hero of the plains and mountains does not oil his hair and stand in public places awaiting an invitation to drink. Nor is he known by any display of scalps in his belt, or hyperbole in his conversation. More likely, he is a plain and silent man, dressed in ready-made clothes, with a stoop in his shoulder and a patch on his knee, with no visible weapons except a well-worn butcher-knife in his boot-leg, and, taken altogether, not easily distinguishable from the most unheroic of us. This may be sad news for the boys of America, who have constructed a different ideal of the plainsman and mountaineer, but nevertheless it is true.

To return to the all-absorbing topic of this region, the tourist should be warned that it is not always safe to buy Boomtown real estate *à la carte*, or as it appears upon the map. The enterprising boomer has been known to purchase a tract of land some miles out on the prairie, plot it in its true position on the street, and then, cutting out the broad strip of territory between his property and the town, slide his suburban addition up to the heart of the city, and paste it there. The buyer who, guided by this fraudulent map, selects a lot in apparent proximity to the high school, penitentiary, and other conveniences of civilized life is greatly grieved to discover that his future home is situated somewhere out among the wheat-fields.

Whenever the boomer meets with an objection on the score of price, he asks the permanent question, —

"Do you consider yourself the biggest fool in the great Northwest?"

The buyer is naturally averse to placing himself at the head of the category of great Northwestern fools.

"Then," replies the boomer, "buy

this lot, and sell it to some bigger fool, when you meet him. That's what I am doing."

"But it is not worth the money you ask for it," protests the cautious purchaser.

"Who cares what it is worth? Intrinsic values don't count here. We don't buy lots for what they are worth in Boomtown. We buy them to sell again."

The investor, notwithstanding the advantages offered him, will not be long in Boomtown before he wearies of the hollow mockery and unsubstantial wealth of this city in the air, and, becoming homesick and hungry, he is willing to sell his ground at the very low figures of its cost, namely, two hundred dollars. He is astonished that buyers should look askance at such a bargain, and refuse it. His fault lies in not charging enough. Speculators cannot reasonably be expected to snap at land which does not advance in value between sales.

Now mark the ways of the boomer, who has an adjoining lot of equal value. Going to the same group of timid investors, he offers it to them for two thousand dollars. The audacity of the proposal charms them into listening, while he explains that this piece of ground has cost him but two hundred dollars one brief year ago. Selling it for two thousand, as he is now doing, he is realizing a profit of nine hundred per cent. on his investment. There is no reason why property should not continue to rise in value at the same rate for at least another year, when they can sell this lot for twenty thousand dollars. His logic is not to be gainsaid, and there is strife among the by-standers to secure this very profitable bit of realty. As the boomer closes the bargain, he is heard to remark sententiously, "I did not come to Boomtown for my health."

So goes the craze. Speculators arrive from all parts of the world. Gas companies are organized, and electric

lights are hung freely about the town. Street railways are planned before there are any people to ride. Water-works are contracted for while whisky is yet the staple beverage. The boomer points to these improvements as additional inducements to the honest settler, who does not stop to realize that it is such as he that must pay for them, and that his share of the civic debt may be easily greater than the value of his property. More than one aspiring city has thus found itself bonded for more than it was intrinsically worth, and, if sold at auction, would not bring enough to satisfy its creditors.

For a month, or a year, the fever rages. The value of property is not computed on the solid basis of its usefulness for building purposes or market gardens, but on the fickle standard of what it can be sold for to-morrow. The world looks on in amazement, and says the Boomtown folks are mad. But they are not more mad than gamblers in general. When the old Dutch speculators bought a tulip bulb for ten thousand florins, it was for the unæsthetic reason that they expected to sell it soon for fifteen thousand, and not because they anticipated an equivalent amount of comfort or happiness to result from its possession. So it is with the gamblers at Boomtown; and if they could only foresee the precise date when distrust shall take the place of confidence, timidity follow boldness, and panic crush speculation, all would be well. Unhappily the time of this inevitable turn in fortune's wheel cannot be foreseen. It comes truly like a thief in the night. Even while town lots in the suburban cow pastures are auspiciously selling for one thousand dollars a front foot, a feeling of fear, coming from no one knows where, palsies the hearts of the community, arrests the voice of the bidder, and the panic begins. Travelers on the railway put their heads together, and tell each other that the bottom has fallen

out of Boomtown at last. The boot-blacks on the street volunteer the information that something is going to drop in Boomtown. Newspapers in distant cities print the warning, "Stand from under in Boomtown!" The winds whistle it, the brooks murmur it, and even the golden wheat-heads on the plain seem to nod, with a sagacious air, "I told you so."

The history of Boomtown is repeated in many a new settlement in the West, which in its youth enjoys an exaggerated importance as a railway terminus, or an outfitting camp, or a depot for the mines. The bubble of its greatness is inflated rapidly to the bursting point, when there is a sudden collapse in values. Fortunes which were made in a month are lost in a day. Mortgages are foreclosed without ceremony. The town is dead for a time, in that stupor which follows the exhilaration of drunkenness. The hosts of speculators and young doctors and lawyers decamp to other places of metropolitan promise. After the panic comes the enduring period of slow and healthy growth, in which settlers come to stay, and property is bought and sold for useful purposes alone. But though they grow a hundred years, these towns will never again see the glory of their early days, nor will they reap such prices for town lots as were paid in their brief golden age. The country is dotted with dilapidated villages which are the wrecks of the speculator's hopes. A brick mansion, a corner store, a capacious warehouse, and a half dozen faded frame dwellings are all the fruitage of so much blossoming. Yet it was at one time demonstrated beyond a doubt that each of these villages was destined to be the "New Chicago;" and wiser folks than you or I, dear reader, have believed it to their cost, and have learned too late that it does not profit a town to be at the head of navigation of a river which is not navigated, or the queen of a har-

bor which the ships do not visit, or the agricultural centre of a district which is not cultivated, or the shipping-point of a mine when the deposit is exhausted, or the gateway of a region which nobody enters.

Sometimes there are booms within a boom, as there are wheels within a wheel, and now one section and now another of Boomtown is selected as the future Broadway or Murray Hill of that city. The opening of a new avenue, the building of a fine business block, the extension of a street-car line, the location of a suburban railway station, a popular church, or a fashionable family, are all potent influences in the development of a city; and so many and powerful are these secondary springs of growth that the natural advantages of a town site are well-nigh offset by them. Sometimes a first settler seizes upon the most favorable ground of a coming city, and holds it at an exorbitant price, under the impression that the town must and will have it, at any rate. Rather than receive no profit from his property, while awaiting its sale, he permits the erection of such temporary structures as saloons, Irish shanties, livery stables, and circus tents, whose moderate rental will help him to pay the taxes, which are keeping him "land poor." Meanwhile the city finds room for itself elsewhere. The railway builds a depot in the swamp. The banks and business houses perch on the side-hill, and the fine residences seek other suburbs, while the best natural ground of the city's site becomes disreputable and correspondingly valueless. As the Western citizen is esteemed in proportion as he contributes to the building up of his city, it is needless to say that this style of boomer is never sent to Congress.

Such booms are not confined to the West, as the people of the East doubtless know. When George Washington established the city which bears his name, it was his design that it should

be built upon the fine plateau east of the Capitol ; but the property-holders of that quarter, appreciating the monopoly held by them, charged such prices that they repelled the buyers to the unhealthy and unfavorable localities now occupied.

One does not have to travel far, in the West, before he meets the man whose father or uncle was offered the ground upon which Chicago now stands for a pair of boots. Many are the regrets that he wastes over his ancestor's stupidity in not closing the bargain. But if this pioneer had bought the land for a pair of boots, and if he could have foreseen its glorious future, he would undoubtedly have held his property at so high a figure — perhaps a whole suit of clothes — that the city builders would have selected some other spot upon the lake-shore for their enterprise. It is not an easy task to corral the city of the future, although the founders of the new town of Odessa, in Dakota, claim to have accomplished that feat by locating it upon that narrow strait of Devil's Lake to which all railways must converge in order to cross.

While very few of the dealers in Western real estate lay claim to the title of philosopher, they do a vast deal of solid philosophizing in attempting to determine which is the coming street of the coming city. So many and diverse and conflicting are the causes at work that they are obliged to confess that luck as well as judgment plays an important part in their transactions. While the shrewdest often go to ruin, they see some bull-headed investor enriched by one of fortune's freaks, and endowed henceforth with the reputation of being a far-seeing man. The wise boomer "gets in on the ground-floor" at Boomtown ; that is, he is one of the original purchasers of the town site, and buys the land by the acre or by the section. Cutting this up into lots, he sells them easily at a fabulous profit ; for, while we are so constituted that a hundred dollars

an acre seems a handsome price for land, the same sum for a small portion of that acre, in the guise of a city lot, seems very reasonable indeed.

Where the railway owns every alternate section, and thus has the power of locating its stations, with their accompaniments of offices, shops, and cattle-yards, upon its own land, the boomer may find the ground-floor closed to him ; but he has nevertheless been doing a flourishing business in the second story of late, especially along the line of the Northern Pacific. Here that migratory city, Boomtown, almost as fugacious as that other unstable point, "the end of the track," which it closely follows, has halted successively at Fargo, Jamestown, Bismarck, Glendive, and Billings. Now it rests at the foot of the mountains, at Livingston, whence the branch railway diverges to the Yellowstone Park. Although this is the speculator's last chance on that line, the railway, warned by experience, cruelly appropriates to itself the cream of the profits by charging one thousand dollars a lot before the town is begun. The boomer sadly realizes that not the ground-floor, but the attic, has been reserved for him in Livingston ; but still he buys, with an abiding faith in the enthusiasm and cash of the young capitalists from the East, whom the summer season is bound to bring forth.

According to the theorists, the western bank of a navigable river, at a railway crossing, is an excellent spot for a city. They argue that every city receiving its goods from the East is the source of supply of a fan-shaped area lying to the westward of it ; and of course the centre from which the leaves of this fan radiate should, for the sake of convenience, lie on the same side of the river with the country which it covers. Mandan, the new city opposite Bismarck, on the Missouri River, bases its hopes of future prosperity on this principle, and, in support of the same,

it points to the opposing towns of St. Louis and East St. Louis, Minneapolis and St. Anthony, Omaha and Council Bluffs, Fargo and Moorhead, etc.

The presence of a rival community near at hand has always proved a wholesome restraint upon the city which is undergoing the booming process. A skeptical editor or two across the river, who cry "Ah ha!" to their neighbor's extravagant boasts of population and prosperity, are a check upon those tendencies to exaggeration to which the unfettered mind is prone. Otherwise, the city would grow — upon paper — with the rankness of Jonah's gourd. Real-estate agents and newspaper men vie with each other in adroit computations and estimates, in which the laws of arithmetic and truth are alike violated, and by which the population is shown to be at least double its real number. In the columns of material progress is printed the cost of magnificent edifices which are as yet but castles in the air, the ground for their foundations being still unbroken. Were it not for the periodical visits of that miserable pessimist, the census-taker, who pulls the people down from the clouds and stands them on the solid ground of reality, there is no telling to what ridiculous extremes the boomer might be led by this silly habit of self-magnification. The census-taker is the opposite of the boomer: one is a sordid groveler among facts; the other is a brilliant master of imagination. The census official is not a favorite in Boomtown. His methods are condemned as picayunish, the accuracy of his report is impeached, and abuse and obloquy are everywhere his portion.

Shall we invest our little stake in Boomtown interests? Well, government bonds are just as safe, even though they may not be so exciting. We cannot all be boomers; some of us, in the language of the land, must be suckers. The widows and orphans and dry-goods clerks and other small capitalists of the

East will perhaps do as well to speculate, if speculate they must, in some more familiar field nearer home, such as Newport, Long Island, or the oil regions. The world is addicted to looking on the bright side of things; we hear full reports of the great fortunes made in Boomtown, but other fortunes, equally great, which are lost there go unnoticed. So far as luck is a factor in the making of money, the chances of the outsider are equal to those of the native, but in judgment and experience the latter has decidedly the advantage. Even the infants cry for real estate, there. You pass a group of school-boys on the corner, but their talk is not of marbles, bicycles, and other topics of juvenile interest; they are telling each other what particular lots they would buy if they had a hundred thousand dollars apiece. You meet a trio of maidens on the sidewalk, and as they pass you hear the unmaidenly words "a hundred dollars a front foot." Such a people may be conquered, but not in a real-estate transaction. In the old game of spider and fly, the spider, it will be observed, is always at home, while the fly is the tourist visitor. When there is a prize to be picked up, it is safe to conclude that the old resident, who has watched the fluctuations of values for many years, will take advantage of it. The agent may guarantee you a thousand per cent. profit on a proposed bargain; but when we see real-estate agents rolling in wealth, as a result of taking their own advice, we may accept their words as gospel truth.

Nor is the speculator from abroad welcomed by the solid sense of a growing city. The builder is received with open arms, and ground is often given him upon which to build; and even a handsome purse is made up for him if he will erect a mill or a hotel, or in some other manner supply the community's needs. But woe unto the non-resident who buys for a rise in values, and, in

the long years that he is awaiting this advance, permits his block of ground to become a camping-ground for the refuse population of the city. The municipal authorities have no mercy on the stranger, but tax and assess him right and left, for grading, paving, sidewalks, gas, water, and sprinkling. His property increases in value, but not in proportion to its expenses; and when his desperation is such that he fain would sell

it for what it has cost him, the city licks up the finest portion of his estate for a park or a pleasure-drive, and assesses him anew for the benefits he is supposed to have derived from this public improvement. They even tell the story of a man whose lot was entirely obliterated by a new street, and whose benefits therefrom were computed to exceed his damages; but this is probably an error.

Frank D. Y. Carpenter.

MUNICIPAL EXTRAVAGANCE.

WITH the growth of a community come the inevitable burdens arising from the care and management of great and ever-increasing trusts. Each generation inherits from its predecessor heavy legacies of responsibility, for which it is required to make proper account. This is especially true of great municipalities, with the complicated needs and enlargements of an advancing civilization. Water-works, the care of the streets, police and fire departments, public schools and libraries, bridges, highways, hospitals, parks, and sewerage, all demand vast outlays of capital and labor. As in regulating the affairs of a great nation the only sensible course is to apply the test of business principles, so in considering any scheme for local advancement or improvement it is necessary to be equally strict, in order to avoid extravagant outlay. The merchant who seeks to forestall the market by forcing production may find, when it is too late, that he is overloaded.

The subject of local taxation in Great Britain and Ireland has recently been discussed in a series of able essays by members of the Cobden Club, and the result of these inquiries shows a lack of order and system in the management of local affairs in those countries,

and the need of greater economy in expenditure. "One of the most serious points," says one of the writers, "in connection with one question of local taxation is the enormous indebtedness of local authorities, and the alarming rate at which this has been increasing in recent years. The burden has already become very onerous in many places, and the danger is that, unless something is done to restrain the borrowing zeal exhibited in many localities, posterity will be mercilessly burdened, and the prosperity of many towns will certainly suffer." The necessity of restricting the propensity on the part of municipalities to borrow of the government or in open market is further enforced by showing the rapidity with which apparently the most useful appliances are superseded by those more adapted to modern uses, thereby making the former cumbersome and expensive. Thus, in Scotland, large sums of money were laid out by government in the construction of military roads, which from the first were seldom used, and are even less so now, since the introduction of railways. Yet they are still maintained at the expense of the rate-payers. The same criticism has been made in the case of the Thames tunnel, that "gigantic piece

of folly," the cost of which was so heavy. While it may be necessary, at certain stages of growth, for a municipality to borrow sums of money for public improvements, it is obvious that both in the object and the amount of the appropriations it should be governed by the strictest rule of economy. In the United States the evidences of present security, owing to the retrenching and diminishing policy which the prosperous state of the national finances makes it possible to pursue, ought to afford us great encouragement. The disasters attending the currency, as the results of the war, have left the government burdened with a large but at the same time steadily receding public indebtedness, with no uncertainty as to the time of payment or the means of redemption.

But while the national debt is thus well provided for (to the amount of nearly \$100,000,000 in the last sixteen years), the condition of our local finances does not afford quite as much satisfaction. Excessive economy is not one of the dangerous tendencies with which local governments in this country or in England have lately been threatened. The difficulty sometimes is to avoid the other extreme; to restrain that spirit of indifference which does not concern itself with public expenditure so long as the present generation is provided for, at the expense of the future. Until a recent date, — so recent, in fact, that it is quite within the memory of persons now living, — New England towns were free from debt. It is just sixty years ago since the largest of them, on the formation of a city government, assumed a liability of only \$100,000. In 1881 the funded debt of the city of Boston was nearly \$41,000,000. It is true that a large part of the increase in local indebtedness, for which no one can be held directly responsible, was the bitter fruit of a civil war. But deducting the amount of this item and all other nec-

essary charges, a heavy balance still remains. One who is familiar with the origin, growth, and development of a New England town, and reflects on the prosperity which sustained its progress for nearly two centuries, may well be startled at the enormous increase of the financial burden within so recent a period. The old rule would not allow any obligation to be incurred, unless it could be provided for by immediate payment. The principle that children must not be made liable for the debts of their fathers was adhered to. If a highway was to be laid out or altered, or a town or school-house erected, the rates were increased and the charges properly distributed. Each able-bodied person was obliged to share the expense. Those who were too poor to meet the demand in the shape of money or materials were required to "work it out." The shifts to which a particular locality was often compelled to resort, in order to make up its share of the public tax, show to what extremities it was driven for want of cash. Thus, in 1687, the town of Hingham, Mass., was permitted to send in its quota in the form of milk pails. "Country pay," including live-stock, grain, and other produce, was equally available in such emergencies.

In spite of the destitution caused by the issue of province bills, the disasters attending the expeditions against Canada, and the protracted war against the French and Indians, which caused the prices of everything to rise enormously, property was so much more evenly distributed in those days than it now is that no one class in the community seemed to bear much more than its fair share of local burdens. Each voter felt a certain pecuniary interest in the appropriations. The law, accordingly, required the assessors to levy upon the polls, as nearly as possible, one sixth part of the amount needed. There could be no injustice in the method of apportioning the assessment by means of a

capitation or poll tax, where each one was as good as his neighbor so far as worldly goods were concerned; almost everybody having a "settling lot," an equal right in lands held in common, and a seat at "meeting." Even later on, when civilization had advanced and great improvements were in progress, there was no inequality imposed by this mode of raising one sixth part of the entire assessment.

But when cities and towns began to spring up, with the vast increase of profits in large business adventures, and with wealth accumulated in the hands of a few, it was found necessary to fix a limit; and the poll tax, which in Massachusetts from 1812 to 1822 had varied from fourteen to twenty-seven cents, with provisos that it should not exceed a certain portion of the whole tax, was placed at \$1.50, and finally, in 1862, at the present rate of \$2.00. Then came the war period, when the debt of Massachusetts rose from \$7,600,000 in 1861 to \$21,673,695.58 in 1864, and \$28,477,804 in 1873, and the debts of the several cities and towns at the latter date to \$67,277,188; amounting in the aggregate to 4.58 per cent. of the entire valuation of the commonwealth.

"Undue facilities for borrowing," says the writer of a recent article on the subject in the *Edinburgh Review*, "have encouraged extravagance, while the power to lighten the burden attendant upon indebtedness by throwing a great part of the responsibility upon posterity has engendered something very like recklessness, and is calculated to have a most prejudicial effect upon the future interests of the country, unless timely care is taken to keep it within reasonable bounds." To show how experimental some of our improvements are, and the danger of running any great risks on that account, the same writer adds, "Our knowledge of sanitary science is as yet far from perfect; many of the undertakings for which millions have

been spent are really in the nature of experiments; and as it is impossible to foresee what changes future discoveries will bring about, there is grave reason to fear that many things we now do will even within a near future be declared inefficient or deleterious, and those who come after us will have a double burden to bear, — the responsibility of the debts now being incurred, and the necessity of obtaining fresh capital to meet the wants of their own time." Substantially, the same views were expressed by Sir Stafford Northcote, in a debate on the Public Loans Bill in 1878. It is for the interest of the present generation to look forward more than they do, and see what burdens they are imposing upon those who follow after by their public expenditure.

The temptation is strong, when it costs us but little, to spend large sums of money, leaving others to be accountable for the final settlement. It is undoubtedly true that where public works are of a permanent character, posterity ought to bear a certain proportion of the charges, and it would be unfair to ask the present generation to sustain the whole burden. The introduction of a complete system of water-works, for instance, affording a plentiful supply for all purposes, is destined to become a steady benefit to those who come after us. It is only fair, therefore, that they should contribute a portion of the expense of building the reservoir and laying the pipes. The development of a valuable industry, even, like a rich coal mine, is perhaps a fair subject for contribution. Still, it is necessary to proceed cautiously, so as not to overcharge posterity, or make them responsible for extravagant schemes. Sanitary improvements, as was before suggested, are destined to become an important item of expenditure in the future. Millions must undoubtedly be spent in fruitless attempts to cleanse our large cities. As sanitary science progresses, the old ma-

chinery will be thrown aside as useless, and new methods adopted, involving additional outlays before the former indebtedness is canceled. "Much of the money," it was recently said, "had been wasted; millions had been spent in pouring the filth of towns into the rivers: millions had now to be spent in getting it out again."

The rapid growth of thriving towns and manufacturing centres affords a plausible excuse for borrowing money whenever it is needed. With the increase in current expenditures comes a constant demand for new objects of a permanent value. The latter are generally provided for by funding the debt and issuing bonds. But it is a mistake to suppose that the taxpayer is thus relieved of all liability for the final redemption of these securities. Payment is provided for in some cases by sinking funds; and the taxpayer is rated a certain sum each year above the current appropriation, to meet the amount of the loan when it comes due, and the annual interest. It is true that the regular rate is only slightly increased, in most cases, by such an addition, but the difference, we may be sure, is always noticed. In a review of a Report on Local Taxation in England (1874), the writer remarks that "rates reach everybody, and every one is interested in their diminution. They fall heaviest on the deserving poor who are struggling to keep above pauperism. They press with great severity upon workingmen who own and occupy their own lands and houses." That tax is the best tax which is the least in amount. It is not for the protection of the rich, but of the middle and less favored or manual labor classes, that public expenditure should be carefully guarded. It is for the interest of that class who outnumber the rest of the community three to one to keep down expenses. Municipal extravagance imposes not only a common burden, but one which falls

most heavily by far upon the poorer classes. It is by no means to be inferred from what has just been stated that any man has the right to assume, when he moves into a neighborhood, that the conditions which he finds on entering will remain constant. The population of a town or of a parish must of course be fluctuating, both in quantity and quality, and consequently the rates must vary from year to year. But it is undoubtedly true, on the other hand, that any short-sighted extravagance is sure to unsettle that "confidence of the people which is the very breath of life to local institutions." Neither the rich capitalist nor the small tradesman will care to reside in a community which is steadily increasing the amount of its mortgage upon his property. If the public demand is not easily satisfied, increased rent and fewer comforts are the sure results for those who can ill afford them.

While there are some persons who insist upon the most rigid rule of economy in local expenditure, others do not see the slightest objection to incurring a debt. They find in such incumbrance nothing but the assured signs of growth and prosperity. In a debate which arose on the subject in the House of Commons, recently, Mr. Chamberlain advocated this doctrine. "He expressed the opinion that indebtedness was a matter of congratulation rather than fear, because it was not a debt in the ordinary sense of the word, but an investment for the benefit of the whole community, bearing often very remunerative interest." If this is the "matured opinion" of a man occupying a prominent position in the English cabinet, there is good reason to suppose that it is shared by others. The most fallacious doctrines spread a long distance. In support of his position, Mr. Chamberlain mentioned the case of his "own borough" (Birmingham), which "had," he thought, "in 1875, a local debt of some-

thing like £600,000." (It amounted to £5,000,000 in 1877.) "But if any one," he says, "would take the trouble to inquire into the assets, it would be found that they represented more than that amount, and that the interest on the total debt was more than met by the receipts from the profitable undertakings in which Birmingham had put the money, namely, water, gas, and tolls." He then attempts to give the reasons why this indebtedness should not be paid off at all. It would indeed be gratifying if we could borrow money on this condition. But, unfortunately, the time may come when, so far from wishing to pay off what is due, we may be obliged to incur a further debt. The growth of civilization, as was before remarked, and the improvements in the arts and sciences constantly afford new discoveries. So rapid is this progress, sometimes, that ten or twenty years will suffice for a complete revolution. But what chance is there of obtaining a loan upon such security as we should have to offer? We should either have to forego the advantages, or borrow money for their introduction at ruinous rates.

At frequent intervals in the progress of every civilized community, and in many cases out of all proportion to its gain in population, there has sprung up a great variety of public and private institutions, designed to elevate the standard of morals and education and to relieve the wants and sufferings of mankind. Enormous sums of money are required every year, both from public and private sources, to keep in working order such of them as are not self-supporting. The enumeration of all the organizations of this class belonging to a large city, with a statement of the sums contributed to each, would be no easy task to undertake; and the results obtained, unless they were from official sources, would necessarily be but approximately correct. Some of the most

important items of appropriation by local governments, however, — for instance, those relating to public schools, asylums, and hospitals, — are readily accessible from public documents. In many cases it will be found that fully one third of the public tax is assessed for these objects. Down to the year 1845, the ratio of expenditure for schools and support of the poor in Boston to the tax assessed, during the period of the city charter, was "38.98, or five and one half per cent. more than one third of the taxes." In the year 1880–81, out of a gross tax for the same city of \$9,907,469.85 (of which the polls were assessed \$187,640), the amount expended on schools alone was \$1,775,037.15. There is no reason to suppose that this large amount was not judiciously appropriated or economically handled. It is simply referred to in order to show how much is done to keep up the standard of certain institutions, the care and management of which are paid for by the rate-payers, while the benefits accrue to the whole community. Without attempting to criticise the successful working of a system which has always formed a distinctive feature of local institutions in this country, from the earliest times, the suggestion is made that perhaps some modifications may be necessary at the present day, in order to adjust the responsibility for its care and management to the enormous growth in population.

In discussing our public-school system and the free use of money expended for the education of the masses, a Scotch writer has lately ventured to express a qualified dissent. He says, "The establishment of what is termed 'free education' has advocates in Scotland. One or two of my correspondents support free education up to a certain standard. Primary education they would provide, at the expense of the rate-payers or the state, as in America, for all children, charging fees from the middle and advanced classes. I do not

at present advocate such a change in our educational machinery. . . . I am not inclined to think that that system, though we had it to-morrow, would prove of unmixed benefit. . . . The state and the rate-payers have already enough — many think more than enough — to contribute to education.” Without adopting the conclusion, it may be well to borrow some of the caution which is here displayed. In view of the magnificent structures which are sometimes provided for the accommodation of pupils in the public schools, and the frequent supply of books and other appliances, perhaps a little more economy is needed in the care and management of these institutions; some modification which, while it would not interfere with the proper working of the present system, might form a wholesome check to promising schemes for “æsthetic development,” by giving more attention to the practical side of the question.

The rapid growth of a city, however flourishing, involves some drawbacks. Increase in population does not always mean a proportionate gain in wealth. The tide of immigration brings an abundant supply of those who are prepared to receive rather than to give. Such acquisitions, instead of helping on the material prosperity of a community, have to be provided for at the public charge. Much the same difficulties are experienced to-day, only on a different scale, as in earlier stages of development. While the accessions to the floating classes have added largely to the burden, the need of economy is still more pressing.

Without confounding poverty with crime, or discouraging in the least a beneficent spirit of liberality, which seeks to relieve the sufferings of those who are helplessly enfeebled by bodily or mental ailments, no public institution should favor pauperism. In referring to the labors of the commission (of which he was a member) for the treat-

ment of the poor of Boston, appointed in 1876, Mr. George S. Hale observes, “They were appointed to consider and report upon the treatment of the poor, and to ascertain what changes, if any, were desirable in reference to their relief, maintenance, and employment. This commission submitted a report in 1878, containing statements and information in regard to the manner and cost of poor relief. They pointed out what seemed to them to be the defects in the existing system, — the want of information on important points and the large expenditure incurred, — and recommended various changes.”

The substance of these recommendations may be embodied in the text taken from the words of the Apostle to the Thessalonians: “If any will not work, neither shall he eat.” Making due allowance for those who are incapacitated for work, through age or bodily infirmity, the requirement of manual labor as compensation for the relief afforded ought to be a *sine qua non* in every case.

Of all accessions to modern civilization, none are more difficult to manage, especially in a country where a “receipted poll-tax bill” commands so much respect, than what are called the “floating classes.” It is from the ranks of this uncertain but ever-increasing army that the hosts of tramps, paupers, “repeaters,” and vagrants are chiefly recruited. As in the case of public improvements, so in the administration of charity, reckless expenditure should be avoided, lest there be thrown upon posterity a heavy burden, more to be dreaded than all other forms of local indebtedness, in the shape of inherited pauperism. The utmost caution should be exercised, not only to discourage unworthy applications and relieve deserving poverty, but also to keep alive that spirit of self-dependence which seeks to provide for its own wants.

“Admitting that a certain amount of

money over current revenue is annually needed for the expenses of a municipality, it would seem that but one of three courses was open to its authorities: to leave undone a necessary work, to raise the money by taxation, or to incur a debt. If the affairs of the municipality are well and prudently managed, no more money will be appropriated than is needed. To refuse to build sewers, to clean streets, equip a fire department, or do any other necessary work, because the tax rate would be raised beyond a limit fixed in advance, would be very poor economy. It would be worse economy to run in debt for current expenses. And the third course, to raise what money is needed by the just demand of the time, would seem to be the only option of a community that intended to do its legitimate work, and preserve unimpaired its financial credit."¹ But while it may be necessary very often to borrow money for public improvements, some form of assessment should be adopted which will make every taxpayer feel a direct interest in the amount of the appropriation. The statistics show that in 1873 one half of the polls in Massachusetts were assessed in cities. In the city of Boston, in 1874, out of a total of 84,684, there were 66,415, or more than seventy-eight per cent., paying on polls only. This startling disproportion, which is more or less true of other cities and towns, shows the importance of impressing this class with a sense of direct pecuniary responsibility for their votes.

Under the present system of taxation the average poll-tax payer, if asked for his opinion about so-called public improvements, blinded by the delusion that they will cost him nothing, is only too willing to further suggestions for additions or alterations to any extent. He is ready, of course, to approve of any plan of expenditure which is apparently

provided for by some one else, and does not oblige him to count the cost. The fire-department apparatus, the city hall, school-houses, and the numerous other public buildings cannot be too fine in architecture, provided he does not incur any expense in their construction, or can lay the burden on posterity.

It is true that the voter has no voice in directly furthering an appropriation; but his influence is felt by those who represent him, and there seems to be no good reason why the burden of large expenditures should not be justly apportioned among all classes. In this way a "spirit of community" would be fostered, which would unite the entire body of voters in a common purpose of keeping down expenses by creating the feeling that they belonged to a body "worthy of being served and honored and obeyed." It would tend also to raise the standard of public service to a higher level by creating a more vigilant supervision over the acts of local officers. The temptation to further schemes which, to say the least, are of doubtful issue would not press so hard. When a poor man begins to realize that it is his own mite which is being handled, he will see the need of strict economy. "He will know the reason why for every increase."

The poll-tax has always been a favorite subject of attack by the demagogue. The hardship and injustice even of the liability, however small, are often asserted by the popular candidate. Such avowals, if honestly made, are generally based upon a state of society which never existed in this country. They are entirely foreign to that "identity of interests of all the component parts" which has broken down the old-world barriers between different grades of society. The attempt to draw a line between rich and poor as distinct orders of society "should be stifled at once, as wholly false to our political institutions."

That "order of things is best for the

¹ Report of the Commissioners relating to Taxation (in Massachusetts) for 1875.

mass" which does not attempt any artificial distinctions, or discourage the desire on the part of any class in the community to better its condition."

"The conclusion to which all these figures point," says a recent writer, in summing up the results of municipal extravagance, "are: (1.) The average net earnings or accumulations of all the individuals of a city do not exceed ten dollars per capita annually. (2.) The proper annual tax for defraying the cost of managing all the affairs of a city is eight dollars per capita; and a payment of that amount is assumed as legitimate personal expenses, to be deducted from gross earnings in all computations to determine the average accumulation of the whole community." He adds this startling proposition: "Contemplate the probability of the city government of New York reducing its annual expenses to eight dollars or ten dollars per capita (it was thirty-four dollars per capita in 1876), and then imagine the people of the city coming to a realizing sense that the payment of the debt alone (averaging one hundred and twenty-six dollars for every man, woman, and child of the population) involves a contribution equal to every dollar of their net earnings for twelve years to come."

While the tendency of towns and cities to incur debts and swell their liability for local improvements has been alluded to as most alarming, many of the latter have acquired another growth, equally constant in its development, and consequent upon the increased rate of taxation. Perhaps the word "growth" is misapplied. At all events, to avoid being misunderstood, it should be said that, properly speaking, the growth is in the wrong direction. The burden which is here referred to arises from the loss, sustained by some municipalities, of many large owners of personal property, who, to avoid what they deem an excessive rate of taxation, are induced every year to find a residence in the country.

Without attempting to discuss the merits of this controversy, it can hardly be said that every cause for grievance is attributable to a spirit of illiberality. Many complainants are doubtless honestly influenced to take this course by a proper sense of injustice.

As a matter of fact the danger exists, and will exist so long as those who govern the rates of taxation, constituting such a large majority of the legal voters, are not restrained by direct pecuniary responsibility from carrying the amount of the yearly appropriations beyond a fixed amount *pro rata*. Spasms of economy will intervene from time to time, very often causing more harm than good, as in the now famous case of the Tewksbury almshouse, but no positive and continuous effort will be made to reduce expenses.

If the subject of local taxation in New England be examined historically, it will be seen that the principle which adjusted the burden for nearly two centuries has been lost sight of or abandoned at the present time. Instead of for a proportionate part of the entire tax, varying in amount from year to year, as was formerly the case, the poll-tax payer is now assessed for a fixed amount.

There have been two forms of growth, thus far, to which municipal taxation may apply. One is where the plant is forced to depend upon the nutriment which the soil itself contains. The other and later development is where it is sought to strengthen and build it up by added sustenance. The success of the former method depends quite as much upon the skill in planting as upon the nature of the soil, provided the latter is not wholly barren. "The industry, thrift, and steadily increasing prosperity" of the New England colonies were the natural fruits of the deep-rooted and wide-spreading motives of their founders. Taxes, like religion, must not be shirked. There was no shift-

ing of a portion of the burden on to other shoulders; no embarrassing posterity with a load of public indebtedness. The cost of needed improvements was provided for by the early settlers on the same economical plan as their private affairs were managed. When, in course of time, the struggling colonists were plunged into long and distracting wars, to provide for which they were forced to issue bills of credit, it was always with the condition of speedy payment. They never deliberately borrowed money on the credit of posterity for local improvements.

Every rate-payer is interested in the proper distribution of the burdens of local taxation. When certain individuals of a community are taxed out of proportion to others, it creates a sense of injustice which cannot fail to react on all classes. Where the wealthy taxpayer is obliged to pay more than his share of the assessment, he will contrive some legal means, as above suggested, of avoiding it in the future: if in no other way, by removal to a less exacting neighborhood. If personal property was the subject of taxation where he formerly dwelt, the increase of the burden is all the more severe for those who are obliged to remain. It is estimated that the city of Boston has lost from its assessment roll during the last twelve years over a hundred million dollars. The importance of some change in the law has been frequently emphasized by the tax commissioners. Somebody must bear the strain, unless it is proposed to go into insolvency. The question has been often asked, of late, What is to become of our city churches, where so many of the congregation are out of town a large part of the year? Who will pay the pew-taxes? Equally pertinent is the inquiry, What is to become of the municipalities themselves, with a steady falling-off in the assessment roll, and no reduction in public expenditure? The subject of taxation

in municipalities, as compared with rural districts, is one which presents many perplexities, from the obvious advantages which accrue to the latter by low assessments. The enormous outlays for public improvements in the former case must be provided for by an increase in the rates. Who is responsible for the expenditure, provided it turns out to be unremunerative? Changes in the law of domicile will not apportion the loss. Every poll-tax payer, as well as "every owner of property now exempted," should, as is recommended by an English economist, "feel the burden of local expenditure, and take an active interest in its management. Without some machinery calculated to bring the matter home to men's minds, it is feared that no imaginable system will be free from the greatest evils."

The fear of increasing the amount of the poll-tax might form a wholesome check to reckless expenditures, "by bringing the cost of things more directly before the minds of the people," who suffer the most by any excess. One way to obtain more economy in the administration of municipal affairs is to create as wide a responsibility as possible. The poll-tax payer and every owner of property now exempted will then be more careful about adding to the public burdens. Unless every class of rate-payers in the community, whether they pay on lands, income derived from business, or simply a poll-tax, feel themselves individually bound by "a community of interest" to look after the proper management of local expenditures, no attempt to establish a true basis of economy can meet with much success; because without this feeling the burden seems to fall directly upon the rich alone. Community of interest is necessary in taxation for the protection of both rich and poor. Until all classes, the poor as well as the rich, see the necessity of more economy in local expenditures, and are willing to assume

the burden, the flood of taxation will continue, and eventually will reach the workingman, just as surely as water finds its level.

The Report of the commissioners, already referred to, gives in detail the working of two plans for the furtherance of an apportionment among all classes of taxpayers. Either one of them provides better security against municipal extravagance than the system now in vogue. Instead of being at a fixed rate, the poll-tax would vary, like other taxes; to a much smaller extent, but in the same proportion from year to year. The person who pays a poll-tax only would then have an interest in keeping down expenditure. Let us examine an instance. "The system suggested by the assessors of Marblehead," says the Report, "makes the minimum poll-tax two dollars, and provides that when the amount of a town tax to be assessed exceeds one per cent. of the valuation of the previous year, the poll-tax shall be increased twenty-five per cent., or to two dollars and fifty cents. When the amount to be raised equals or exceeds one and one half per cent. of the valuation of the previous year, the poll-tax shall be increased fifty per cent., or to three dollars; and when the amount to be raised equals or exceeds two per cent. of the valuation of the previous year, the poll-tax shall be doubled, that is, raised to four dollars." No hardship would be involved in a course like this, as the amount of the yearly tax would be entirely within the control of the small property-holders and poll-tax payers, and would rise or fall as they saw fit. The amount of the increase in any case, when apportioned among all classes of the community, including vagrants and paupers, would be very small; and if any otherwise deserving person was in danger of losing the right of suffrage by the extra assessment, he might be

allowed the privilege, as of old, of "working it out." The history of the poll-tax in Massachusetts, if not in other States, discovers no inconsistency or departure from established principles in any arrangement like the one suggested by the commissioners. The constitution of the State provides as follows: "It is further ordered that in all rates and public charges the town shall have respect to levy every man according to his estate, and with consideration of all other his abilities whatsoever [what could be broader than this clause?], and not according to the number of his persons." Why should not every able-bodied man who cannot pay a poll-tax, or the slight increase which might be necessary over and above that assessment, contribute a small portion of his labor, using the word in its broadest and noblest sense, towards reducing the amount of local taxation?

The poll-tax, as we have pointed out, never was a constant quantity in Massachusetts prior to 1862. Fixed by the legislature at a certain amount, it varied from time to time in large proportions. Any objections which might be raised on constitutional grounds apply with equal force, if at all, to the present system. The new plan would operate in such a way as to equalize assessments, and thus prevent low valuations and high rates. We should be rid of a widespread fallacy that a popular government is always the cheapest government. Instead of a yearly payment of two dollars simply, carrying with it the right to vote for those who will do the most for us, every voter would have a feeling of "self-government" in local affairs. Without infringing on popular government, or restraining in the least its healthy growth, a system would be introduced which, while it encouraged a community of interest among all classes, would keep a stricter guard over local indebtedness.

Arthur Blake Ellis.

MR. WASHINGTON ADAMS IN ENGLAND.

II.

BOREHAM was one of those country-houses, found here and there in England, which in their time have served many uses. Its oldest part consisted of a small, low, square tower, built of flint and rubble, in which a mixture of red tiles seemed to indicate that it stood upon the site of a yet older structure, of Roman origin. Another part, in fine old brick work, was shown to have been once a religious house, by the cross fleury upon its gable and the abbot's mitre over the principal door. It had not improbably been an outlying grange of the great priory at Toppington. To these had been added, in the latter part of Elizabeth's reign, a long, two-story, beam-and-plaster edifice, which contained, among other rooms, the drawing-room, a library, and a dining-room; the last bossed and gnarled with heavy oak carving, and having a great bay window, large enough to hold a dinner-table and the chairs and guests and servants of a goodly dinner-party. This window looked out upon an old moat, which had evidently some connection with the little tower, and which, now dry and covered with beautiful green-sward, was still crossed by a bridge or causeway, over which the great drive through the park led up to the principal entrance, which was in the Elizabethan part of the house. An opposite window, twice as broad as it was high, looked out upon a square court, paved with round stones, three sides of which were formed by the house, and the fourth by a wall, in which was a door leading to the stables. The stone pavement of the court was pierced by two yew-trees, which cast a gloomy shadow through the inner windows, and over a gallery on which the doors and windows of the

upper rooms of the Elizabethan part of the house opened.

Having written to Sir Charles that I should reach the nearest station by a certain train, I found his carriage there, and was driven across the moat about five o'clock in the afternoon. My host met me in the hall, and gave me a quiet and undemonstrative welcome, which, however, I saw and felt was a hearty one. After a brief visit to my room, I went to Lady Boreham's parlor, where she was about dispensing afternoon tea. As I entered the room it impressed me with a sense of gloomy respectability. It was richly and comfortably furnished; but although it was, and was called, "Lady Boreham's parlor," nothing in it told of the grace and charm of a woman's presence.

My hostess received me with a sad propriety of demeanor which was somewhat depressing, but which I found was her general manner to all persons, whatever their rank, from peers and peeresses down to her own servants. As to herself, her face was pallid and of a pasty complexion; her hair, a toneless brown, and twisted at the front into some stiff curls, that stood like palisades before a queer little cap; her eyes, a dull gray; her nose, quite shapeless; and from her always half-open mouth there projected slightly two large white teeth. She was not bony, nor even slender; yet a manish absence of roundness and fullness deprived her figure of all the grace and charm peculiar to womanhood. What she lacked in this respect, however, appeared in some excess in Sir Charles. He had, truly, changed in ten years. He was quite two stone heavier; the bloom that I had admired so much on his cheek had deepened in tint and thickened in quality; although he was not yet forty, his hair was thinning rap-

idly on the top of his head; and his manner had become as heavy as his person. Indeed, I found, during my brief visit, that for him life was made up of looking after his estate, hunting, shooting, reading the *London Times*, and dinner, last, not least. He did not read the *Saturday Review* or the *Spectator*; but Lady Boreham hungrily gloated upon *The World*, of which I never saw him take any notice, except by once tossing it contemptuously out of his way.

Three other guests at Boreham hardly require mention. One, a younger sister of my hostess, was almost her mere duplicate: two and three were a Mr. Grimstone and his wife, as to whom I could only discover that he was a member of Parliament and of the Carleton Club, and that she was apparently without an idea or an emotion not connected with the Court Circular. The ladies were entirely devoid of personal attraction, and their toilets on all occasions were distressing. How these people managed to live through that part of each successive twenty-four hours during which they were not eating and sleeping was a mystery. They rarely exchanged a word that was not required by the ordinary civilities of social life, as to which they were unexceptionably and somewhat consciously correct and proper. And yet there was an air of solid respectability and good faith about them which, although their society was wholly without charm, even to each other, had a value that received a constant silent expression. One felt that they were very safe people to meet in any relation of life.

There were, of course, the customary attendants of a great house in England. One of these, Lady Boreham's own maid, whom I saw on two or three occasions, was one of the most beautiful women I ever encountered. I could not look at her without thinking of a June rose. Her noble figure was just tall enough to be a little distinguished, and she car-

ried her finely poised head with such an air that her little cap became a coronet of beauty's nobility. Her manners were quite as good as Lady Boreham's; and her manner was as superior as that of the so-called *Venus of Milo* might be to that of the *Venus of a burlesque*. But if she had been some sort of attendant clock-work machine in petticoats, her mistress could not have treated her with less apparent recognition of a common humanity. Indeed, I do verily believe that Lady Boreham was quite unconscious that here was a woman constantly about her who, whenever she appeared, blotted her mistress out of existence for any man who had eyes and a brain behind them. The one fact ever present to her consciousness, as I discovered, was that she was Lady Boreham, and had brought her husband fifty thousand pounds; with which price she seemed to think that she had bought a throne and an allegiance from which she could never be cast out. And she had, so far as her husband and her guests were concerned. I must give them the credit of being, or seeming, as indifferent to "Wilkins" — the beauty's name — as she was herself. Wilkins was a "young person" who performed certain needful offices in an acceptable manner. It was well that Sir Charles was not a man of finer perceptions and a more flexible nature.

Lady Boreham was, however, not without curiosity; and on my second day at the Hall she led me to talk about society in America, as to which her notions seemed somewhat less correct and clear than those of a Vassar College girl might be about Abyssinian court etiquette. Did American women like being spiritual wives? What was a spiritual wife? If Brigham Young took the hustings to be President, would all the women vote for him? Would all his wives vote for him? What could he do with them if they did n't? How many wives had he? Were n't most

Americans Mormons, or Spiritualists, or something? Was it true that American women could get a divorce whenever they liked? And *was* it true — with a furtive glance at the window where Maud sat netting — that in America a man might marry his deceased wife's sister? Did all Americans live at 'otels? And did American women come down to breakfast in full dress and di'mon's?

The temptation was sore to give to these and like questions the replies which my hostess would have been pleased to receive; but I refrained myself, and told her the simple truth, to her astonishment and hardly concealed disappointment. The point as to which I had most difficulty in making my explanations understood was the difference of the laws in the several States as to marriage and divorce. Lady Boreham could not have been — was not, I found — ignorant of the difficulties that might arise in England because of Scotch marriages and Irish marriages; and yet she could not well apprehend that a woman might be legally married in Connecticut, and yet her marriage be at least disputable in New York, and that a divorce would be granted in Indiana upon grounds which would not be sufficient in New Jersey. To her, as to most of her sort in England, "the States" were "America," and America was governed by the President and Congress: the former, a kind of political Pope; the latter, a general legislative body, with the omnipotence of Parliament.

As I was explaining to her that Congress had to all intents and purposes no power over the individual lives and the personal relations of citizens of the United States; and that even murder, unless committed on the high seas, or in a fort or national vessel, was a crime, not against the laws of the United States, but against those of an individual State; and that debts were contracted under state laws, so that even the Supreme Court, the most important and

powerful tribunal in the country, had no jurisdiction over them, except in certain specific cases, the member of Parliament, who was in the room, now reading a big blue book, now listening, pricked up his ears, and said, —

"Yes; and your Supreme Court has made a nice mess of your national credit two or three times; sustaining American repudiation of debts, — refusing to pay money lent in good faith by British capitalists. Not very wise, permit me to say, thus to make repudiation a national characteristic, supported by your highest tribunal."

"I beg your pardon," I replied, "but perhaps you know that the United States government has incurred rather a large indebtedness during the last twenty years. Will you kindly inform me if you know of the repudiation of any part of this debt?"

"Well, no — no; not at all, not at all; quite the contrary, I must admit. That debt was something quite awful; and it's been acknowledged and put in course of liquidation in a manner that — that — why, nobody expected anything of the sort."

"And why not, sir? let me ask. Why was it not expected? Has the United States government been in the habit of repudiating its debts?"

"Well, no — no; not exactly the government of the United States, I believe; but Pennsylvania, and Tennessee, and Virginia. They're in America, are n't they?"

"I've heard that Turkey has also failed to pay British creditors. Why have you not applied to the Supreme Court of the United States to compel the Turks to pay the interest and principal of their bonds?"

"Bless my soul, sir, your Supreme Court has no jurisdiction in Turkey! You have n't quite annexed the Sultan and his dominions, yet. You're joking; setting up for an American humorist."

"Not at all. I should n't presume

to attempt so high a flight. Never was more serious in my life. Without going into particulars, I venture to say that in every case which you could have had in mind, the Supreme Court merely decided the question of its own jurisdiction; and I venture also to suggest that if British capitalists would not be so blinded by the hope of getting six or seven per cent., instead of three, as to neglect making those inquiries as to the ability of borrowers in foreign countries, and as to the means of redress in default of payment, which they make at home, it would be wiser and more business-like; although I must admit that such a course might be open to the objection of involving some little study of so trifling and disagreeable a subject as the political structure and internal polity of the United States." And after a moment of silence I turned again to the ladies.

"Now do tell us," said the M. P.'s wife, "how you manage society in America. I suppose you don't manage it at all. How could you? You've no court, no peerage, no county families. I suppose everybody goes everywhere, and visits everybody else, if they like. It must be amusin', in a certain way; but do you find it agreeable?"

My reply it is not necessary to report in detail; and when the ladies had gathered from it that, notwithstanding the lack of a court and a peerage, everybody did not go everywhere in America, and that social exclusiveness and even social arrogance and the desire for social distinction and success were quite as great in America as in England, they looked at me and at each other with an expression of weak astonishment.

"Why," said Lady Boreham, "I thought you were democrats and communists and — and that sort of thing, and that you thought that nobody was any better than anybody else; although some of you, I believe, are awfully rich."

"Democracy, madam, in America is confined jealously to politics. As to

wealth, money has rather more brute power in the United States, and particularly in New York, than it has in England, — where I believe it has not a little, — or in any other country in the world; and as to the effect of democracy upon society in America, it is briefly to beget a belief that on the one hand nobody is any better than you are, and on the other that very few are as good."

"Dear me, — dear me! Then you have exclusive circles in America, too."

"So exclusive that people may live in the same neighborhood, and even next door to each other, for years, and never speak, and hardly know each other's names. So exclusive that often the richer of these neighbors would be very glad to obtain, by a considerable sacrifice, an entrance to the entertainments of the poorer."

"Dear, dear! Quite like it is at 'ome; and I thought it was so different."

"Very like, indeed, so far as I may venture to have an opinion. For, strange to say, a democratic form of government has not yet produced in America any very great or manifest change in men as individuals. There still remains a great deal of human nature in the men and women there; nor does there yet appear much power in democracy to cast it out. As to the process called in both countries, I believe, getting into society, I have known a woman of great wealth, intelligence, and an untarnished reputation push, and crawl, and bully, and flatter, spend money like water, be snubbed, and lie down and be trodden upon for years, to work her way into a certain set, and fail utterly."

"Dear, dear!" again bleated Lady Boreham from under the teeth; "just like it is at 'ome."

"And then this woman, having, by luck or contrivance, or both, obtained the notice and the favor of some distinguished person at home or abroad, was all at once taken up by society, and flaunted it

grandly among the very people who a few years before treated her as if they were Brahmins and she a Pariah."

"Oh, *that's just* like it is at 'ome!" cried Maud, from the window. "For don't you remember, Charlotte, how that handsome Mrs." —

"Hush, Maud!" said Lady Boreham. "What *can* you know about it?"

"Yes, 'Hush, my dear, lie still and slumber,'" was heard from behind Sir Charles's Times, followed by a little rumble of laughter.

Humphreys was right. A day or two afterward, there came from the Priory an invitation to the Borehams to meet some people who were to be there at luncheon, in an informal way. "You'll go with us, of course," said Sir Charles. "We know the Toppinghams well, and they'll be very pleased to see you."

Indeed, the Borehams did know the Toppinghams well, and Borehams had known Toppinghams for generations. They had been neighbors and friends, or neighbors and enemies, almost ever since England was England. They had fought Duke William at Hastings, and were among those who had been allowed to retain their little estates as vassals of one of the Conqueror's great barons. They fought together at Agincourt, each with his spear or two and his dozen or score of bowmen, under the banner of the lord of their marches. They had fought each other in the Wars of the Roses, when the Toppinghams were Lancastrians and the Borehams Yorkists. Together they had resisted the tyranny of Charles I., and had supported Sir William Waller — fondly called by the Parliament party William the Conqueror — in his triumphant march through the western counties; and together they had joined him in his defection from the Parliament, when it became revolutionary. There had been an intermarriage or two, in olden times; but of later years the Toppinghams had become ambitious in this respect,

as well as in all others, while the Borehams went on their steady way, as simple English gentlemen. But such knowledge and friendship through centuries is full of meaning. There are no shams about it, or uncertainties, or possible concealments.

The ladies and the M. P. drove over in a pony phaeton and a landau; but Sir Charles and I rode, he grumbling a little at losing a day's shooting. With our two grooms, we made a pretty little cavalcade on that bright, soft September morning; and we delighted in ourselves and in each other, as we trotted gently through the noble beauty of the grandly timbered park.

The Priory was a handsome, irregular stone pile, showing plainly its ecclesiastical origin; but it presented no remarkable features to distinguish it from many other great houses of its sort in England. Lord Toppingham received us in the hall with a bland but hearty welcome, in which there was a little spirit that was lacking even in Sir Charles's kindness, when I arrived at Boreham; and his warm hand pressure and "So you've come at last," as he led us up the great staircase, made me feel that I had done well in accepting his double invitation. It also relieved me a little of my concern as to Humphreys' project, for I had not neglected to inform him of our proposed visit.

Our pleasure — mine, at least — was very much enhanced by our reception by Lady Toppingham, a fine, elegant woman of about thirty years of age, very gentle of speech and gracious of manner, but with a manifest capacity of dash on good occasion. I suspect that she hunted; nor should I have objected to see that figure, lithe with all its largeness, in a riding habit, and on a worthy, well-groomed horse. A certain sense of spirit and force seemed to pervade the air at Toppingham, and to distinguish it from the sober, comfortable respectability of the house that we had

left. I learned that Lady Toppingham's title, although not her coronet, was hers by birthright; she being the second daughter of the Marquis of A——. Her dress was in such perfect taste that it attracted no attention; we saw only her grace of movement and beauty of form.

Two or three guests were in the room with her when we entered, and out on the terrace, upon which a large window opened, were as many more, of whom hereafter. After salutation and a brief matter-of-course chat, we all went out upon the terrace to enjoy the air and the beauty of the park, stretching far away from the other side of a large old-fashioned garden, formally laid out, and planted with varied flowers in great masses of color.

I could not but remark the bearing of Lady Boreham and her sister to Lady Toppingham. It might not, perhaps, be said that they cringed to her; but they fawned upon her, and "dear-Lady-Toppinghamed" her to herself and to each other in whining adulation. Once, as I watched this toadying, I caught a light flash of scorn from her glancing eye, which made her beautiful. As to Sir Charles, he was as much at his unconscious ease as if he were a duke.

There were no introductions, and after a glance at my fellow guests I attached myself to a young man of unmistakable soldierly bearing, who was standing apart in silence. He was a fine-looking fellow, with a simple and almost boyish face, whiskerless, but with a sweeping blonde mustache, to which from time to time he gave a pull; not foppish or military, but rather meditative. I liked these young English officers and their fellows, who, if not soldiers, were the stuff out of which soldiers are made; men who had been taught to ride, to shoot, and to speak the truth, and who, indeed, most of them, knew little else. Coming from New York, I found a sense of relief in

their mere physical repose and manly steadiness. Their serenity seemed to me like that which looks at us out of the marble eyes of the old Greek statues.

I was reminded by it of a story told me in my youth by a friend of my father's age, who, sitting by an English lady of rank at a ball in New York, when he was a young man, saw that she was scrutinizing with great interest the young people on the floor. He broke the silence by asking, "Well, what do you think of them? Not quite equal to your lads and lasses in England, are they?" "On the contrary," she replied, "I never saw finer young people in my life, nor better mannered. The girls are lovely; and as to the stories we've been told about their not having good figures, it's simply nonsense. But I wasn't thinking of the girls." "Well, the young men?" "They're fine fellows too, most of them, and well mannered; but, if you'll pardon me, as to their *manner* and their look" — "Well?" "Nothing, nothing; but they all look so sharp, — as if they had their eyes out on everybody else, and were n't quite sure of their surroundings. Now, with us, young fellows of their age and breeding would n't have the occasion to look sharp." The elderly friend who repeated to me this bit of social criticism, and who must have heard it quite fifty years ago, said that he could not but admit its justice in regard to the young New Yorkers. Were he living, what would he say now? Nevertheless, that there is in some of these young British lion-cubs the developable rudiment of a sharpness that puts to shame the craft of a Christian Greek or a Heathen Chinese, some of their American acquaintances have learned, to their sorrow.

My young friend on the terrace proved to be Captain the Honorable John Surcingle, of Her Majesty's 9th Dragoon Guards, second son of the Earl

of Martingale, and my hostess' cousin. After a few words, I asked him to tell me the names of some of those around us, other than our own party.

"'Pon my life! can't say. Don't know where Toppin'em finds all his people. Toppin'em's vewy jolly; awfully nice fellow himself, you know; but" — Here he stopped, and, screwing his glass into his eye, looked quietly around for a few moments.

"Wather wum lot. Litwawy persons, or somethin', I sh'd say, most of 'em."

The captain's instincts had not misled him, as erelong I myself discovered. His "rum lot" included, among others who were literary, or something, Professor Schlamm, of the University of Bonn, who was on his first visit to England, to make arrangements for the publication, simultaneously, in English and German, of his profound work, in three volumes, 8vo, on *The Unity in Duality of the English Nation* from the days of Hengist and Horsa to those of Victoria and Albert. Then there was Lady Verifier, the young middle-aged widow of old Sir Duns Verifier, F. R. S. A., of the British Museum, who was knighted for having elaborated a stupendous plan of cataloguing the library of that institution, which upon trial proved so utterly impracticable and worthless that the old book-mole, smitten with shame and disappointment, went speedily to his grave; leaving his widow to enter literary life by publishing *Shadows of the Soul*, a poem in which art was shown to be "the plastic form of religion." Of the others, there was now noteworthy only Mrs. Longmore, who was known as the authoress of *Immaculate*, a novel in which the somewhat startling experiences of the heroine were said by some people to be in a certain degree autobiographical. Lady Verifier was spare, angular, and fallow, with large black eyes and coarse black hair, like a squaw's; a sort of woman less uncommon in England than she is supposed

to be. Mrs. Longmore was her very opposite: fair, plump almost to portliness, with moist blue eyes and moist red lips. There were one or two others of their sort; and the rest of our little company were unremarkable folk, of the Toppingham and Boreham class.

Erelong a servant entered, with a card upon a salver, which he presented to our hostess, who, after glancing at it a moment with a puzzled look, said, "To my lord." On receiving it, his lordship handed it to me, saying, "From your friend. He sent me a letter of introduction from Tooptoe at Oxford; said he could n't come just now himself, and asked the favor of introducin', just for a morning visit, an American gentleman, in whom he felt sure I should be interested. It's all right, I suppose?" It was simply Humphreys' card, with a line in pencil, "introducing the Hon. Washington J. Adams."

"I don't know Mr. Adams," I said; "but I do know that Mansfield Humphreys would give a card to no one who might not be properly received by the gentleman to whom it was addressed."

Here Captain Surcingle, whose attention had been arrested, and who had heard my reply, cried out, "Mewican? Have him up, Toppin'em, — have him up! Those fellows are such fun! I always go to see the 'Mewican Cousin. Not faw Dundweawy. Can't see what they make such a doosid fuss about him faw. Does nothin' but talk just like' fellow at the Wag: wegla' muff. Nevah saw such a boa. But Twenchard's awful fun; good as goin' to 'Mewica without the boa of goin'."

As the Honorable John began his appeal, his lady cousin stepped across the terrace to pluck a rose which peered at us over the stone balustrade, blushing with shame at its beautiful intrusion; and as she swept past him, I partly heard and partly saw her say, in an earnest whisper, "Jack, *do* be quiet; and *don't* be such a goose!"

As she turned back with her flower, the servant who had been sent out returned, and announced "Mr. Adams;" and all eyes followed our host, as he stepped forward to receive him. As unabashed as a comet intruding upon the solar system, the Honorable Washington stepped into our circle, and met its sun and his satellites. The earl offered him his hand. He took it, and then he shook it, — shook it well; and to a few of the usual words of welcome he replied, "I'm very glad to see you, my lord; most happy to hev the pleasure of meeting your lordship" (looking round) "here in your elegant doughmain and your gorjis castle. My friend Mr. Humphreys told me I'd find everything here fuss class; an' I hev. Your man help down-stairs wuz a leetle slow, to be sure; but don't apologize; difference of institutions, I s'pose. Everything moves a leetle slower here."

As Lord Toppingham led Mr. Adams to our hostess, eyes of wonder, not unmixed with pleasure, were bent upon him. He was a man of middle size, neither tall nor slender; but he stooped a little from his hips, and his head was slightly thrust forward, with an expression of eagerness, as he slouched along the terrace. His upper lip was shaved; but his sallow face terminated in that adornment known at the West as "chin-whiskers." His hat, which he kept on, was of felt, with a slightly conical crown. It rested rather on the back than on the top of his head, and from it fell a quantity of longish straight brown hair. His splendid satin scarf was decorated with a large pin, worthy of its position; and the watch-chain that stretched across his waistcoat would have held a yacht to its moorings. His outer garment left the beholder in doubt whether it was an overcoat that he was wearing as a duster, or a duster doing service as an overcoat. Into the pockets of this he thrust his hands deep, and moved them back and forth from time to time, giving the skirts

a wing-like action. Having taken Lady Toppingham's hand, and shaken that too, and assured her of his pleasure in meeting her also, he put his own back into its appropriate pocket, and gently flapping his wings repeated, "Yes, ma'am; very happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' your ladyship. Hope my call ain't put you out any; but I s'pose you're used to seein' a goodle o' company in the surprise way."

"I am always pleased to receive any friend of my lord's or of Dr. Tooptoe's," said Lady Toppingham, seating herself upon one of the stone benches of the terrace; and Lord Toppingham turned as if to lead Mr. Adams away. But that gentleman immediately sat himself down by her side, and, crossing his legs, was evidently preparing to make himself agreeable. A slight shade of reserve with which she had taken her seat deepened for a moment, and then instantly gave way to a look of good-natured amusement; and I saw, to my relief, that she appreciated the situation. "You've been in our little England before, I suppose, Mr. Adams?"

"No, ma'am, I hev n't. My plit'cle dooties as a member of the legislater of the Empire State hev pervented. Empire State's Noo York, as I s'pose your ladyship knows. Motto, *Ex-celsior*, an' the risin' sun; out of Longfeller's poem, you know."

"I do know Mr. Longfellow's charming poem. We're great admirers of Mr. Longfellow in England; indeed, we think him quite an English poet."

"Wal, ma'am, you're 'baout right there; 'xcept in callin' him an English poet. He's a true Muh'kin; an' he kin beat Tennyson, an' all the rest of 'em, at writin' poetry, any day, let 'em do their level best. Why, he's written more vollums of poetry — fuss-class poetry, too, — than any man that ever lived; more 'n Dr. Holland. Lives in fuss-class style, too, if he is a poet. Should n't wonder if there was n't a broker in

Wall Street that lives in higher style than Longfeller."

At this triumphant utterance Mr. Adams took off his hat, and I feared he was about to wave it; but the movement was only one of momentary relief to his enthusiasm, and he at once restored it to its perilous inclination.

Lord Toppingham now stepped up to create a diversion in favor of his beleaguered wife, and, standing before the pair, asked Mr. Adams if he had been in London while Parliament was sitting.

"Wal, yaas, I wuz," replied the legislator, keeping his seat and looking up; "'n I went to see it; 'n to tell the truth 'n the hull truth, I wuz dis'pinted. Gladstone's a smart man, but slow, I shed say, — mighty slow; ain't learned not to craowd himself, nuther; bites off more 'n he kin chaw. 'N' I did n't hear no elo-quence; nobody did n't seem to take no intrust into what was goin' on. You hev got a powerful handsome buildin' fur the meetin' of your legislater; but jess you wait 'n see the noo Capitol 't Albany, 'n' you 'll sing small, I — tell — you. Yes, siree."

As this conversation went on, some of the other guests had approached, and there was a little group around our hostess and Mr. Adams, who now, to the evident horror of some of them, drew from his pocket a gigantic knife, with a set-spring at the back; indeed, it was a clasp bowie-knife. Opening it with a tremendous click, he strapped it a little on his shoe, and then looked at the bench on which he sat. Evidently dissatisfied with the inducement which its stone surface offered, he drew from one of his capacious pockets a piece of pine wood about as thick as a heavy broom stick, and began to cut it in a meditative manner.

"Don't git much whittlin' into your effete old monarchies. Even the benches, when they ain't stun, air oak, that'd turn the edge of any gentleman's knife; 'n' so I carry sutlin' comfortable round

with me;" and as he spoke the light shavings curled away from his stick, and rolled upon the terrace floor.

Lady Toppingham was as serene as a harvest moon, and was evidently much amused with her visitor; and the rest looked on with an interest and a satisfaction which were manifest in their countenances.

"Your lordship does suthin in this way, I reckon. Guess all you lords are in the lumber line; 'n' I seen some fuss-class trees inter the vacant lots round your haouse — castle, I mean. S'pose that's the reason you don't improve. Much doin' in lumber naow?"

"Not much," said our host, with a pleasant smile. "I'm more inclined to keep my trees than to sell them, at present. But let me make you acquainted with some of my friends. Mr. Grimstone, member for Hilchester Towers."

"Haow do you do, Mr. Grimstone?" said Adams, rising; and shifting his knife to his left hand, he took the M. P.'s, and shaking it vigorously said, "Happy to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Don't know you personally, but know you very well by reputation."

As our host looked next at me, I managed to convey to him an unspoken request not to be introduced, which he respected; but my friend the captain, stepping forward, was presented, with the added comment that Mr. Adams would find him well up about guns and rifles and fire-arms of all kinds; quite an authority, indeed, upon that subject.

"Dew tell? Why, I'm glad to hev the pleasure of meetin' you, sir. Look a' here! I kin show you suthin' fuss class in that line;" and putting his hand behind him, underneath his coat, he produced a large pistol, a navy revolver, which he exhibited in a demonstrative way to the captain, saying, "Naow that's suthin' satisfactory fur a gentleman to hev about him; no little pea-shootin' thing, that you might empty into a man

'thout troublin' him more 'n so many flea-bites."

The captain looked at it with interest, while some of the other guests shrank away. After a brief examination, he returned it, saying, "Vewy fine, vewy fine indeed; and I hear you use 'em at vewy long distances, almost like a wife."

"Sartin," said Mr. Adams. "Look a' here! See that thar tree yonder?" and pointing to one on the other side of the garden, he threw up his left arm, and took a sight rest on it. Some of the ladies screamed, and the captain and Lord Toppingham both caught his arm, the latter exclaiming, "Beg pahdon, don't fire, please! Somebody might be passin' in the park."

"Wal, jess 's *you* like, sir. You air to hum, en I ain't. But that's the difficulty with England. Th'r ain't no libbuty here. You've allers got to be thinkin' 'baout somebody else."

The incident certainly created a little unpleasant excitement; yet after this had subsided, it seemed not to have diminished, but rather to have increased, the satisfaction with which Mr. Adams was regarded. The professor came up, and said, "Our Amerigan vrent is ferry kint seoch an exhipition of the manners and customs of his gountry to gif. Barehaps he vould a var-tance bareform vor the inztrugzion oond blaysure off dthe gompany."

"No, no, Professor Schlamm," said Lady Toppingham, smiling, "we won't put Mr. Adams to the trouble of a war-dance; and we've so narrowly escaped one *blesure* that we may well be willing to forego the other." As my hostess struck off this little spark, I observed that her French was not that of the school of Stratford atte Bowe, which continues much in vogue in England even among ladies of the prioress's rank.

Adams caught at the name as an introduction. "Is this," he said, "the celebrated Professor Schlamm?" and seiz-

ing his hand, he shook it well. "Happy to make your acquaintance, sir. Your fame, sir, is widely extended over the civilized globe. Hev n't hed the pleasure of meetin' you before, but know you very well by reputation."

The professor, who had all the simple vanity of the vainest race in the world, beamed under the influence of this compliment, so that his very spectacles seemed to glow with warmth and light.

"You German gen'l'men air fond of our naytional plant," said Adams blandly. "Hev a cigar? Won't you jine me?" and he produced from his pocket two or three temptations.

"Dthanks; poot it might not to dthe laties pe acreeaple."

"No? Wal, then, here goes fur the ginooine article. I'm 'baout tuckered aout fur some." Saying this, he took from another pocket a brown plug, cut off a piece, and, having shaped and smoothed it a little with his huge knife, he laid it carefully with his forefinger in his cheek. Then, his knife being out, he took the opportunity to clean his nails; and having scraped the edges until our blood curdled, he returned his weapon, after a loud click, to his pocket.

A look of distress had come over the face of our hostess when Mr. Adams produced his plug; and she called a servant, who, after receiving an order from her in a low voice, went out. Mr. Adams's supplementary toilet being completed, he slouched away towards the balustrade; and after looking a few moments across the garden, he turned about, and, leaning against the stone, he began an expectorative demonstration. After he had made two or three violent and very obtrusive efforts of this kind, which, however, I must confess, did not seem to leave much visible witness before us, the servant returned hastily with a spittoon, the fabric and condition of which showed very plainly that it came from no part of the Priory that rejoiced in the presence of Lady Toppingham. This

the footman placed before Mr. Adams, within easy range.

"Nev' mind," said that gentleman, — "nev' mind. Sorry you took the trouble, sonny. I don't set up fur style; don't travel onto it. I'm pufflickly will-in' to sit down along 'th my fren's, and spit round sociable. I know I wear a biled shirt 'n' store clothes, — that's a fact; but's a graceful con-ciliation of and deference to public opinion, considerin' I'm a member of the legislater of the Empire State."

"Biled?" said Captain Surcingle to me, inquiringly (for we had kept pretty close together). "Mean boiled?"

"Yes."

"Boil shirts in 'Mewica?"

"Always."

"Your shirt boiled?"

"N-no; not exactly. I should have said that all our wealthiest and most distinguished citizens, members of the legislature and the like, boil their shirts. I make no such pretensions."

The captain looked at me doubtfully. But our talk and Mr. Adams's performances were brought to a close by the announcement of luncheon, and an invitation from our host to the dining-room. This midday repast is quite informal, but, comparatively unrestrained as it is by etiquette, rank and precedence are never quite forgotten at it, or on any other occasion, in England; and there being no man of rank present, except our host, and Sir Charles being far down the terrace, talking hunt and horse with another squire, Mr. Grimstone was moving toward Lady Toppingham, with the expectation of entering with her, when Mr. Adams stepped quickly up, and saying, "Wal, I don't keer ef I dew jine you; allow me the pleasure, ma'am," he offered her his arm. She took it. Mr. Grimstone retreated in disorder, and we all went in somewhat irregularly. As we passed through the hall, and approached the dining-room, it occurred to Mr. Adams to remove his hat; and he

then looked about, and up and down, in evident search of a peg on which to hang it. A servant stepped forward, and held out his hand for it. After a brief hesitation he resigned it, saying, "Ain't ye goin' to give me no check for that? Haow do I know I'll git it agin? Haowever, it's Lord Toppingham's haouse, an' he's responsible, I guess. That's good law, ain't it, your lordship?"

"Excellent," said our host, evidently much pleased that Lady Toppingham had taken this opportunity to continue on her way to the dining-room, where we found her with Mr. Grimstone on her right hand, and a vacant seat on her left, between her and her cousin, to which she beckoned me; Mr. Adams, the professor, and the two authoresses forming a little group near Lord Toppingham.

"I hope," said the M. P. to me, as we were settling ourselves at table, "that you are pleased with your Mr. Washington Adams. I, for one, own that such a characteristic exhibition of genuine American character and manners is, if not exactly pleasant, a very entertaining subject of study."

The taunt itself was less annoying than its being flung at me across our hostess; but as I could not tell him so without sharing his breach of good manners, I was about to let his remark pass, with a silent bow, when a little look of encouragement in Lady Toppingham's eyes led me to say, "As to your entertainment, sir, I have no doubt that you might find as good without importing your Helots. As to Mr. Adams being my Mr. Washington Adams, he is neither kith nor kin of any of my people, to whom he would be an occasion of as much curious wonder as he is to any person at this table."

"Oh, that won't do at all. He is one of your legislators, — the Honorable Washington Adams. You Americans are a very strange people; quite incom-

prehensible to our poor, simple English understandings." I did not continue the discussion, which I saw would be as fruitless as, under the circumstances, it was unpleasant, and indeed almost inadmissible, notwithstanding the gracious waiver of my hostess.

Luncheon engaged the attention of us all for a while, notwithstanding the presence of Mr. Adams; but nevertheless he continued to be the chief object of attention; and ere long he was heard saying, with an elevated voice, in evident continuation of description of a legislative scene, "The feller, sir, had the lip to perpose to investigate me; but I told him, sir, that I courted investigation, and I claimed that he was no better than a scallawag and a shyster; and I gripped him, sir, and skun him, — skun him clean as an eel."

Captain Surcingle, who had been regarding the speaker with all the earnestness that his glass admitted, turned to me, and said, with soft inquiry, —

"Skun? 'Mewican for skinned?"

"Yes; all true Americans say skun."

"Vewy queeah way of speakin' English;" and he was about to subside into silence, when all at once a bright gleam of intelligence came into his face, and he broke out, "Oh, I say! that won't do. You're 'Mewican; an' you don't say skun or scallawag;" and the good fellow regarded me with a look of triumph.

"Yes," I replied; "but you see I'm not a full-blooded American, as Mr. Adams is, — only a Yankee. Then I've had some special advantages. I've been in Canada; and that is still one of the British possessions. Besides, I'm fond of reading; and friends in England have sent me a few London books, — books with 'honor' spelled with a *u*, and all that sort of thing. Don't you see?"

"Ah, yes. Just so, just so; quite so." And now he was silent. But candor compels me to admit that he did not

seem to be quite satisfied, and that, as he slowly ate jugged hare, he appeared to be wrestling with some intellectual problem that was too much for him.

Here the butler asked Mr. Adams if he should not change his plate. "Wal, yes, sir, ef you'd like to. I'm sure I've no 'bjecshin." Another plate was placed before him, and he was asked what he would have. "Wal, I guess I'll take a leetle more o' the same, — that thar pie thar, 'ith the chicken fixins into it," pointing with a wave of his knife at a pheasant pie, of which he had just eaten. "I call that fuss class, I do. Does you credit, ma'am," he said blandly, addressing the countess, — "does you credit. I must get you to give me the receipt for Mrs. Adams. You air slow here, an' a goodle behind the lighter; but 'baout eatin' and drinkin' you air pooty smart, I calklate."

Here Lord Toppingham, probably to divert attention from Mr. Adams, looking across the table at me, expressed his surprise that so little had been produced in American literature and art that was peculiarly American; that all our best writers wrote merely as Englishmen would, treating the same subjects; and that our painters and sculptors seemed to form their styles upon those of Italy and Greece.

"Yes, indeed," said Lady Verifier. "Where is that effluence of the new-born individual soul that should emanate from a fresh and independent democracy, the possessors of a continent, with a Niagara and a Mississippi between two vast oceans? You profess to be a great people, but you have evolved no literature, no art of your own. You see the sun rise from the Atlantic, and set in the Pacific; and it seems to do you no good, but to send you to Europe for your language and to Japan for your decoration."

"Lady Ferifier is fery right," said Professor Schlamm. "Ameriga is a gountry of brovound dizabpointment to

dthe vilozophic mind. It is pig oond rich ; poot noding orichinal toes it brotuce."

"Nothing that springs from the soil and savors of the soil," said Lady Verifier.

"Except its Washington Adamses," said the M. P., in a surly undertone.

"My lord," I answered, "your question and Lady Verifier's remind me of a paragraph that I saw quoted from a London sporting paper, a short time ago, about American horses." (Here Captain Sureingle dropped his knife and fork, and turned his glass on me.) "It accounted for the fact that American horses had won so many cups lately by the other fact that the Americans had been importing English horses, and thus had improved their stock ; so that in truth the cups had been won by England, after all."

"That's jolly good," said the captain.

"Now that is quite true. But it is only half the truth ; for the whole truth is that all our horses are English. The horse is *not indigenous to America*. Neither are we. We are not autochthones, as by your expectations it would seem you think us. We are not products of the soil. We are not the fruit of Niagara or the prairies, which most of us have never been within five hundred miles of ; nor of the oceans, which few of us have ever seen. We are what we are by race and circumstances ; not because we live on a certain part of the earth's surface. If you want a literature and an art that smack of the soil, you must go to Sitting Bull and Squatting Bear, with whom we have no other relations than we, or you, have with the cave-dwellers. Nor do Americans live and manage their affairs with the purpose of satisfying the philosophic mind, of working out interesting social problems, or of creating a new literature and a new art, but simply to get, each one of them, as much material comfort

out of life and the world as to him is possible ; a not very novel notion in the human creature."

"And so, sir," said Mr. Adams, speaking to me for the first time, in tones which, when addressed to me, seemed to have something familiar in them, "that is your patriotic veeo of your country ? And may I ask what good thing you think is peculiar to 'Muh'ky ?"

"Food for the hungry and freedom for the oppressed."

"Nothing else ?" asked our host.

"Nothing."

"But to the wide benevolence of an American democrat I suppose that is enough," said Lady Toppingham.

"Pardon me, madam, but I sometimes think that birth and breeding in a democratic country may make men aristocrats of the blackest dye ; and I go about fancying that some of us ought to have been guillotined forty or fifty years before we were born, as enemies to the human race."

"Oh, I say," cried the captain, "that won't do ! Could n't guillotine 'fellah b'foah he was bawn, you know."

"Nevertheless, my dear captain, I'm inclined to believe that it might better have been done."

"Vewy stwange," drawled the Honorable John.

Here Mr. Adams, as he was regarding me with fixed and desperate eye, drew his bowie-knife from his pocket and opened it ; but before the horror of an expected onslaught upon me could well have thrilled the company, he quieted all apprehensions, if not all nerves, by picking his teeth with it in a very deliberate manner.

Meantime the two authoresses and the professor were talking with animation ; and I heard fragmentarily "dear Walt Whitman," "most enthralling of American writers," "egsbrezzion of dthe droo Amerigan sbirit ;" and Lord Toppingham, looking at our end of the table, said, "Our literary friends here

insist that you *have* one truly representative author; one who represents, not perhaps your cultured classes, but the feelin's and hopes and aspirations of those people who are the true representatives of the American genius."

"Yaas," said Mr. Adams.

"As to that, I can only refer you to Mr. Stedman, a writer whom some of your Victorian Poets ought to know; and who has seen and recorded the fact that Walt Whitman is entirely disregarded, and almost contemned, by our people of the plainer and humbler sort, who find in him no expression of their feelings or their thoughts; and that he is considered (for I cannot say that he is read) only by the curious, the critical, the theorists, and the dilettanti, — the fastidious aristocracy and literary bric-a-brac hunters of the intellectual world. As to his poetry, except on some rare occasions when he lapses into common sense and human feeling, it is simply naught. Ere long some of you in England will be ashamed of the attention you have given to its affectations. The merit that it has you would have passed over without notice. It is written in a jargon unknown to us. The very title of his book is in a language that I never heard spoken."

"What can you mean?"

"I was brought up in New England and New York, and never there, nor yet in Old England, nor in any of the literature common to both countries, did I hear of "leaves of grass." Grass has not what in English we call leaves. We have blades of grass, even spears; but who ever heard of leaves? A trifle this; but coming on the title-page, it proves to be a sign of what's within."

"My very paytriotic friend," said Mr. Adams sarcastically, "thet 's a sort of 'bjecshin thet ud do fur th' Sahturday Reveoo; but 't won't go daown 'th any true 'Muh'kin. Ef Muh'ky wants leaves o' grass 'ntid o' blades,

she'll hev 'em. I kin put all that daown jess by readin' a piece thet I've got into my pocket, — one thet Walt Whitman's never published yet; but I kerry it raound to read sorter b'tween whiles."

The reading was loudly called for, and Mr. Adams, producing a sheet or two of paper from his all-containing pocket, read as follows: —

1 I happify myself.

I am considerable of a man. I am some.
You also are some. We all are considerable,
all are some.

Put all of you and all of me together, and agitate our particles by rubbing us up into eternal smash, and we should still be some.

No more than some, but no less.

Particularly some, some particularly; some in general, generally some; but always some, without mitigation. Distinctly, some!

O ensemble! O quelque-chose!

2 Some punkins, perhaps;

But perhaps squash, long-necked squash, crooked-necked squash, cucumber, beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips, white turnips, yellow turnips, or any sort of sass, long sass or short sass.

Or potatoes. Men, Irish potatoes; women, sweet potatoes.

3 Yes, women!

I expatiate myself in female man.

A reciprocity treaty. Not like a jug's handle.

They look at me, and my eyes start out of my head; they speak to me, and I yell with delight; they shake hands with me, and things are mixed; I don't know exactly whether I'm them, or them's me.

Women watch for me; they do. Yes, sir!

They rush upon me; seven women laying hold of one man; and the divine efflux that thrilled the cosmos before the nuptials of the saurians overflows, surrounds, and interpenetrates their souls, and they cry, Where is Walt, our brother? Why does he tarry, leaving us forlorn?

O, mes sœurs!

As Mr. Adams read this in a voice heavily monotonous and slightly nasal, the whole company listened with animation in their faces. Lord Toppingham looked puzzled. Lady Toppingham smiled, a little cynically, I thought. The M. P. sat with open, wondering eyes. Professor Schlamm, at the conclusion of the first stanza, folded his hands upon the table, putting his two thumbs together, and leaning forward

looked through his spectacles at the reader with solemnity. Lady Verifier exclaimed, "A truly cyclical utterance; worthy to be echoed through the eternal æons!" Mrs. Longmore, at the end of the third stanza, murmured, "Divine! divine! America is the new Paradise." Captain Surcingle turned to me, and asked, "What language is it witten in, — 'Mewican?'"

Then Mr. Adams continued: —

- 57 Of Beauty.
Of excellence, of purity, of honesty, of truth.
Of the beauty of flat-nosed, pock-marked, pied Congo niggers.
Of the purity of compost-heaps, the perfume of bone-boiling; of the fragrance of pigsties, and the ineffable sweetness of general corruption.
Of the honesty and general incorruptibility of political bosses, of aldermen, of common-council men, of postmasters and government contractors, of members of the House of Representatives, and of government officers generally, of executors of wills, of trustees of estates, of referees, and of cashiers of banks who are Sunday-school superintendents.
Of the truth of theatrical advertisements, and advertisements generally, of an actor's speech on his benefit night, of your salutation when you say, "I am happy to see you, sir," of Mrs. Lydia Pinkham's public confidences, of the miracles worked by St. Jacob's Oil, and the long-recorded virtues of Scheidam schnapps.

- 58 I glorify schnapps; I celebrate gin.
In beer I revel and welter. I shall liquor.
Ein lager!
I swear there is no nectar like lager. I swim in it, I float upon it, it heaves me up to heaven, it bears me beyond the stars; I tread upon the ether; I spread myself abroad; I stand self-poised in illimitable space. I look down; I see you; I am no better than you. You also shall mount with me.
Zwei lager!
Encore.

- 1003 O, my soul!
O, your soul! which is no better than my soul, and no worse, but just the same.
O soul in general! Loafe! Proceed through space with rent garments.
O shirt out-issuing, pendent! tattered, fluttering flag of freedom! not national freedom, nor any of that sort of infernal nonsense, but freedom individual, freedom to do just what you blessed please!

1004 By golly, there is nothing in this world so unutterably magnificent as the inexplicable comprehensibility of inexplicableness!

1005 Of mud.

1006 O eternal circles, O squares, O triangles, O hypotenuses, O centres, circumferences, diameters, radiuses, arcs, sines, co-sines, tangents, parallelograms and parallelopipedons! O pipes that are not parallel, furnace pipes, sewer pipes, meerschau pipes, brier-wood pipes, clay pipes! O matches, O fire, and coal-scuttle, and shovel, and tongs, and fender, and ashes, and dust, and dirt! O everything! O nothing!
O myself! O yourself!
O my eye!

At this point of the reading the enthusiastic admiration of some of the audience again broke silence. "That noble passage," cried Lady Verifier, "beginning with the eternal circles, and ending with everything and nothing! So vast! so all-inspiring!"

"So all-embracing!" sighed Mrs. Longmore.

"Zo univarezall," said the professor, "zo voondamentahl, zo brovound! Go on, my vrent, oond de zing-zong shant, und de evangel bredigate, of the noo vorlt; oond I zoon a vilozophy of dthe Amerigan zoul zhall write."

Mr. Adams resumed: —

1247. These things are not in Webster's Dictionary, Unabridged Pictorial;
Nor yet in Worcester's. Wait and get the best.
These have come up out of the ages:
Out of the ground that you crush with your boot-heel:
Out of the muck that you have shoveled away into the compost:
Out of the offal that the slow, lumbering cart, blood-dabbled and grease-dropping, bears away from the slaughter-house, a white-armed boy sitting on top of it, shouting Hi! and licking the horse on the raw, with the bridle.
That muck has been many philosophers; that offal was once gods and sages.
And I verify that I don't see why a man in gold spectacles and a white cravat, stuck up in a library, stuck up in a pulpit, stuck up in a professor's chair, stuck up in a governor's chair or in a president's chair, should be of any more account than a possum or a wood-chuck.
Libertad, and the divine average!

1249 I tell you the truth. Salut!

I am not to be bluffed off. No, sir!

I am large, hairy, earthy, smell of the soil, am big in the shoulders, narrow in the flank, strong in the knees, and of an inquiring and communicative disposition.

Also instructive in my propensities, given to contemplation, and able to lift anything that is not too heavy.

Listen to me, and I will do you good.

Loafe with me, and I will do you better.

And if any man gets ahead of me, he will find me after him.

Vale!¹

There was a hum of admiration around Mr. Adams as he restored the manuscript to his pocket; but Captain Surcingle turned to me, and asked, "'Mewican poetry?"

"Yes, Jack," said his cousin, answering for me; "and some of our wise people say that it's the only poetry that can be called American; but if it is, I am content with my English Longfellow."

"And I, madam, with my still more English Whittier."

This Mr. Adams evidently thought would be a good time to bring his visit to an end, and rising in his place, with a manner as if addressing the chair, he said, "My lord, I shall now bid your lordship farwell; an' in doin' so I thank you for your elegint en bountiful hospitality. It wuz fuss class, en thar wuz plenty of it; en I shall remember it 'zlong 'z I live. En I thank your good lady too, en feel specially obleeged to her ladyship fur that thar pie 'i' the chicken-fixins into it. It wuz fuss class, and no mistake. En now I hope you'll all jine me in drinkin' her ladyship's health, en long may she wave. I can't

call for the hips and the tiger, seein' there's so many ladies present; but let's all liquor up, and knock down, and no heel-taps."

"Weal 'Mewican," said the captain, with an air of satisfaction. "Know it now. Wasn't quite sure befoah; but when he said liquor up 'knew he was weal."

The company had risen, and had drunk Mr. Adams's toast, and now broke up. He took, I thought, a rather hurried leave. The four-wheeled cab in which he came had remained, and was at the door, to which some of us accompanied him. When he was seated he looked out, and said, "If your lordship ever comes to New York, jess look inter my office. Happy to see you. Name's into the D'rect'ry. So long!"

As the cab turned down the drive, we saw Mr. Adams's boot thrust itself lazily out of one of the windows, and rest there at its ease.

"First time I ever saw a weal 'Mewican off the stage," said the captain, slipping his arm into mine as we entered the hall again. "Vewy intwestin'. Think I should n't like it as a wegula' thing, you know."

Since my return to New York, I have inquired in vain for Mr. Washington Adams. Many persons seem to recognize my description of him as that of a man they have seen, but no one knows him by name; nor is there any such member of the New York legislature. I have not yet been able to ask Humphreys to resolve my perplexity.

Richard Grant White.

¹ Readers of the New York Albion in 1860 may have memories awakened by these lines, but I am

able to insure Mr. Adams against a suit for copy-right, or a charge of plagiarism.

SYLVAN STATION.

I HAVE been reflecting upon the wonderful spectroscope, and wishing it could be applied to human beings. How intensely interesting our commonest neighbor might suddenly become, some bright new apparition irradiating our vision, as the test was applied! Every substance in nature giving out, in suitable circumstances, a peculiar characteristic light, how can we doubt that there is in every human being something altogether its own, if it could only be exhumed from the conventionalities that overlie it, and could be induced to reveal itself?

Accident lately disclosed veins of gold and silver where I had all my life been in the habit of searching for the earliest hepaticas, without once dreaming that there was any other reason for digging among the dead leaves than to have the honor of discovering them.

The year I spent at Sylvan Station seemed to me rich in the material for thought that lies in common things and humble people. We had been living for twenty years in California, at a place called the "Encinal," or Oak Grove, of Alameda. We thought it a curious coincidence that directed us to another oak grove in Massachusetts. We had no idea that within five miles of Boston could still be found a place of so much wild, natural beauty. We welcomed with delight the oaks and the pines. "For him who endures the pine grows green and flourishes," and so with the oak (*robur*, the strong tree). We felt at once invigorated by their presence, and in a fair way to recover the lost health of which we were in search.

After so many years without seeing a snowflake, it was like living in a wonderful new world to wake, on the second morning after our arrival, and look

upon the white earth. The first great fall of snow was in perfect silence. All landmarks were obliterated, and we took a new start in life on a pure white plain. It was amusing to see each man's estimate of his duty depicted upon it, in the way of shoveling. Our pioneer neighbor in the rear made a deep cut that passed five or six houses, and reached the main street; our timid neighbor on the other side dug merely a footpath to his own door. Later in the day, the little bride opposite came out in slippers and a white cloud, looking like a pretty snow wraith, and flourished her broom about, to clear the steps and welcome her husband home. The station-master made little diverging paths in all directions, to accommodate the world and facilitate travel.

This station-master, unpretending as he was, really did a great deal to give its character to the place. Sometimes, at the railroad offices, I have wondered if it would not be just as well to have some machinery arranged, by which one could pass in money and take out a ticket, so perfectly automatic has the railroad official become. To see this you have only to ask some question a little out of the ordinary routine, which it is not perhaps exactly his business to answer, but which it concerns you very much to know. To him travelers are evidently mere moving masses. This man, however, appeared to entertain the idea that into everything which a human being does some human element should enter. His little rough building he made as comfortable as possible, out of pure good will toward the whole human race, and evidently considered every man that waited for a train there as his guest. In summer, he twined scarlet beans and morning-glories over it, and set his old cane-seat rocking-

chairs invitingly outside. In winter, he drew them round a bright fire, and dressed the walls with hemlock.

One day, as I waited, I saw a dirt-car stop and deposit about twenty cans, containing the dinners of some laborers employed on the road. Any one who had no particular interest in the men might easily have omitted to take any notice of the fact; but it at once occurred to him that it was pleasant to any man to have his coffee hot, and to find a comfortable place in which to take it; so he hastily carried in all the cans, and placed them round the fire; and then, with much appearance of kindness, as if some choice visitors were at hand, he began to brush up a little, and sweep the floor. I reproved myself inwardly, feeling certain that if I had been in his place I should only have thought of sweeping it *after*, and not *before*, such guests. Presently a gang of men came along, — rough, grimy-looking fellows. They stood staring about, in a stupid, uncertain way, till he called out in a cheery voice, "Walk in, *gentlemen*, and help yourselves." It must have been the only time in their lives that they had been called "gentlemen." I felt as if it might alter their ideals for life.

Besides making his house as agreeable as possible, he had a cordial, unconscious way of offering himself, too, for the entertainment of his guests. I heard him, one day, consulting the assembled company as to what would be a suitable Christmas present for him to give a friend; saying that he wanted to give something *lasting*, and had thought of poetry.

Thoreau might have had such a man as this in mind, when he said, "Here comes such a subtle and ineffable quality, for instance, as truth, or justice, though the slightest amount, or new variety of it, along the road. It takes the stiffness out of our joints, and makes us supple and buoyant, when we knew not what ailed us, to recognize any gener-

osity in man or nature." And again, when he speaks of the man in his neighborhood, "who lived in a hollow tree, with manners truly regal."

I observed that the station-master always waved his hand, in greeting, to the engineer of the passing train. Most men would have thought they had enough to do to open and shut the heavy gates, but these little courtesies never seemed to make his work any harder. I inclined to suspect, even, that they made it easier, so joyous was his ordinary mood. To manifest a little good will toward everybody that chanced to come in his way was as natural to him as it is for the sun to shine. Nor were his sympathies confined to human beings, as I happened to learn by calling one day at the door of his dwelling-house, adjoining the station. I saw his old mother, whom he had just brought down from New Hampshire to make him a visit. Beside her purred her big cat. "Mother would n't have built up any," he remarked, "if I had brought her down, and left Jerry."

I noticed at the window what seemed a little tropical forest, such a rich, strong growth of green, with the sunbeams striking through it. It was a club-moss he had brought from the woods, which thrived so luxuriantly in his hands. A neighbor who stood by remarked to me, with a mysterious look, "Some folks can't do nothing with plants." I thought of Emerson's lines, "One man can bid our bread feed and our fire warm us." To a mere moss a touch may be sunshine or frost.

Having very little human society, we naturally took a lively interest in our fellow passengers in the horse-cars, especially in the children. It was, sometimes, the event of the day merely to sit beside one of these little creatures, fresh from heaven. We had only one child near us, — little Scotch Maggie. One day, in the midst of the great snows, we saw a small white coffin carried from Maggie's door. It was a bright, still

day, and there was no visible mourning among the few people who followed. As quietly as the blossoms drop from the trees, the baby was borne to its rest. Maggie had told us with great delight of the birth of the baby, and I wanted to know how its death seemed to her. Seeing her again, I inquired for the little brother. She said, "It has gone far off from us." I began to express some sorrow; but she replied, very quietly, "We did not want it any more." I asked, "Who takes care of it now?" "Its mother," she said. "And who takes care of you?" "My mother," — showing that she thought they had both the same care, although from different hands. The perfect assurance with which she spoke reminded me of what I had heard of the Chinese — how on special occasions they listen to the prattle of children, and try to divine it, as inspired language.

Maggie was three years old, and always ready with an answer to every question asked. One day, when she came to see us, a little girl present repeated a Swedish poem. Maggie was astounded. I asked her if she could recite a little verse, knowing very well that none had ever been taught her. Being taken by surprise, she said "No;" but presently, with a cunning little smile rippling all over her face, she improvised one, exclaiming, with an upward-springing motion, "Up comes the summer day!" and then, again and again, with the same merry little laugh of satisfaction with herself, "Up comes the summer day!" It seemed like the uplifting of flowers from the earth.

Being at last fairly established, we found it impossible to postpone any longer what, we feared, would prove a most difficult and disagreeable undertaking, — finding a suitable domestic. We had been long absent from the East, employing only Chinese, and in the mean time we had heard desperate accounts of how this family and that had

been obliged to resort to boarding, for no other reason than just because it proved so utterly impossible to find suitable servants. We were told that no girl was willing to live in the country in winter; and that, if any one was ever so fortunate as to find a girl who understood her work, she placed such an extravagant estimate on herself, on that account, and made such exorbitant demands, that it was impossible to tolerate her; that the old-fashioned servant, who expected to take an interest in the affairs of her employers, had passed entirely off the stage; that it was a question now only of work on one side, and wages on the other. One of our friends gave us, as the result of her experience, the opinion that it was best to look for as neutral a character as possible. Anything positive, she said, was an objection. Peculiarities were apt to clash; and as we only wanted her to do the work, the more she resembled a machine the better. I only wish she could have seen Sanna, and felt the grasp of her hand, as she held it out to me in greeting.

We found her at an employment office, just arrived from Sweden. As I noticed her sunny hair and blue eyes and strong, free step, I thought of what some one said of Jenny Lind: that she ought to have been called the Swedish Lioness, rather than the Swedish Nightingale, from the freedom and strength of her bearing. Not able to speak a word of English, she sat looking at me with such confident blue eyes that no one could feel otherwise than kindly towards her, when the world seemed to her such a fair, honest place.

She held out a little book, printed in Swedish and English, by which we were to converse together. I looked it over, and saw that it contained directions, given to servants in their own country, by which they were to conduct themselves. Among other things, they were told to "step softly, move lightly, and desire *nothing*."

After I came to know more of her intensely social nature, I often wondered how she survived the first few weeks, when we never attempted anything more in the way of conversation than "cup," "plate," etc. At length, in an outburst of desperation, she exclaimed, "I want to talk!" So did we, but the difficulty was how to begin. She solved it herself by asking if we knew George Washington and Benjamin Franklin. We, in return, asked if she knew Linnaeus and Swedenborg, to both of which questions she replied in the affirmative, and also recognized, with delight, a picture of Luther. After this, conversation became easy; she was so very apt and eager. She was soon able to give a little account of her voyage: telling us how she, with a hundred other girls, came as steerage passengers, on a great steamer; and how, in leaving, they sang together the Fatherland Song; and how the passengers on the upper deck all clapped their hands, as well they might if the other voices were like hers. They had great luncheon baskets; but she lost hers overboard, in a storm, and also her hat. "Now I must every day say to some one, 'Please give me a little bread.'" In the storm she thought, "By and by I dead." It is wonderful, the courage of these girls, starting alone for an unknown world. Some of her friends in Sweden, she said, thought that to come to America they would have to travel through the earth. But she had been taught otherwise at school; taught also to knit, embroider, crochet, and make baskets. The dress she had on she had not only fitted for herself, but had made the woolen cloth for it, and had woven her plaid shawl. She wore generally, on her head, a little black shawl. One day she said to me, touching it, "Every woman in Sweden all the same."

She readily understood that we enjoyed hearing about her country, as she took so much interest herself in learning

everything possible. She soon began to tell us about the Lapps, as the most curious little people in the world; very short, but wearing tall, pointed hoods, made of reindeer skin. She always talked with great enthusiasm about the "rein," as she called the reindeer: said that if a man had a thousand rein he was rich; that the Lapps traveled about all the time, only lassoing some rein and traveling on to find moss for them, the rein furnishing them with all their food. When they went to church they left their babies outside in little holes in the snow, sewed up in skins. They themselves wore one garment of skin. Swedish babies had a little knit garment, that covered them all over, arms, legs, and feet. Lapp babies were always cold, and the Lapps were very poor. I asked, "Why not come to Boston?" She answered, "Oh, Lapp say Lapland good." She mocked their funny ways of talking, in monosyllables. They could not open their mouths, she said; it was so cold. She used to mock, too, the peasants' walk,—stiff, ungainly strides; crouching as they went along, because it was so cold. It was very different from reading these things in the geography to hear them from one who had actually seen them, and touched the little cold Lapp babies.

Her inseparable and most congenial companion was Blanche, the little white kitten, who followed her out into the yard, as she hung out the clothes, and chased the dried oak leaves over the frozen crust; springing at them, and whirling round and round; sometimes, in her eagerness, leaping at nothing; selecting some little spot, and pouncing again and again upon it, evidently *playing* there was something there. She scrambled up into the little oak bushes, and peered out at us, with a wild light in her eyes, and often persistently refused to come into the house even after a snow-storm had begun. How demoralized and effeminate seemed the life of an

ordinary cat, curled up beside the fire, after seeing one in which the aboriginal instincts had revived! I always attributed it to Sanna's influence; it had such an animating effect upon us all.

The amount of her general knowledge continually surprised us. It showed how much any one might learn who had a desire, only, without much opportunity. She inquired eagerly about the progress of Nordenskjöld, the Swedish Arctic explorer, and spoke of the four Swedish poets-laureate, of whom two, Björnson and Janson, have been in this country.

One day she made a droll mistake. By misunderstanding a word, she thought she heard the master of the house spoken of as a poet. She exclaimed with rapture to the little daughter, "Oh, Margie, isn't you not happy, have poet-parents? I always thought you mamma was poet." This idealizing of me into a poet quite overcame me. I had been such a severe task-mistress to her, and, owing to the inevitable want of understanding between us, I felt that I had often spoken to her in ways quite incompatible with the idea of my being a poet. But she had a good broad way of looking at things, and passed by much that was disagreeable.

Sometimes she sang the watchman's song:—

"Klocken är sifra slagen!
Vinden är ost.
För svärd ock brand,
För tjufrar's hand,
Gud bevara vårt Sverige, vårt land!"

"The clock strikes eleven!
The wind is east.
From sword and brand,
From hostile hand,
God keep our Sweden's land."

How primitive it seemed, watching over these people in their sleep, and telling them the way of the wind! If it had been in California, they would have wanted to know, instead, how stocks were.

She always spoke with so much enthu-

siasm about Sweden that we asked her once why it was so beautiful. She said, "Because it is so wild." I thought that she was more contented for the little Scandinavian landscape she could see from her attic window. It was the edge of the Middlesex Fells. There were great wastes of snow, with ledges of dark rock and pine-trees. On one of the heights was a red-roofed tower, and she could hear, in the distance, the sound of a waterfall.

In thinking about her it occurred to me that the contrast between the really rich and the really poor is more a difference in enthusiasm than in anything else. Some people are so much more conscious than others that the whole world is open to them. When her work was done, she always sat down to sing. As I listened to her, I said to myself, "Can it be this beautiful bird I have been ordering about all day, employing in such drudgery?" A voice so light and soaring I had never heard. Her consciousness of the possibilities this fine voice might open to her finally took her from us.

We comforted ourselves with thinking that we would try to find some one else as much like her as possible. But, as it proved, no contrast could be greater than that between our lively Sanna and the demure little Feina, who took her place. She was a stunted-looking girl, with a plain face and undemonstrative nature,—one of those phenomenal beings, as we presently discovered, who never talk, except from necessity, and who have no desire to express themselves in any way. I was just about to decline taking her, when it was as if I caught a glimpse of her inmost nature, and became conscious of something rare and beautiful in her. Without making any of the disparaging remarks I had intended, I simply accepted her. She made a little courtesy, and said, "Tank," which she always thenceforward repeated whenever anything was done for her.

Her clothes were coarse and poor, but my eye was caught by a silken tie on her neck, of a most rare and beautiful shade. It struck me, afterward, that it represented something in her entirely unconnected with her menial condition, and unsoiled by it. I saw, one day, her representative in the blue succory, on the edge of the sidewalk: like her, fitted by nature for hard conditions, with coarse leaves touching the earth, companion to the pig-weed and the burdock; with clouds of dust continually sweeping over it, but with heaven's own blue, undimmed, on its soft fringed petals.

Her charm was in her perfect, uniform gentleness. Day after day, as I watched her going through the same monotonous routine, it seemed to me that she was as patient as the sky or the earth. I could explain her to myself only by thinking of the long line of peasant ancestors, who had transmitted content to her, and made her so strong in her simple virtues. I felt that a little bit of heaven was mirrored in every one of her unvarying, uneventful days.

We had found such infinite variety in the snow, tossed by the wind and wreathed about our dwelling, soft and still, with pale blue shadows, or sparkling with infinitesimal stars, that we were really sorry to part with it; but as spring drew near, we began to feel the thrill of delight that runs through all nature. Year after year, with the same old dusky evergreens about us, we had longed for the beautiful outburst of leaves and blossoms. Only those who have been long separated from it can conceive the strength of desire, which year adds to year, to see it again. When our hope was just on the verge of fulfillment, a fire swept through the woods; great tongues of flame appeared to lick up and destroy everything in fierce delight. We thought every germ of life must perish; but how little we knew of the exuberance of Nature! Out of the charred and devastated earth she

brought richer beauty; the wild-grape leaves had a deeper tinge of pink and a more beautiful gloss. Everywhere was the same abundance, the same lavish grace. How fascinating it was to watch the little hooded ferns uncurl, and the opening of the leaves; to see the exquisite care with which they had all been folded and packed in their coverings! What a tender touch showed itself everywhere! Under the pine-tree, I saw the little white heads of the Indian pipe thrusting themselves up through the dead leaves. I drew one up. What a curious little flower! It apparently had neither root nor branches, — a mere little flower, as if the ground itself were blossoming. I thought of a young man, in the last stages of consumption, whom we had noticed on our journey. We heard him telling a friend that he had been advised to go into the country. "But then the country is so lonesome," he said. What a pity that one so soon to sleep in her bosom should know so little of the motherliness of the earth!

Through the meadow near us crept a little sluggish stream. Every day in summer was a high festival there. The air was full of fragrance, and sweet with sounds of insect and bird. The banks were solid walls of flowers; swift-glancing dragon-flies hovering over the water, glittering beetles circling in mystic dance on its surface, butterflies softly opening and closing their wings of velvet and gold, little birds rocking lightly to and fro on the branches, — every living creature overflowing with unmistakable delight.

Sometimes thoughts came into my mind, on that sunny meadow, that seemed to belong there only by contrast. What place had the discords of human life in that world of pure love and joy? I remembered a funeral that I had once attended in California, where I felt so deeply the wretchedness of shams and pretense. It was all the more painful

that it was on so humble a scale; there must have been such sacrifices made all along to keep up appearances. It was of a woman, who had kept a little fancy store and died gradually of consumption. As I looked at her, in her coffin, I felt that her whole nature had been slowly starved out. She lay in state, in a hall, her husband belonging to some association that owned it, and this was supposed to give a kind of dignity to her funeral; but the image of starvation was so impressed upon her that the majesty and peace of death, which I had never before seen wholly wanting on the face of any dead person, did not appear at all. A cheap undertaker had dressed her with artificial flowers. Her husband was a lame man. At a signal from the undertaker he limped forward, to take leave of her, as part of the ceremony. He touched his lips lightly to hers, and stepped aside. I noticed the flash of a false diamond on his bosom, and wondered if it represented what he had within. After all was over, he turned to a friend, and asked if he thought due honor had been done his wife, and remarked that his son had won a bet at a gaming-table; and that was the last news they had told her, though it was something, he said, she never seemed much pleased to hear.

I felt as if I could not let this woman be buried, at least I could not bury the thought of her, until I had extorted for myself some comfort in regard to her. I was confident that somewhere, in the deepest recesses of her being, known perhaps only to God and her, was something true; but I should have felt more sure of it, and that she had had something of her share of the joy of life, if she had only lived in the country. The city is so hard in every way upon the poor, so soul-destroying. The country is kind to all. I think no one can ever be wholly insensible to its sweet influences. Everything that is real is wholesome, bitter or sweet; but the desire to

appear what we are not is a worm that gnaws at the heart of things. How genuine all things seem in our out-door life! I lay my head upon the earth, and feel that I am not expected to be anything but what is natural to me. It suits the customs of society better that every one should wear a mask: but the sturdy pitch-pine is not trying to turn into a white-pine, though the white-pine is a more elegant tree; it is a stout pitch-pine, full of lusty health. It is so comfortable to be what one was made to be, and everything becomes so easy if one is only so fortunate as to slip into the right place.

Sometimes we climbed to the top of an immense rock that overlooked the trees. We could never be tired of watching them swaying in the wind, so slender and graceful, and yet so strong. How far from all care and trouble that rock seemed, an island in the green sea! One day, as I lay on the top of it, a bird flew close above me. He sang a few notes, as he passed, as if he would like to speak to me, if I could only understand. On the ledges about us grew the pretty rock fern. Here and there one sat, like a little householder, at the door of a tiny cavern. Each likes to have a house of its own, and a little roof over it; then it shows its satisfaction by growing in perfect and beautiful whorls, otherwise sending up only a few ragged shoots.

We could hardly look in any direction without seeing something from which it was hard to turn away our eyes. The rock upon which we sat, when broken into fragments, revealed beautiful little landscapes painted upon it. The vegetation was fern-like; sometimes defined with the utmost distinctness, then veiled in purple mist. The backgrounds were of rich Egyptian colors, orange and brown; occasionally of a cold, hard gray, looking like a frozen region, — a fine feathery vegetation, growing up closely together like little

forests; or perhaps in tufts, crowning rocky heights, or drooping over them. It was like the frostwork on the windows, with the addition of the coloring. We took some pieces of it to a mineralogist, to inquire about it. He said the impressions were made by infiltrations of water, containing oxide of iron and manganese; but what disposed it to assume those beautiful forms he could not tell.

After the height of the season was over, we saw with pleasure that the few bright stragglers left appeared to take some notice of us, as if their curiosity was at length awakened to know who we were, and why we were stopping there. Perhaps the slight chill in the air, or the little barren look that began to appear, woke up some social feeling in them, as it is so apt to do in us. The dragon-fly, in July far too airy and fleet for us to approach him, in September settled down upon us as readily as upon the asters or golden-rod. We tried to make acquaintance with our tiny neighbors, and soon became convinced that the definition of *instinct* which we had learned in our school-books (the knowledge of a few unvarying facts, impressed upon creatures at birth) was an error. As soon as we begin to observe even insects we see that they meet emergencies in ways that show individual peculiarities and character: as the caterpillar we brought home to watch through the chrysalis stage, — one of the kind called “wooly bears,” large, strong, and shaggy, — who, instead of coiling himself up quietly, after a little languid exploration, as all our others had done, made a determined resistance to confinement, and rushed constantly to and fro with a furious air; a miniature wild beast, searching in all directions for a possibility of outlet. We had put a glass over him, on the side of which the former occupant had made a cocoon, securely fastened, half-way up, with myriad silken threads. After spending all day, and as

far as we could tell all night, in frantic efforts that were not visibly connected with any plan, all at once it became evident that an idea had popped into his little horny head. His whole manner changed, and he set about his work with the calm energy of one who knows what he is doing. It had occurred to him that the door of his prison, which for thirty-six hours he had constantly sought, was obstructed by the cocoon. He knew now what was to be done, though not yet how to do it. He nudged and thrust at the cocoon, but for a long time it held firm; finally, he hooked the end of his body round it, and with a great jerk he and the cocoon came down together. I could not face his despair when he saw that it was all in vain; that the prison absolutely had no door. I released this energetic little lover of freedom, though I lost the chance of seeing what a fine creature he might some day have become, when his wanderings were all ended.

What we called our summer sitting-room had been formerly the bed of a swamp. As autumn drew near, we moved to our upland parlor, with its russet carpet of dried pine. There we sat and listened to the soft rising and falling of the wind, and watched the glistening films of light that floated in the air and rested on the grass and the bushes. The sumach hung out her crimson streamers, and the poplar dropped little showers of gold. Here and there a single branch of maple flamed in the sunlight, while the hills, covered with oaks, were slowly deepening and brightening in color. I used to think of the maple as the glory of the autumn woods, but here there were hardly any maples, and it seemed as if the whole depth and richness of the forest lay in the oaks, here blended and there contrasted with the dark green of the pines. Every little weed about our feet was in festive array, tipped and spotted with red. It was like the red Tamahnous we saw among

the Indians, when every one was freshly painted and wrapped in a bright blanket, to celebrate the Feast of Love.

There were dark, still places in the woods into which the full daylight never entered. One day I sat down to rest in one. There was neither sound nor sunbeam, — absolute quiet everywhere. A faint green light appeared to come from the trees. There was an infinite depth of rest there, and I did not feel as if I were alone, although I saw no

one. What is it in these beautiful, solitary places that seems so near to us? I cannot tell how there gradually stole upon me such a satisfying assurance of good will from some deep, secret source; but somehow, in the silence, I became conscious of it. All about the human world, so chaotic and incomprehensible, lies the world of nature, strong, serene, beautiful, and harmonious, still rejoicing, undisturbed by our disasters, as if knowing them to be ephemeral and unreal.

Caroline E. Leighton.

AMERICAN FICTION BY WOMEN.

IN our last review of current American fiction we found the three most noticeable books to have been written by men, and to have a certain common ground on which they met. It chanced that the most noticeable novels which have since appeared are also three in number, but from the hands of women. It would not be hard to find points of comparison and contrast in the two sets of books. To begin with, these three women have devoted themselves to American themes, and not a foreigner, we believe, appears on the stage. Now — but we spare the reader the fine generalization which we were about to make. It is only reviewers who read books by pairs or threes, and it is more to the point to inquire into the individual characteristics of the novels in question.

Mrs. Foote enjoys the doubtful advantage of being able to present her characters both to the eye and to the mind. Her excellent reputation for figure drawing makes one take up *The Led Horse Claim*¹ with some curiosity to know how far the persons described in the pictures correspond with the persons

characterized in the text. Ordinarily the author and artist are different beings, and when the author invests his characters with great dignity or charm we cannot hold him responsible for the interpretation which the artist may put upon his words. Mrs. Foote, however, either repeats herself in the two forms of representation, or gives the reader a chance to test one form by the other. The handsomeness of Mr. Hilgard, in this story, is not given to the reader to take on faith. He may know from Mrs. Foote's pictures just how Mr. Hilgard looked, even at the very critical moment when he was parting from Miss Conrath. Miss Conrath's beauty, again, is placed under a high light in the frontispiece; and as both the manly and the womanly beauty are important elements in the story, one must at least admire Mrs. Foote's courage in furnishing the reader with *cartes de visite*, so to speak, of her principal characters.

It may be straining a point, but we cannot help thinking that Mrs. Foote's success in her pictures prophesies the success in her writing. The best of her illustrations is the one entitled "She

¹ *The Led Horse Claim*. A Romance of a Mining Camp. By MARY HALLOCK FOOTE. Illus-

trated by the Author. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

doubted long," and the best of her writing is in the characterization of the sentiment of this doubting girl. It is not the masculine scenes in the story which impress us most, but the fine yet strong lines of a woman to whom suffering has come at once with love. The story is a simple one. In a mining camp in California two mines are engaged in a struggle for victory. Mr. George Hilgard is the superintendent of the Led Horse mine, and when the story opens is in the midst of a legal warfare with the rival Shoshone, which adjoins it and is suspected to have encroached upon it. The superintendent of the Shoshone is a dissipated young fellow, Henry Conrath, whose sister Cecil has come to the camp from the East, to make her home with him. Cecil and Hilgard meet suddenly, and the story of Romeo and Juliet begins. In the progress of affairs a fight occurs in the mine, in which Hilgard kills Conrath, and the situation becomes at once tragic. The task of the novelist is to perfect the union of Cecil and Hilgard, notwithstanding this terrible cause of separation.

What we like in the treatment of the story is the dependence of the author upon the great movements of human nature, and her indifference to excessive refinement upon these movements. Her lovers love at first sight, and they love with an honest warmth, which the reader accepts without requiring a close analysis of their motives. They are kept apart by the feud between the two houses, but love surmounts the feud. They are separated again by the tragedy, but time reinforces love, and pity takes a part, and at length the two young hearts find their content. We repeat that it is a pleasure to find honest sentiment so victorious.

The trouble of the young girl is a genuine one, and it is allowed a full and sensible development. The doubting long, through which she went, was the action of a pure and honorable maiden;

but the doubt in this healthy soul must needs give way before the certainty of love. We respect Mrs. Foote and her art, because she has not tortured us with imaginary and subtle difficulties in the case, but has told an entirely probable story as nature would have told it. There is in the handling of the novel a certain lack of confidence now and then, which betrays an unpracticed hand, and a disposition, we think, to rely a little upon second-hand information in some of the interior scenes, where the figures are men only. The whole circumstance of the story, however, at least in the larger part, is of rough Californian life, and we recognize the womanly hand which has touched it. The slight tendency to an excess of sentiment which characterizes Mrs. Foote's work is well counteracted by the rudeness of the material in which she has here wrought.

We took up Miss Woolson's little book¹ with special interest, from a desire to know what effect Anne had had upon her. The reaction of a novel upon its writer has not always sufficiently been considered, and we suspect that in her new and brief story Miss Woolson has written with some sense of relief from the entanglements of her long, three-jointed novel. She has at any rate chosen an entirely different theme, and one which allows her the greatest freedom from the task of describing a love adventure. Love—that is, the love of a young man and young woman—is scarcely considered in *For the Major*; it is indeed too slightly treated for the perfection of the story, since in real life the relations of Miss Carroll and Mr. Owen would have had a more important effect upon the development of events. Now that we have read the story through, and know that there is no more, we feel so slightly acquainted with the persons just mentioned that

¹ *For the Major*. By CONSTANCE FENIMORE WOOLSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

we have not felt at liberty to speak of them as Sara and Frederick.

We do, however, feel very well acquainted with Mrs. Carroll and the Major, who are the chief personages of the book; and an acquaintance with Mrs. Carroll is, as Miss Woolson intended it to be, a cumulative one, and one which has distinct processes in it. A good deal of ingenuity has been expended upon Mrs. Carroll, for the obvious reason that she expended a good deal on herself. She was the stepmother of Sara Carroll, but when the story opens the two women had for several years seen little of each other: the daughter being absent for educational reasons; the mother devoting herself to Major Carroll, with whom she is living in a mountain village, presumably in North or South Carolina. The geographical boundaries of the story are not very clearly marked, and we feel, therefore, a stronger, perhaps unworthy, suspicion that the locality and its society are highly imaginary. It would almost seem as if Miss Woolson invented Far Edgerly and its neighborhood in order to make it fit the highly invented character of Mrs. Carroll. For to spoil the story for any reader who may chance now to take it up for the first time, Mrs. Carroll is a woman well on in years, who masquerades as a young and childlike wife. She is helped by her figure and general air, but more by the extreme attention which she has given to the subject. Her husband has been all along under a delusion with regard to her, and her stepdaughter and all her neighbors share it. He has built up an imaginary Mrs. Carroll, with most respectable antecedents; and as he has become enfeebled in mind, it is not very difficult for his wife to support the character, which she does with great adroitness.

The reader might imagine that her disguise was to be stripped from her finally, and that she was to be turned out of the story in her true character,

whereas all the disillusionizing is done deliberately by Mrs. Carroll herself, and it is seen that the one cause for the deception is its justification; for love was at the bottom of it: the love first of a woman grateful to the man who came forward to the relief of her and her child, and then the same love and gratitude taking the form of devotion to the failing husband. The deception, in which the daughter joins, is all for the Major, and when the Major dies the mask falls.

The story is a very ingenious one, and skillfully managed. The reader, at the critical moment when he would naturally turn impatiently away from this very artificial woman, is drawn to her by the revelation of her redeeming quality. In fact, the reader and the stepdaughter are in much the same category, only that the daughter is in the secret before the reader is. It is, however, the ingenuity of the story which makes the strongest impression upon the mind, and thus one is led to doubt if the whole conception be not too artificial to be thoroughly good art. We noticed in Anne something of the same tendency in Miss Woolson to make too much of the machinery of her stories, and we hope that it will not increase in her work. With a good story, built upon the large lines of nature, Miss Woolson would have more leisure to give to the realization of her characters, and the reality would be more enduring because more natural. Mrs. Foote has not Miss Woolson's skill, and her story is not so original, but on the whole it seems better worth telling.

Mrs. Foote did not shrink from carrying her heroine into a miner's camp in California, and by her own refinement and womanly sensibility invested that masculine field with a somewhat feminine property; Miss Woolson is more faintly American in her scenes from a Carolinian no-man's land, and is feminine chiefly in her elaborate con-

struction of the principal character out of an excess of womanhood; but Mrs. Burnett, while more conspicuously a woman in her dealing with life than either of the others, has also taken a larger canvas and essayed a more serious piece of art. It is not possible to read her latest novel¹ without being aware of the intensity of feeling and thought which have been given to it at times; at times, we say, for there are passages so sluggish in movement that one is almost tempted to believe that the author was either uncertain in her intention, or possessed with the notion that it was necessary to produce a four years' effect upon the reader by a deliberate slowing of the action of the story. As a matter of fact, the element of time is of very slight significance in the development of the plot of this novel, and indeed introduces a disturbance in the reader's mind; for he cannot help thinking that where passions are so intense as in the lives of Bertha and Tredennis it would be impossible to avoid an earlier *éclaircissement*. Again, the nobility and strength of Tredennis, when given four years' trial, would inevitably find some solution of the problem of his life through work; and his love for Bertha, which Mrs. Burnett uses as an indication of his strong character, is dangerously near being a sign of radical weakness. So long as the lapse of time is not emphasized by the writer, the reader is content to see the *dramatis personæ* of the tale only in their immediate and frequent relation to each other; but when he is repeatedly reminded that year after year is rolling round, he cannot help doubting if the tremendous pressure which each person in the story has on his or her neighbor would not in the course of nature be somewhat more relaxed. By keeping out of sight this troublesome element of time, the

author would find it easier to persuade us that the very trifling incidents of the story, like the gift of a bunch of heliotropes, or the attitude in which people stand or sit, must needs recur to the memory of the characters from time to time. In so realistic a tale as this, these romantic incidents have a disproportionate value.

We forget that we are talking about a story which the reader may chance not to have read. It is the story, in its main lines, of a young woman entering Washington society just as a young officer in the army — who if he had stayed longer in Washington would doubtless have won the young woman — left for the frontier. After eight years, Colonel Tredennis returns to Washington, to find Bertha Herrick the wife of a light-minded, selfish fellow, who is drifting about. She has apparently thrown herself into society from a love of power and a pursuit of happiness, but the return of the friend of her youth is the occasion for a better knowledge of her. She has secretly retained her love of him, which has grown more intense with the decline of her respect for her husband. Through one administration we are allowed to see the torture of this unhappy woman. Outwardly she is the brightest, gayest, of mortals, and little by little these arts and charms are made use of by her husband to accomplish political and corrupt ends. Colonel Tredennis looks on in anguish. He refuses to abandon his faith in her, but that faith must rest upon recollection and occasional glimpses of her real nature; the sight which is offered him is of a heartless, restless woman. But this is the mask which she wears to conceal from him her fatal love. She seems bent on destroying his faith in her, in order to protect herself from herself.

This incessant conflict between the real and the assumed woman is, in our judgment, a violation of nature. We do not deny that Mrs. Burnett has con-

¹ *Through One Administration*. By FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT. Boston: James R. Osgood & Co. 1883.

structed this dualism with great subtlety and skill, but the very means which she has taken tends to create skepticism; for the reader is compelled to follow a bewildering succession of dresses, attitudes, looks, and half-uttered words in order to realize to himself this protean shape. The brilliant conversations which are intended to illustrate her position are so dazzling as to confuse the image; and if it were not for the recurrence now and again to the real tragedy which is going on, the reader would become weary of this highly wrought woman and unable to give her the dole of pity to which she is entitled. Moreover, the subtlety with which Mrs. Burnett treats this character involves her in a singular inconsistency. Mrs. Amory is represented as a woman of great penetration. She certainly has read her husband thoroughly; yet after an indefinitely long and very familiar acquaintance with the Westoria business, this subtle woman is overpowered by a revelation of the central fact. It seems impossible that she should not have known of her husband's real connection with the fraud.

There are two other characters, who act somewhat as foils to the principal ones: Arbuthnot, an extremely refined and sensitive man, who hovers near the tragedy, and Agnes Sylvestre, a woman who has suffered like Bertha, but has found a philosophic repose. The details of each character are drawn with scrupulous care and much nicety, and the scene of their betrothal is admirably managed. Nevertheless, clever as Arbuthnot is, we venture to think that Mrs. Burnett deliberately changed her mind about him when her story was half done. She tries in the latter half to persuade us that Arbuthnot was misunderstood by everybody, and that he was really a fine, unselfish, and honorable fellow. For all that, she is accountable for the misunderstanding. She has furnished certain touchstones of character in Professor Herrick and Colonel Tre-

dennis, and gives us to understand, in the former half of the book, that these men profoundly distrust Arbuthnot, not from anything which he says or does, but from what he is. That is the way with touchstones. Yet all this distrust vanishes, and not through any new revelation of his character. He has all the make-up of a subtle villain, and the reader accepts him in that quality, only to discover after a while that the author of his being has decided to make his subtlety a subtlety of virtue.

It is, indeed, the excess of this fine-spun web of character which weakens the value of Mrs. Burnett's work. The reader is required to follow the pattern of the spiritual plot too closely. The incidental plot is not perplexing. That is seen clearly enough; but the difficulty arises from an insistence of the author that we shall know her characters too intimately, and it is her own fault that, in keeping us constantly at work finding them out, she retards the progress of her story, and creates a sense of weariness. Could we not have known Mrs. Amory just as well through fewer interviews? Must we be introduced to her afresh whenever she puts on a new gown? Even her physical disabilities come to fatigue us. She is constantly on the verge of greater ills than befall her, and we come to think of her as living in a condition of arrested faintness. This physical statement goes too far. We object to having mysterious operations of her organization hinted at, with an aside by the author that women will understand what she means.

There is, however, a finer womanly power which excites our admiration. No man could have written the dramatic scene where Mrs. Amory triumphs over her adversaries at the ball, when her social doom seemed already pronounced; and the reader for once is really excited by the fear that she will not have the physical strength to go through with it. He watches the color in her cheek with

real concern. There are passages, also, which refuse to admit of reference to sex, as that admirable one when Tredennis confronts Amory and wrings his true character from him. It is plain that Washington society has given Mrs. Burnett much food for reflection, and the lives of the men and women who draw their bread from official patronage are depicted with power and earnestness. There is much that is in protest against corruption, and there are glimpses of political life as seen from the interior; but after all, the author's interest is in her characters and their effect upon each

other. We think that if she had allowed this interaction of the characters to take place more positively through the incidents of such society, and had depended less upon their perpetual comment upon each other, her book would have been a stronger one. It is strong in patches; it lacks the cumulative force of a great tragedy, because, while the plot is cumulative, the crisis of the characters is never really reached; at any rate, there is no coincidence between that crisis and the crisis of the plot. The book, when all is said, is a brilliant book. It might have been a great one.

JONES VERY.

MR. ANDREWS has done an excellent service in saving from oblivion the name of a man and a poet unique in his time, and singularly out of keeping with this age of worldliness.¹ In 1839, a little volume of his writings, including three prose essays, Shakespeare, Hamlet, and Epic Poetry, with about sixty sonnets in the Shakespearean form and a few lyrical pieces, was published by Little & Brown, at the instance of Mr. Emerson, who took a warm personal and literary interest in the author. This collection is out of print, and has for many years been rare. The present volume does not contain the essays, but comprises twice as many poems, though still not all that Mr. Very produced. The essays would scarcely attract attention now, in the altered condition of literary estimate; many of the poems are commonplace; some are but feeble repetitions of sentiments that had been better expressed before. One or two of those here presented to the public might have

been dropped, as being tame or diluted; but the best give evidence of original power, genuine feeling, and unconscious art, if art can be said ever to be unconscious. At all events, they betray a peculiar tone of religious emotion, expressed in suitable language, always simple, often beautiful, sometimes ravishingly sweet and touching. We cannot in all cases respond to Mr. Andrews' judgment that "Mr. Very's verse is absolutely composed without a thought of literary form;" that might not be a recommendation; but we can say with him that it is characterized by "a wholly natural spontaneity, which is almost as rare as it is conceded to be admirable."

From the little memoir, simply, modestly, and charmingly written, without fulsome laudation, yet with loving appreciation of the author's claims, one learns that Mr. Very was born at Salem, on the 28th of August, 1813; that when a boy nine years old he went to sea with his father, who was a shipmaster; that he studied at the public grammar school of his native town; that he was an eager student, recluse, shy, introspec-

¹ *Poems*. By JONES VERY. With an Introductory Memoir by WILLIAM P. ANDREWS. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

tive; that, after due preparation, in course of which he qualified himself as a tutor in Latin, he entered Harvard College in the last term of the Sophomore year, and was graduated with all but the highest rank in 1836; that he was appointed tutor in Greek, a language he excelled in, and studied theology in the Divinity School at the same time; that he was not a popular preacher, never had a parish, never received a "call;" that in 1838, including some months of 1837 and 1839,—the height of the so-called Transcendental period,—he experienced a singular illumination, won the sympathies of Mr. Emerson and other leaders of that movement, and was by many regarded as a great light, by many as a candidate, along with Mr. Emerson and others, for an insane asylum; that at the end of this crisis, during which he wrote his finest poems, he fell into obscurity, passed the remainder of his days in Salem, and died on the 8th of May, 1880. At the time the present writer knew him, ten years or so after his spiritual exaltation, he was a tall, thin man, quiet, reserved, silent, serene, who had somewhat the aspect of an extinct crater. He looked as if he belonged to another sphere. His form was angular, his movement shy, his speech simple, plain, direct. His greeting was not *heartly*, precisely, for it was bloodless, but gladsome, a singular smile irradiating his solemn countenance like the sudden revelation of a soul within. It came and went instantaneously, leaving no trace of its presence, betraying no hint of its origin. The man appeared and disappeared like a spectre. His poems show a deep though calm love of natural beauty. According to Mr. Andrews, his fondness for flowers was early instilled into him by his mother, for whom he cherished a very tender affection; but, as appears from his writings, his love as well for nature as for man was of an impersonal character, the love of God absorbing all other, the

thought of divine manifestation alone being of interest to him. Hawthorne ascribed his limitations to a want of feeling for the ludicrous. This is apparent; but equally apparent is the absence of *humor* in the sense of personal sympathy with life. Thus in the two sonnets, one entitled *The Slaveholder*, the other *The Slave*, there is no allusion to the human condition of either, or to the conflict which divided the country. The reader would not suspect that any save spiritual considerations were of the smallest concern.

In the days of his fame, if fame it could be called, Mr. Very's poems attracted the attention of a few eminent judges. Emerson spoke enthusiastically of them as "bearing the unquestionable stamp of grandeur." "They have the sublime unity of the Decalogue or the Code of Menu; and if as monotonous, yet are they almost as pure, as the sounds of surrounding nature." Mr. Bryant praised their "extraordinary grace and originality." Mr. Richard H. Dana declared that they stood "apart in American literature;" that they were "deeply and poetically thoughtful, true in language, and complete as a whole." Later, Mr. George W. Curtis has given as his judgment that they are "gems of purest ray serene." And in a note to one of Emerson's letters to Carlyle, wherein reference is made to the little volume of Very's *Essays and Poems*, Mr. Charles E. Norton calls it "the work of an exquisite spirit. Some of the poems it contains are as if written by a George Herbert who had studied Shakespeare, read Wordsworth, and lived in America." We quote a few of the poems in order to convey an idea of their character. The following will be familiar to those acquainted with religious verse:

THE PRAYER.

WILT Thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew,
And every blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture drew.

Wilt Thou not visit me ?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone;
And every hill and tree
Lend but one voice, — the voice of Thee alone.

Come, for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the rain;
Come gently as thy holy dove ;
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

I will not hide from them
When thy storms come, though fierce may be
their wrath,
But bow with leafy stem,
And strengthened follow on thy chosen path.

Yes, Thou wilt visit me:
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As, when from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

THE SON.

FATHER, I wait thy word. The sun doth stand
Beneath the mingling line of night and day,
A listening servant, waiting thy command
To roll rejoicing on its silent way;
The tongue of time abides the appointed hour,
Till on our ear its solemn warnings fall;
The heavy cloud withholds the pelting shower,
Then every drop speeds onward at thy call;
The bird reposes on the yielding bough,
With breast unswollen by the tide of song;
So does my spirit wait thy presence now
To pour thy praise in quickening life along,
Chiding with voice divine man's lengthened sleep,
While round the Unuttered Word and Love their
vigils keep.

THE SPIRIT LAND.

FATHER! thy wonders do not singly stand,
Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed;
Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.
In finding Thee are all things round us found;
In losing Thee are all things lost beside:
Ears have we, but in vain strange voices sound,
And to our eyes the vision is denied;
We wander in a country far remote,
Mid tombs and ruined piles in death to dwell;
Or on the records of past greatness dote,
And for a buried soul the living sell;
While on our path bewildered falls the night
That ne'er returns us to the fields of light.

CHANGE.

FATHER! there is no change to live with Thee,
Save that in Christ I grow from day to day;
In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
I but rejoicing hasten on the way.
The morning comes with blushes overspread,
And I new-wakened find a morn within;
And in its modest dawn around me shed,
Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.
Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend;
Yet they could never reach as far as me,

Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
That I, a child, might rest a while on Thee,
Till to the light restored by gentle sleep,
With new-found zeal I might thy precepts keep.

Some of the most characteristic pieces
are given, in order that the reader may
appreciate their spirit: —

THE NEW WORLD.

THE night that has no star lit up by God,
The day that round men shines who still are blind,
The earth their grave-turned feet for ages trod,
And sea swept over by His mighty wind, —
All these have passed away; — the melting dream
That flitted o'er the sleeper's half-shut eye,
When touched by morning's golden-darting
beam; —
And he beholds around the earth and sky
That ever real stands, the rolling shores
And heaving billows of the boundless main,
That show, though time is past, no trace of years.
And earth restored he sees as his again,
The earth that fades not and the heavens that
stand,
Their strong foundations laid by God's right hand.

MORNING.

THE light will never open sightless eyes,
It comes to those who willingly would see;
And every object — hill, and stream, and skies —
Rejoice within th' encircling line to be.
'T is day, — the field is filled with busy hands,
The shop resounds with noisy workmen's din,
The traveler with his staff already stands
His yet unmeasured journey to begin;
The light breaks gently, too, within the breast, —
Yet there no eye awaits the crimson morn,
The forge and noisy anvil are at rest,
Nor men nor oxen tread the fields of corn,
Nor pilgrim lifts his staff, — it is no day
To those who find on earth their place to stay.

THE LOST.

THE fairest day that ever yet has shone
Will be when thou the day within shalt see;
The fairest rose that ever yet has blown,
When thou the flower thou lookest on shalt be.
But thou art far away among Time's toys;
Thyself the day thou lookest for in them,
Thyself the flower that now thine eye enjoys,
But wilted now thou hang'st upon thy stem.
The bird thou hearest on the budding tree,
Thou hast made sing with thy forgotten voice;
But when it swells again to melody,
The song is thine in which thou wilt rejoice;
And thou new risen 'midst these wonders live,
That now to them dost all thy substance give.

THE APOSTLES.

THE words that come unuttered by the breath,
Looks without eyes, these lighten all the globe;
They are the ministering angels, sent where
Death
Has walked the earth so long in seraph's robe;

See crowding to their touch the groping blind !
 And ears long shut to sound are bent to hear ;
 Quick as they speak the lame new vigor find,
 And language to the dumb man's lips is near ;
 Hail, sent to us, ye servants of high heaven !
 Unseen, save by the humble and the poor ;
 To them glad tidings have your voices given ;
 For them their faith has wrought the wished-for
 cure ;
 And ever shall they witness bear of you,
 That He who sent you forth to heal was true.

THE DEAD.

I SEE them, — crowd on crowd they walk the
 earth,
 Dry leafless trees no autumn wind laid bare ;
 And in their nakedness find cause for mirth,
 And all unclad would winter's rudeness dare ;
 No sap doth through their clattering branches
 flow,
 Whence springing leaves and blossoms bright ap-
 pear ;
 Their hearts the living God have ceased to know
 Who gives the spring-time to th' expectant year.
 They mimic life, as if from Him to steal
 His glow of health to paint the livid cheek ;
 They borrow words for thoughts they cannot feel,
 That with a seeming heart their tongue may
 speak ;
 And in their show of life more dead they live
 Than those that to the earth with many tears they
 give.

WORSHIP.

THERE is no worship now : the idol stands
 Within the Spirit's holy resting-place !
 Millions before it bend with upraised hands,
 And with their gifts God's purer shrine disgrace.
 The prophet walks unhonored 'mid the crowd
 That to the idol's temple daily throng ;
 His voice unheard above their voices loud,
 His strength too feeble 'gainst the torrent strong ;
 But there are bounds that ocean's rage can stay
 When wave on wave leaps madly to the shore :
 And soon the prophet's word shall men obey,
 And hushed to peace the billows cease to roar ;
 For He who spake, and warring winds kept peace,
 Commands again, and man's wild passions cease.

Half a dozen poems should be copied
 to show Mr. Very's fine feeling for nat-
 ural beauty : —

NATURE.

THE bubbling brook doth leap when I come by,
 Because my feet find measure with its call ;
 The birds know when the friend they love is nigh,
 For I am known to them, both great and small ;
 The flowers that on the lovely hill-side grow
 Expect me there when Spring their bloom has
 given ;
 And many a tree and bush my wanderings know,
 And e'en the clouds and silent stars of heaven :
 For he who with his Maker walks aright
 Shall be their lord, as Adam was before ;
 His ear shall catch each sound with new delight,

Each object wear the dress which then it wore ;
 And he, as when erect in soul he stood,
 Hear from his Father's lips that all is good.

THE WINTER RAIN.

THE rain comes down, it comes without our call ;
 Each pattering drop knows well its destined place,
 And soon the fields whereon the blessings fall
 Shall change their frosty look for Spring's sweet
 face ;
 So fall the words thy Holy Spirit sends,
 Upon the heart where Winter's robe is flung ;
 They shall go forth as certain of their ends,
 As the wet drops from out thy vapors wrung :
 Spring will not tarry, though more late its rose
 Shall bud and bloom upon the sinful heart ;
 Yet when it buds, forever there it blows,
 And hears no Winter bid its bloom depart ;
 It strengthens with his storms, and grows more
 bright
 When o'er the earth is cast his mantle white.

LABOR AND REST.

THOU need'st not rest : the shining spheres are
 thine
 That roll perpetual on their silent way,
 And Thou dost breathe in me a voice divine,
 That tells more sure of thine eternal sway ;
 Thine the first starting of the early leaf,
 The gathering green, the changing autumn hue ;
 To Thee the world's long years are but as brief
 As the fresh tints that Spring will soon renew.
 Thou needest not man's little life of years,
 Save that he gather wisdom from them all ;
 That in thy fear he lose all other fears,
 And in thy calling heed no other call.
 Then shall he be thy child to know thy care.
 And in thy glorious Self the eternal Sabbath
 share.

THE VIOLET.

THOU tellest truths unspoken yet by man,
 By this thy lonely home and modest look ;
 For he has not the eyes such truths to scan,
 Nor learns to read from such a lowly book.
 With him it is not life firm-fixed to grow
 Beneath the outspreading oaks and rising pines,
 Content this humble lot of thine to know,
 The nearest neighbor of the creeping vines ;
 Without fixed root he cannot trust, like thee,
 The rain will know the appointed hour to fall,
 But fears lest sun or shower may hurtful be,
 And would delay or speed them with his call ;
 Nor trust like thee when wintry winds blow cold,
 Whose shrinking form the withered leaves enfold.

THE SABBATIA.

THE sweet-briar rose has not a form more fair,
 Nor are its hues more beauteous than thine own,
 Sabbatia, flower most beautiful and rare !
 In lonely spots blooming unseen, unknown.
 So spiritual thy look, thy stem so light,
 Thou seemest not from the dark earth to grow ;
 But to belong to heavenly regions bright,
 Where night comes not, nor blasts of winter blow.
 To me thou art a pure, ideal flower,

So delicate that mortal touch might mar;
 Not born, like other flowers, of sun and shower,
 But wandering from thy native home afar
 To lead our thoughts to some serener clime,
 Beyond the shadows and the storms of time.

THE INVITATION.

STAY where thou art, thou need'st not further go,
 The flower with me is pleading at thy feet;
 The clouds, the silken clouds, above me flow,
 And fresh the breezes come thy cheek to greet.
 Why hasten on; — hast thou a fairer home?
 Has God more richly blest the world than here,
 That thou in haste would'st from thy country
 room,
 Favored by every month that fills the year?
 Sweet showers shall on thee here, as there, descend;
 The sun salute thy morn and gild thy eve:
 Come, tarry here, for Nature is thy friend,
 And we an arbor for ourselves will weave;
 And many a pilgrim, journeying on as thou,
 Will grateful bless its shade, and list the wind-
 struck bough.

AUTUMN LEAVES.

THE leaves, though thick, are falling: one by one
 Decayed they drop from off their parent tree;
 Their work with Autumn's latest day is done, —
 Thou seest them borne upon the breezes free.
 They lie strewn here and there, their many dyes
 That yesterday so caught thy passing eye;
 Soiled by the rain each leaf neglected lies,
 Upon the path where now thou hurriest by.
 Yet think thee not their beauteous tints less fair
 Than when they hung so gayly o'er thy head;
 But rather find thee eyes, and look thee there
 Where now thy feet so heedless o'er them tread,
 And thou shalt see, where wasting now they lie,
 The unseen hues of immortality.

These poems sufficiently express the quality of Mr. Very's production. He was unique and peculiar. His vein was narrow, but deep. He had not the piercing insight of Emerson, the keen observation of Bryant, the warm human sympathy of Longfellow, the artistic feeling of Lowell, or the hilarity of Holmes. But he possessed a profound sense of the reality of divine things as symbolized in nature. He had but one thought, that of the immanence of God. He had but one emotion, a desire that the Spirit might be witnessed and confessed. He had but one interest, that men should turn their eyes towards the light. He was a mystic, but not of the German type; more Christian than Emerson, rather Greek than Latin in the

style of his devoutness. To read him is like reading Vaughan.

In estimating Mr. Very's poetry, so much depends on an understanding of his spiritual mood that we venture to borrow a passage or two from Mr. Emerson's diary as throwing light upon this point. On October 26, 1838, he records, —

"Jones Very came hither two days since. His position accuses society as much as society names that false and morbid. And much of his discourse concerning society, church, and college was absolutely just.

"He says it is with him a day of hate, that he discerns the bad element in every person whom he meets, which repels him; he even shrinks a little to give the hand, that sign of receiving. The institutions, the cities which men have built the world over, look to him like a huge ink-blot. His only guard in going to see men is that he goes to do them good, else they would injure him spiritually. He lives in the sight that he who made him made the things he sees. He would as soon embrace a black Egyptian mummy as Socrates. He would obey, — obey. He is not disposed to attack religions or charities, though false. The bruised reed he would not break, smoking flax not quench.

"He had the manners of a man, — one, that is, to whom life was more than meat. He felt it, he said, an honor to wash his face, being, as it was, the temple of the Spirit.

"In the woods, he said to me, 'One might forget here that the world was desert and empty, and all the people wicked.'

"What led him to study Shakespeare was the fact that all young men say, Shakespeare was no saint; yet see what Genius. He wished to solve that problem. When he was asked, What was the difference between wisdom and genius? he replied, 'Wisdom was of

God,' — but he had left genius, and could not speak of it. He was pressed further, and said, 'Genius was the decay of Wisdom.' He added, 'To the pre-existent Shakespeare Wisdom was offered: but he did not accept it, and so he died away into Genius. When his vineyard was given him, God looked that he should bring forth grapes, but he brought forth sour grapes.' 'But,' said the interrogator, 'my grapes tasted sweet.' He replied, 'That was because you knew not the sweet. All things are sweet, until there comes a sweeter.'

"His words were loaded with his fact. What he said, he held, was not personal to him; was no more disputable than the shining of yonder sun, or the blowing of this south wind."

"He prized his verses, he said, not because they were *his*, but because they were *not*."

In September, 1838, Very writes to Emerson: —

"I am glad at last to be able to transmit what has been told me of Shakespeare; 't is but the faint echo of that which speaks to you now. . . . You hear not mine own words, but the teachings of the Holy Ghost. . . . My friend, I tell you these things as they are told me, and hope soon for a day or two of leisure, when I may speak to you face to face as I now write."

These poems can hardly be popular in an age like ours, — an age fond of change, diversion, variety, amusement, color; an age of external decoration, averse to meditation, inclined to criticise rather than to believe. But there must be many devout souls who will welcome this beautiful volume with delight, as expressing lofty thoughts in musical phrase.

AMERICAN ECONOMICS.

It has been a long-standing indictment preferred against the few American economists that they have borrowed both their methods and their doctrines from the English school. While this criticism, which does not ask what is true, but where it came from, is of course eminently captious, still it is apt to make us look with more than usual interest to the appearance of any work by our own writers. Our anxiety to satisfy American pride is, perhaps, even yet a frailty which draws us slightly from the strictness of scientific estimates. So that there would seem to be a fine opportunity for patriotic felicitations at finding two volumes by our own writers, one of which covers the field of political economy proper, and the other that of American public finance to the breaking out of the late war.

But, like the long-awaited American novel, the ideal text-book on political economy is yet to be written. Although General Walker¹ possesses in a high degree the qualities for success, — long experience as a teacher, familiarity with wide reaches of economic literature, close acquaintance with industrial and public affairs, and a strong hold on the community as a man of earnestness and ability, — yet it must be remembered that these qualifications for larger work do not necessarily imply success in so adjusting an economic system that it may be symmetrical and clear to readers who have had little experience with such questions. It is one thing to produce, quite another thing to impart; it requires one set of qualities in a man to

¹ *Political Economy*. By FRANCIS A. WALKER. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1883.

grow a potato, but a very different one to prepare it for a fastidious palate. The style is frank and easy, but we are confident that few persons, although trained by previous study, can gain a clear and definite conception, from General Walker's book, of such elementary ideas as competition, cost of production, demand for money, or value. In fact, we have heard a dozen men, all accustomed to the discussion of these questions, prejudiced in favor of the writer, wishing only to understand him, differ widely as to his meaning. The book, however, must stand or fall, as regards matters of doctrine, on the peculiar tenets of the author respecting the wages question, and that part of profits called by him the entrepreneur's profits, but generally known as wages of superintendence. As to wages, he holds to his former position, that they are not paid from capital previously accumulated, but from the product of the labor. This has been discussed in past years, but to-day it is probable that most students yet concur in believing that wages are, in any extended division of labor such as appears in modern industrial life, necessarily guaranteed and paid from wealth previously accumulated and set aside for production. The exceptional cases presented by General Walker, where wages have been paid out of the finished product, have happened where division of labor is imperfect. Of course, the final outcome of the crop or product is the fund out of which rent, profits, and wages can be paid; and if it is generally large, wages are high, as are profits also. Compare, for instance, wages and profits in England and in the United States. The size of the final product no doubt affects the promise of wages which the employer makes to the laborer; but, in actual fact, the hirer provides from previous accumulations machinery, buildings (which require large advances), materials, tools, and hats, shoes, clothing, bread, and shelter (by the payment

of money with which these articles are purchased), for the laborer, and then takes all the risks of reimbursement from the ultimate product. It is almost a truism to state this. Were it necessary to go further in showing that wages are not paid out of the final result, attention should be called to the fact that wages would not be altered were the product to fall short in any operation. Suppose all the finished goods to turn out unmarketable, by a change of fashion during the time of production: the laborers have been hired at stipulated wages; and if the employer has not at hand the gathered store of capital out of which labor may be paid, he will be obliged to convert his wealth, not previously intended for investment, as his house or horses, into such capital as will pay the men. The failure in the result will not diminish wages. But it may be said that reference is had to a permanent and continuing state of affairs; that if product should be a long time short or large, it would affect wages in general correspondingly. This is true, but it would modify only the promises to give larger or smaller amounts permanently out of previous accumulations, for which the employer expected to be recouped from the final result. In short, every business man knows that he takes all the risks, pays his laborers wages, no matter what happens, and stands between them and uncertainty; he it is who gains or loses by variations in the final product. The employer, without doubt, but not the laborer, is paid out of the completed articles. If so, General Walker's theory is not consistent with the facts of industrial life, and is no argument against a fair statement of the principle that capital is the fund out of which wages are paid, Mr. Henry George's hallucinations to the contrary notwithstanding.

This brings us to an examination of the author's central idea of distribution, and to the pivotal part of his system.

In fact, it is upon just these questions within the field of distribution that there is now rightly the most discussion among economists. As we all know, the value of the total product is the fund from which comes the amounts to be divided as wages, profit, and rent. The sum to be paid as rent is determinate, and settled by the Ricardoan formula, leaving the remainder of the amount to wages and profits. There is no dispute here. The second element, profits, is separated into (1) interest, or a payment to capital solely for abstinence; (2) insurance, for risk on the investment; and (3) the profits of the entrepreneur, or manager, for wages of superintendence. The payment for the entrepreneur is separated from that of the capitalist. But, says the author, the interest and insurance are likewise determinate, and settled by general rules, leaving the value of the product yet remaining to the entrepreneur and laborer. Then he attempts to show that the entrepreneur's share is also one fixed by a general law, so that the only undetermined portion, which can rise with improvements in processes, goes to the laborer. With this position we are certainly not in agreement. The capital objection is that it is not in accordance with the facts of business. We have indicated above our reasons for believing that it is the entrepreneur's share which is variable, rising or falling with the success or failure of production. Indeed, in his work on the Wages Question, when entering his objections against productive coöperation, General Walker pointedly urges that it is essential to the proper temper of the entrepreneur, or "captain of industry," that he should gain what is gained and lose what is lost. But this volume holds that there are varieties of business skill, just as there are varying grades of land; that at the bottom there are entrepreneurs who gain only mere laborer's wages, while above that their gains are fixed by their superiority over the poorest managers,

the "no-profits entrepreneurs." In this way, it is desired to explain that the entrepreneur's profits from the value of the product are fixed by a regulating principle, and that, by a process similar to economic rent, they form no part of the price of commodities; meaning that skillful management allows the goods to be produced cheaper in proportion to the manager's superiority, and that the difference between this cost and that under the no-profits entrepreneur is the source of profits for skill. This, however, cannot be reconciled with industrial facts. To begin with elementary law, all know that there is admitted to be a difference between the production of articles which can be increased in quantity only by an increasing cost (whenever the law of diminishing returns acts) and those whose cost generally falls with larger production, and whose supply is practically limited only by the application of labor and capital. Wheat and corn are examples of the former class, and cotton goods and shovels of the latter. A great business is now a question of fractions. Any manager of large cotton mills would tell you that his business depended on a small fraction of an ounce in the weight of his thread, or of a per cent. in the market price. An advantage of one half a cent a yard would allow him to undersell the market, and add indefinitely to the production of his mill. In brief, there is nothing in the shape of a law of diminishing returns to prevent him from supplying the whole market. In actual trade it means that his commission house offers the goods cheaper, sells increasing amounts of goods, and drives other firms out of business. The greater the quantity of goods manufactured, the greater the division of labor and use of other economical devices, and the easier to sell his goods cheaper. But our author would hold that the no-profits entrepreneur, who could not produce his goods as cheaply, would fix the market price at which the

great managers sell their goods. It seems hardly necessary to say that this is not true. If we are right, then the price of commodities which are capable of unlimited increase depends on the cost of production under the most skillful entrepreneur, and so the market price in continuous production must tend to conform to this. We cannot, therefore, agree with General Walker's treatment of distribution, and consequently do not think that his is a good book to be put into the hands of beginners.

Even in the theory of rent, which the writer accepts, of course, he would convey a wrong impression when applying it to mines. That theory points out that rent is due to the superiority in advantages of one mine to another. The author adds that mines present a special case, in that they are ultimately exhausted, while land is not. But if this is a consideration applicable to all mines, it does not in the least affect their comparative advantages, and it is wholly upon a comparison between different grades of the same things — not the absolute advantages of any one — that we arrive at the amount of rent. The attempt, therefore, to amend the doctrine as applied to mines by adding something as a payment for the destructibility of its powers seems to us like placing an extra plank under a whole row of soldiers in order to determine which is the tallest.

The manly tone of General Walker's book invites full and fair discussion, and it will stimulate the already great interest in economic problems in this country. Even in our best universities little instruction was furnished in this department fifteen years ago. But the impetus given to the study of public finance by our late war is conspicuously seen in every quarter. The history of our own finances is a story of great interest. We have committed gigantic errors, blundered into successes, made some capital "hits," and to-day have the ability to place bonds on the market more

advantageously than any country in the world. It is like the history of a big boy of genius from the back districts, whose hair yet shows some of the hay-seeds, but who is likely to come out right in the end, as soon as he gains discretion and experience. Mr. Bolles,¹ however, is only an annalist, and not wholly trustworthy. He never rises above his facts to see the principles at work in the details; in short, he does not seem to be sufficiently equipped as an economist to catch the real spirit in operation. Perhaps the most notable failure in the book is the slight and insufficient treatment of banking in its connection with the finances and with the great commercial crises. In the chapter treating of the second United States Bank there is a superficial statement of events, but the reader would not gain a clear insight into the operations of credit and banking which attended the crisis of 1837. In short, no serious economic study has been made of a single crisis, either at this time or in 1857. This was the writer's opportunity; but it was not seized. When quoting Gouge's report on the sub-treasury system in 1855, he sees that the banks in increasing their liabilities would have been affected by the government deposits; but in another connection, in speaking of the "pet banks" in 1833, he finds the cause of this increase in "their desire to earn fat dividends." In general the facts given on the history of government deposits are more satisfactory than any account to be found elsewhere, and have an especial value at this time, when the treasury is so actively interfering with the money market. When we turn to his two chapters on coinage, to glean his testimony as to the experience of the United States in its long experiment in bimetallism, very little else than undigested facts confronts

¹ *The Financial History of the United States from 1789 to 1860.* By ALBERT S. BOLLES. New York: D. Appleton & Co. 1883.

us. No conception of principles is to be found. There is no reference to the culminating effect of the large silver production since 1780 (to be compared only with that of the sixteenth century in its excess over gold), but mention is made of the unfounded statement that the change in the ratio between the two metals in 1818 might be due to the resumption of cash payments by the Bank of England. Yet on the next page it is said that "it was apparent, even before the war of 1812, that gold was more desirable for exportation than silver." If so, then the fabled "gold hunger" in England from 1819 to 1821 had little to do with the change in this country. That was clearly explained by a fall in the bullion value of silver. In fact, our coinage history is a striking illustration of the impossibility of keeping two metals in concurrent use, when both are an unlimited legal tender; but

the details of mint operations are more attractive to our author than such explanations. In the wider field of tariff legislation the theory of protection receives rather inadequate treatment. Mr. Bolles says that in the beginning of the century "protection of American industries from foreign competition was a principle very widely accepted;" but we find that the grounds of the policy were not those which would command universal acceptance among protectionists, if we read the statement on the next page, that "home manufactures were encouraged, not solely to get them cheaper, either immediately or prospectively, but because revenge [that is, against England] was sweet, even if purchased at considerable cost to the avenger." In these chapters on the history of tariff legislation Mr. Bolles has essayed an ambitious task, but has not treated it in the proper historical spirit.

THE FREEDOM OF FAITH.

WHEN a clergyman puts forth a volume of sermons, he makes a tacit application for admission into the ranks of literature. It is true, he may so emphasize the sermon form in his book as to give the impression that he is but seeking to enlarge his parish; on the other hand, he may so subordinate this form as to appear to unfrock himself. In the main, however, while a volume of sermons can scarcely escape the conditions of its origin, it does, by ranging itself with other books, acquire a certain consideration as literature; the very fact that the sermons are to be read, and not listened to, subjects them to the tests applied to other printed books. Mr. Munger, in his *The Freedom of Faith*,¹

has shown a singular felicity in adapting himself to the readers of books, without losing his proper function of a preacher to hearers. To begin with outside impressions, his book appeals to the eye as a work of literature. It has a cheerful, ruddy countenance, and its dress is that of dignity and ease. Then the title is a comprehensive one, which indicates the spirit of the work, and is not drawn from any single theme under treatment; the titles of the separate sermons are bold and suggestive; the name sermon is scarcely obtruded; each division of the book has, to be sure, its heading drawn from a passage in the Bible, but it has also, by way of illustrative text, a collection of passages from literature, all of remarkable beauty and aptness. Only once in the book do we notice a

¹ *The Freedom of Faith.* By THEODORE T. MUNGER. Boston: Houghton, Mifflin & Co. 1883.

sentence which requires the notion of a listening audience to complete it.

The connection with literature which the book has is not confined to the use of mottoes. The reader is repeatedly refreshed, in following the discussion of some high theme, by a draught from pure literature; the reference to poet or philosopher is not for illustration only, but for interpretation. When, for example, Mr. Munger is treating of Moral Environment, he draws from the poets a fine argument for the existence of a world of moral and spiritual fact, which is the theatre and condition of moral and spiritual culture. "Shakespeare," he says, "almost without fail, puts every great moral action into a framework of corresponding physical likeness. The tempest in Lear's heart is linked to the tempest of the elements by more than a fancy. The moonlight sleeping on the bank and the distant music have a logical relation to the lovers' hearts. When 'fair is foul and foul is fair,' these moral confusions 'hover through the fog and filthy air,' and are uttered on a 'blasted heath.' . . . Throughout, this master of thought throws back into the physical world the reflections of the moral acts done within it, but on what ground, except that in and behind the physical there is a moral order, on which they repose?" In another place, when calling for the testimony of men in support of a belief in immortality, he makes the significant statement:—

"The master-minds have been strongest in their affirmations of it. We do not refer to those who receive it as a part of their religion. In weighing the value of the natural or instructive belief, Augustine's faith does not count for so much as Cicero's, and Plato's outweighs Bacon's; Plutarch is a better witness than Chrysostom, Montesquieu than Wesley, Franklin than Edwards, Emerson than Channing; Greg's hope is more significant than Bushnell's faith. . . . Wordsworth touched the high-water

mark of the literature of the century in his Ode on Immortality, and Tennyson's greatest poem is throughout exultant in the hope that 'Life shall live forever more.'"

If all this merely indicated the affluence of Mr. Munger's literary reference, it would not go far toward demonstrating the integral literary value of his sermons. Indeed, abundance of quotation or allusion leads one to suspect the originality of an author's mind. The worth of the volume, upon the side of literature, lies rather in the fact that Mr. Munger ranges himself in his thought with poets and thinkers, and not distinctly with theologians. Herein is an important discovery; for whatever may be the contribution which theology makes to science, it is the contact of theology with the conduct of life which must determine the universality of any theological revival. Mr. Munger prefaces his volume with a paper on 'The New Theology,' though he deprecates that popular name, and thinks the current movement more justly a Renaissance. The paper is one of clearness, precision, and breadth; but after all, his position is vindicated by nothing so much as by the alliance which he is constantly making, consciously or unconsciously, with the common thoughts and hopes of men. The poets in all ages have been witnesses to the highest life of humanity, and Mr. Munger as a theologian is eager to share their position, not to make one for preachers. The junction which he makes with literature is not a mechanical one; it is real and vital.

There is another aspect, almost equally removed from the professional, in which these sermons may be regarded. A sermon usually implies not only a hearer, but a hearer who has come to church in a more or less willing mood. By placing himself in the congregation he has rendered himself liable to be looked upon by the preacher as one of "my people." A minister of singular in-

sight into character has called attention to the attitude which a pastor takes to his hearers: "There is something in the congregation which is not in the men and women as he knows them in their separate humanities, something in the aggregate which was not in the individuals, a character in the whole which was not in the parts. This is the reason why he can group them in his thought as a peculiar people, hold them in his hand as a new human unity in congregation."

The relation which subsists thus between the minister and his people is capable of a wide interpretation, but it is very apt to be marked somewhat sharply by a distinction in the preacher's mind between those who are and those who are not members of the church. Mr. Munger does not make light of this discrimination. "It is a matter of regret," he says, "that to stand within or without the church is getting to be regarded with indifference;" and elsewhere he leaves the reader in no doubt of his belief in a radical distinction between a living faith and a dead selfishness. Nevertheless, it is very plain that this preacher looks upon men in a broader and more tolerant manner than sometimes belongs to the pulpit. There is a figure who is apt to haunt the mind of the preacher when he is preparing his discourses, and to be present with a contemptuous smile on his face in the congregation, as the preacher looks down upon it from his height. This figure goes frequently by the name of a "mere man of the world." He masquerades largely in pulpit discourses, and has a baleful influence over the minister. It is significant of Mr. Munger's attitude that he seems quite unconscious of the presence of this uncomfortable being. Perhaps it would be more exact to say that these sermons are addressed to men of the world in an unclassified state.

The respect which Mr. Munger shows

his readers is seen in the confidence with which he invites them to a consideration of high themes, and the absence of any concession to indifference. There are preachers who seem anxious to strip Sunday of any shred of sanctity which it may possess; to turn the pulpit into a lecturing desk, and cover the Bible with a newspaper. Mr. Munger is not one of these. He thinks that the spirit of man has eternal possessions, and that these are worthy of the best thought which can be given them; and when he speaks of the life which now is, it is with an unfailing recognition of the heaven above the head, as well as the earth beneath the feet. Thus he makes his theology interpret life, but he does not make a plow-horse of Pegasus. One of the most striking sermons in the volume is the one on Land Tenure; and if any one who is accustomed to hear current affairs discussed in the pulpit will read it, he will find the difference between what is commonly called political preaching and that which deals with the great facts of political life in their relation to Christianity.

We have wished simply to call attention to this volume as an addition to literature. It takes at once a high place, both by the largeness of its temper and the beauty of its style, and by its fidelity to a high ideal of the preacher's vocation. The discourses are sermons, instinct with a personal meaning, not philosophical discussions of important themes. The vitality of the book is to be found in its positive, constructive theology, its freedom from negative criticism, its fullness of conception of spiritual liberty. At the close of the sermon upon The Christ as a Preacher occurs an eloquent passage which is the best possible statement of the quality of the power in this book, and we give it as the keynote of the book:—

"The main element of power in one who speaks is an entire or the largest possible comprehension of the subject.

One may earnestly declare a truth, but if he does not see it he will not impress it. But whenever one sees a truth in all its proportions and relations and bearings, sees it with clear, intense, absolute vision, he will have power over men, however he speaks. Here we have the key to the power with which Christ preached. We read that the spirit of the Lord was upon Him. He was filled with the Spirit; inspired, breathed upon through and through by the divine breath. But it was not the spirit that spoke through the Christ, nor was the power that of the spirit. The power was in the Christ, whose being was set in motion by the spirit. He was not an instrument played upon, a divine harp responding to heavenly winds, but an actor, a mind that saw, a heart that felt, a will that decided, all moving together. He was passive only in the freedom with which He gave himself up to be possessed by the spirit. It was a force behind and in his faculties, illuminating and arousing them to their fullest action. It is not the light that sees, but the eye illuminated by light. Inspiration is a mystery, and it is not a mystery. It is not a mystery in the respect that we know it to be a fact; it is a mystery in the respect that we cannot understand it. We hear the sound thereof, but cannot tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth. It is the witness put into humanity that it is kindred with God. We

know not what it is, but when we feel its breath we know that it is the breath of God. But the spirit is not the power of Christ; it is rather that which sets in action Christ's own power, which lay in his absolute comprehension of what He said, and in a perfect comprehension of his position. He saw the meaning of the Jewish system. He knew what the acceptable year of the Lord meant. He pierced the old system of symbolism to the centre, and drew out its significance. He saw that God was a deliverer from first to last, and measured the significance of the fact. He knew that God was the Father, and the full force and mighty sweep of that name. The whole heart and mind of God were open to Him. . . . This was the power of Christ's preaching; He saw God; He understood God; He comprehended God; He knew what God had done, and would do; the whole purpose and plan of deliverance and redemption lay before Him as an open page. We cannot measure this knowledge of the Christ; we can but faintly conceive of it. But the measure of our conception of it is the measure of our spiritual power over others. We speak, we teach, we live, with power just in the degree in which we have got sight of God in the revealing Christ, and through Him of the purpose and plan that underlie these mysteries that we call life and time."

DOBSON'S FIELDING.

THE current discussions upon modern fiction might easily receive some light from an examination of Fielding's work, and it is a pity that Mr. Dobson, in his careful study,¹ should not have given a

more suggestive sketch of the novelist, even at the risk of leaving unsettled the date and place of Fielding's second marriage. Mr. Dobson, to be sure, excuses himself from offering any critical estimate of Fielding's place in literature on the ground that Mr. Leslie Stephen has

¹ *Fielding*. By AUSTIN DOBSON. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1883.

lately done this well ; but one may fairly ask that the portrait of a man of letters should bear some distinct marks of his appearance in that character, and not show him merely as he might be seen by the rogues who were brought up before the justice of Bow Street.

Mr. Dobson is so much at home in the life and literature of the eighteenth century that we may suspect his very familiarity to have made him indifferent to many matters about which his less informed readers would be curious, and more bent on hunting down obscure facts than of lifting into light, by his imagination, the commoner ones. He has made some additions to our knowledge of particulars in Fielding's life, and he has, by the fullness of his knowledge, given a sensible and reasonable interpretation of incidents which have been a stumbling-block to previous biographers. For so much we are grateful, but Mr. Dobson makes us demand more. We did not want from him, what his book is, a long article for a biographical encyclopædia, where clearness of judgment, accuracy of statement, and directness are the sole requisites ; we wanted an imaginative picture, which should project Fielding from a background of his circumstances, and enable us to see his individuality.

The book is an admirable one for those who already enjoy a fair acquaintance with the literature and characters of Fielding's time. Mr. Dobson moves about among the persons of his story with so much ease that one hardly perceives at first the closeness of his knowledge ; one is aware only of the naturalness of the book, and its freedom from any straining after effect. Thus the casual reflections and side remarks which Mr. Dobson makes have a value quite out of proportion to their apparent intention ; and throughout one has the satisfaction of putting himself under the guidance of a scholar who has been over the ground a great many

times, and is not now making the exploration with the reader.

The somewhat contemptuous tone which Mr. Dobson takes toward Richardson is heightened by the easy justification which he has for Fielding's excesses ; but he is right in requiring a judgment of Fielding's novels to be based upon the novels themselves, and not upon the tales that are told of the author's youth. The present generation of critics has done much to secure fair play for men of letters ; the scientific spirit which aims at an exactness of statement is more favorable to just judgment than that partisan temper which may be found in critics who have a very high code of ethics, and come to the judgment seat with their minds made up beforehand. If we are not mistaken, the students of English literature hereafter will pay the writers of this day the compliment of accepting with little question the results of their investigations. It will remain for them to make a more syncretical judgment, and one more obedient to the imagination. The minuteness of study to-day, which is almost as noticeable in literature as in science, is both corrective and preparatory. It is gently removing errors of past judgment ; it is simplifying the work of a future survey, and the temper of these scholars is a humane one. One might please himself long with a reflection upon the interest which men are taking now in the Queen Anne period, and we suspect that the acute critics of the next generation will entertain the readers of *The Atlantic* with considerations upon this revival of interest. Why was it, they will ask, that in the latter part of the nineteenth century Englishmen, and those Americans who were most under English influence, turned back to the very circumscribed England of the former half of the eighteenth century ? That was a period when Pope's couplets, with their finality, epitomized the well-defined boundary of

the world of which men were conscious ; but in the latter half of the nineteenth century there was an exceeding restlessness of spirit, and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* was a true exponent of the temper of the age. Well, these acute critics will continue, the answer may be looked for both in the reaction which followed a spiritual quest, and in the strong scientific tendencies of the age, which demanded a bottom to things. George Eliot never took any solid satisfaction in the characters whom she

created except in that of Caleb Garth, who was wont to speak of business, as many of religion, with reverence and a profound sense of its reality and comprehensive power. So it was the frankness and the limitations of Fielding that made him satisfactory to students of fiction, and led them to say, Here is well-defined art and a solid basis in human character. We leave to these critics many fine things which they might say. It surely is enough to criticise a critic, without inventing one.

THE CONTRIBUTORS' CLUB.

I HAVE always had a theory that the Sphinx did not destroy herself after *Œdipus* solved her riddle: there are quite as good reasons for believing in her continued and present condition as in that of *Le Juif Errant*. Yet, granting that she did throw herself into the abyss, as reported, she certainly left behind her a long line of descendants. I am always meeting some of the family, for they are well distributed through all departments of society. I do not flatter myself when I say the encounter gives them pleasure: it is somehow apparent to them that I shall prove a meek and unresisting victim; for I could never guess a riddle, nor put together a puzzle, nor pick in pieces any logical or illogical quiddity. From childhood, I have been the obtuse mark of these sharp-shooting wits. "Do you give it up?" was, with me, as effectual as the money-or-life conditioning of a highway robber. I always gave it up, without the least struggle at solution. When I wish for a personal presentment of the type Sphinx, I do not think of the mythological nondescript the word suggests, but I summon up my recollections of a certain village tinker, who, as I remember,

ministered unto the ills that time, in the mortal shape of a clock, is heir to. To this acquaintance of my childhood might have been applied the famous similitude of the interrogation mark; he being little, and crooked, and preëminently an asker of questions. He had withal an Ancient Mariner sort of eye, whereby he held his youthful listener in a condition of helpless fascination, while propounding and expounding his favorite riddles. His *pièce de resistance* was, "Where does the day begin?" Again and again — for my mind, sieve-like, leaked all such useful information — I bewilderedly followed his cruise for the bright meridian, eventually bringing up somewhere in mid-Pacific. I am reminded that, in the text-books of our grandfathers' school-days, provision was made for the nurture and development of the juvenile sphinx. In this respect, the arithmetics were especially admirable: as a relief from the bare and unadorned problems of numerical quantity, there was occasionally thrown in what might have been termed *A Handful of Pleasant Posers*, consisting of various diverting puzzles and catches, — the well-known three-horned dilemma of the

Fox, the Goose, and the Corn being a specimen.

To attempt a rigid classification of the family Sphinx would be to go "beyond the scope of the present work." Only a few of the more notable species may be mentioned. Of such is the mathematical genius, who devises new short methods of extracting the roots as well as of obtaining the powers of numbers, and whose cabalistic processes frequently appear in print. Nearly allied is the species that has a statistical "bee in its bonnet," and is given to barbarous calculations, in which reference is made to the tenth, twentieth, and even hundredth part of a man. A number of the family have studied law and theology, which professions seem to have favored the bent of their natures. Some have become poets (notwithstanding *poeta nascitur, non fit*), in which case they have written sestinas and other metrical wonders. There is yet another species, which of all is the most familiar, and perhaps the most stigmatized. I refer to the species Punster, in which should be included conundrum-mongers, and all those in any wise afflicted with paronomasia. Let us not be too swift to pass judgment upon these unfortunate persons; their intent is doubtless to be social and care-beguiling; in any case, they are their own worst enemies, since the continued study and practice of facetious equivoque have a tendency to mull the brain. It was to meet this sad contingency, I suppose, that the Asylum for Decayed Punsters was founded, some time ago.

In one particular, to my certain knowledge, the present descendants of the Sphinx do not resemble their great ancestress: they have not her acute sensibility; defeat never drives them to make their quietus; they are never known to throw themselves headlong into the abyss. Perhaps their enigmatical resources are not as limited as were those of the ancient Theban bugbear;

if they knew but one riddle (it seems the Sphinx had no more), their grief and mortification at having it solved might lead them to the desperate act of self-destruction.

With his countrymen, Œdipus may have passed for a sage and a hero; we question both his sagacity and his courage. He should have disposed of the riddle by dispatching the Sphinx herself, and saved his wit for some question of genuine, philosophic importance. There is something very satisfactory in the way in which Columbus, at the banquet of old-world fogies, stood the egg on end, and one can scarcely help admiring Alexander for cutting the Gordian knot, instead of wasting precious time by trying to untie it. This is the kind of solution that is usually given by heroes. Says an old aphorism, "The wrangler, the puzzler, and the word-hunter are incapable of great actions." This Parthian arrow we cast at our ancient tormentor and wish him comfort of it.

— It seems doubtful whether we have made more mistakes by reason of rash action than through indecision and deferment. The gist of our favorite philosophy is that we should deliberate long, and act late. This conclusion contains a certain spice of self-flattery: fine, reckless, incendiary spirits are ours, upon the heat and flame of whose disorder we find it necessary to sprinkle cool patience. If the diagnosis covered the case, the treatment recommended would probably be the best one to follow; but what if it be found that the motions of our minds are tardigrade and timorous, characterized by infinite windings and doublings upon their track? Plainly, then, we need no lenitive, but a vigorous tonic and stimulant. It is required that some one develop a new philosophy of immediateness and spontaneity. We are too much in the habit of appealing from the first impression to the sophisticated afterthought, as

from Philip drunk to Philip sober. The chances are that the first impression is no nearer the condition of intelligent sobriety than are those pompous benchers and big-wigs of the mind, — our mature reflections. We never suspect that they can be muddled and heavy-headed, they contrive to maintain such show of judicial dignity in the eyes of their clients. Why is it we so helplessly sit down to a despotic session of *pros* and *cons*, advisory of matters which the heart's election, and not the reason's jury, should be allowed to decide? It is possible our resolution is already taken, though we do not at once recognize it, being confused by the involved processes of our Court of Equity. Let some good genius stand beside us, and cry out, like the not-to-be-trifled-with lover in the old song, —

"Withouten many words,
Once I am sure, you will or no . . .
[Then] use your wit and show it so."

But if it be thought desirable to take a thorough academic course in casuistry, there is no better means to this end than the accustoming ourselves to divide and carefully test all the delicate strands of motive and feeling leading up to any given line of conduct. What respect we pay to certain cautionary maxims: Haste makes waste; *Festina lente*. In minding such guide-boards and danger-signals, we lose sight of the fact that there is equal jeopardy in hesitation and debate. Possibly, we pride ourselves on being too well disciplined to "jump at a conclusion" (leaving such light gymnastic feats to what we are pleased to term the feminine mind); we find it more decorous to take the logical detour, and arrive at our leisure. The shortness of life shall not frighten us into dispatch; when our time-lease runs out, there is eternity for our conclusions. Still, we may justly insist that, in many of the dilemmas which we must meet and overcome, the *saltus*, or jump, is the only safe way to the conclusion. We

have heard something too much of that clever apology for the unready and the unmilitant, — Discretion is the better part of valor. Let us see how it would fit to make over the stuff of the well-worn aphorism, thus: Valor is the better part of discretion. The inverted maxim tallies charmingly with the keen observation, "One sits out as many risks as he runs." I should not be surprised at hearing that indiscretion belongs more to the craven than to the rashest hero. It does not appear that the immediate in decision, the precipitate in action, any oftener meet with disasters than do those who stop at every stage to consult the oracles, — the oracles that delight in obscurity and contradiction! Most ungenerously suspicious are we as to the friendly intention of events toward us. Often we approach what promise to be the royal chances of life with a kind of old-eyed mistrust and watchfulness, — as of wary woodland creatures, that, once having tasted the cruelty of the trap, henceforward suspect springs and toils wherever they go. It would argue more magnanimity if we sometimes dismissed this pitiful circumspectness, and threw ourselves upon the clemency of the future. But we have always before us the fear of that joyless sequel to hasty action, — the repenting at leisure. True, we stand in this peril; yet we might reflect that we can buy no certain immunity, with all our sacrifices to forethought. In any case, the human probabilities are, we shall be visited by some form of regret. (Remember the sage's dilemmatic reply to the young man who sought his opinion on marriage: whether he married or not, he would be sure to repent.) When the cup of repentance passes round, to drink it as the punishment of generous rashness and superabounding faith will not be more humiliating than to have to drink it in spite of all our measures to avoid the draught. We do not need to be taught to multiply considerations and reasons, but to

focus and use those which shine upon the current moment. What, in any enterprise, is so hard as the beginning it? Plunge us at once *in medias res*, and we strike out bravely enough; instinctively defending ourselves, and gaining strength from opposition. But hold the enterprise a long time in ideal projection, and it is ten to one the imagination drops off sated, and leaves us out of conceit with the original purpose. We do well to use instantaneously any purchase we have acquired upon our own native *vis inertia*, as well as upon that of external matter.

— In The Point of View Mr. James's Miss Sturdy, among the many shrewd and just observations she makes, says one thing, not original with her, which indeed we have heard till we are quite familiar with the remark, but which sounds strangely coming from so sensible a person as this lady. She says that one of the dangers attending the American mode of life is that we shall "cease to speak the English language: American is crowding it out." So intelligent a woman as Miss Sturdy ought to know better than to repeat this accusation, meaningless in its vagueness, and therefore eluding a fair encounter and rebuttal. Mr. Antrobus, from his point of view, remarks much to the same effect when he says that, considering the number of people who are being educated in the country, "the tone of the people is less scholarly than one would expect. A lady, a few days since, described to me her daughter as being 'always on the go,' which I take to be a jocular way of saying that the young lady was very fond of paying visits. Another person, the wife of a United States Senator, informed me that if I should go to Washington in January I should be quite 'in the swim.' I inquired the meaning of the phrase." Now that Mr. Antrobus should require to have the meaning of a new slang phrase explained to him is not strange, being

quite in character with the slowness and dullness of his intellect; but that he or any other Englishman should be surprised or shocked at a free use of slang does strike me as something extraordinary. He himself and the "wife of a United States Senator" are fictitious persons; but we are ready to grant to Mr. James the possibility of an actual person occupying such a position indulging herself in the use of a slang phrase. We would not maintain that our Senators and their wives are invariably to be found persons of culture and breeding, and that only persons of culture, breeding, and the best taste habitually refrain from such expressions. The fact is that many people who know perfectly well what is good English, and what is not, do nevertheless, from carelessness or indolence, allow themselves the use of words and phrases which their own good taste condemns. But these persons would be the last to defend their own practice. Others, of less fastidious feeling about the matter, use slang, knowing it to be such, but not careful whether that or the proper English expression comes first to hand. If this habit, however, is all that is meant by the invention of an "American" language, the ridicule is quite misplaced, coming from an Englishman, or any one adopting the English point of view. No persons employ slang more freely in common conversation than the English, so far as my knowledge of them goes. And they use it with the same unconscious air that many Americans have in uttering slang expressions, as though it had become a matter of habit to select such words in preference to correct English. I remember a young English gentleman speaking of a relative who had lost a wife while in a certain place, and who had never been able to endure the sight of the spot since, because of its sad associations. "He really couldn't go there again, you know: he felt too seedy about it." I deplore

the use of slang. The worst effect of its so common use is that a good many persons, not given to thought on such matters, lose sight of the fact that such and such expressions *are* slang. I deplore it, that is, as much as one consistently may, who at the same time confesses to a relish for certain slang phrases that seem to have something of vivid and picturesque expressiveness in them, or a humorous quality evident in the turn of them. I think that, decidedly, there is slang and slang. Some of it — most of it — is vulgar beyond pardon: it seems to me also that it is our imported English slang that lacks the humor and possesses the vulgarity. Some slang is defiling to the mouth that utters it; other slang is comparatively innocent and excusable. But if Miss Sturdy means by the “American” language a language that pretends to be English, or as good as good English, she ought to tell us more plainly what people it is she has heard speak it. She says it is in use in all the newspapers and schools. About the schools I confess I don’t know; as to the newspapers, it is true that many of them abound in vulgarisms of speech, and no doubt help to popularize them. But do they differ in this respect from the journals of Great Britain?

— The reign of the sunflower has been a long one in the world of decorative art, and it might be well to consider its successor. It has been suggested that we turn our attention to the beauty of leaf forms and colors. We never have given full credit to the satisfactory qualities of a well-arranged bouquet of leaves; to tell the truth, people in general know very little about them. It takes a very observant eye to catch at

their details, for most of us look at trees or bushes, or at any foliage, only in the mass, — which is like judging flowers and making friends with them only in solid parterres. Appreciation of the leaves of native and foreign plants will come only by close study of them, and nothing will forward this like their becoming fashionable. As for the monotony of color, it is no disadvantage, if we once grow used to the delicate gradations of tint.

We have already accustomed ourselves to exquisite arrangements of ferns, but if some reader will carry the idea further, she will be greatly astonished at its success. The leaves of the silver poplar, with their whitish under surface, are most beautiful for table decoration. A few sprays in clear glasses, that show plainly the leaves that are under water, with their clinging air bubbles, and the outline of the stems, — these, above the white surface, or even colored surface, of the cloth of the tea-table will be found surprisingly delicate and refreshing on a hot evening, instead of fiery geraniums, or intensely yellow marigolds, or other flowers of the sort. At least, while we do not underrate the value of brilliant colors, we beg our lady friends, who are ever on the lookout for novelties and new effects in their housekeeping, to try their hands at some of these imperfectly suggested symphonies in green. We do not imply a desire simply to return to the fire-place decorations of asparagus, beloved of our great-grandmothers, though the use of that sad-tinted but graceful foliage has been grievously overlooked by the æsthetes and the sentimental Wilde men and women, of languishing attitudes and clinging draperies.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

Travel and Geography. Travels and Observations in the Orient, and a hasty flight in the countries of Europe, by Walter Harriman (Lee & Shepard), is occupied chiefly with the author's experience in Palestine. He tells how he got there and how he came back, but his chief interest is in the East. Governor Harriman was an eager traveler, but he had stayed long enough in America before he went to become thoroughly patriotic; and if one wishes to know how an American looks upon the Holy Land he will have his desire gratified in this book, which is artlessly and honestly American. "The fountain of Elisha," for instance, "is a copious mill-stream. In our country it would be utilized as such: but here, on the plain of the Jordan, there is now neither business nor people. So the stream runs to waste." — By a curious coincidence, the next book we take up is Denton J. Snider's *A Walk in Hellas, or the Old in the New*. (Osgood.) Exactly why it is the old in the new, we do not see. Mr. Snider is the new; but perhaps he meant to signify how Greece appeared in his mind. A curious mind it is. Much learning has made him not mad, perhaps, but it will make his readers mad. A more cumbersome style it would be difficult to find. Mr. Snider's mind is like Greece, mountainous and very much cut up; the coast line is difficult to follow. If Governor Harriman was a son of the soil, Mr. Snider is equally American in the painfully metaphysical attitude with which he stands before Greek life and art. — The *Golden Chersonese*, and the way thither, is by Isabella L. Bird, Mrs. Bishop, whose travels in Hawaii, Japan, and in our own West have proved acceptable to readers. (Putnam's.) The way thither in Mrs. Bishop's book is first by an historical survey, which puts the reader in possession of the principal facts regarding the Malay Peninsula as heretofore known to Europeans, and then by steamer from Hong Kong. Mrs. Bishop's account of Malay is in the form of letters, which have her own personal experience as well as observation. She announces that the book closes her series of travels. — *A Midsummer Lark*, by W. A. Croffut, is a volume of the *Leisure Hour* series (Holt). The writer starts from America, and comes back to it, after covering the customary routes in Europe. The chief difference between this and the usual book of travels is that the author is hopelessly bent on entertaining the reader with rhymed prose and verse, and a wearisome jingle of nonsense. It must be a very leisure hour indeed that can extract any amusement from the book. — *A Visit to Ceylon*, by Ernst Haeckel, translated by Clara Bell (S. E. Cassino & Co., Boston), is a narrative of travel by an eminent naturalist. The pursuits of the author largely determine the character of his observations, but he does not overlook humankind and landscape. The same work, translated by Mrs. S. E. Boggs, is published by the John W. Lovell

Co. — *The Hebrews and the Red Sea*, by A. W. Thayer (Warren F. Draper, Andover), is a small, readable, and very ingenious book, discussing the problem which has vexed critics for so many generations. Mr. Thayer uses the familiar text with a power derived from no merely theoretical knowledge of the localities and natural agencies. The book is accompanied by a map. — *An American Four-in-Hand in Britain*, by Andrew Carnegie (Scribners), is a lively and hearty account of a coaching-party from Brighton to Inverness. The persons in the party are reduced in the book to single letters, but the narrative is of real people, gentlemen and ladies, and the frolic is that of Americans, who have no less honest admiration for their own country that they can enjoy historic England. — The first volume of *The Wheelman*, an illustrated magazine of cycling literature and news (The Wheelman Co., Boston), is a really interesting and curious record of the enthusiasm for the bicycle, which is the narrowest gauge vehicle in use. To an ordinary observer the bicyclist has full use of his faculties in keeping himself upon a degree of longitude, but this magazine seems to warrant the belief that he is able to look to one side and the other, to indulge in reveries, compose poetry, and write book reviews. — In the *Shadow of the Pyrenees from Basque Land to Carcassonne*, by Martin R. Vincent (Scribners), is a little volume of travels attractively illustrated by etchings and accompanied by a convenient map. — Geo. Routledge & Sons have just published a new edition of Mr. Hare's *Cities of Southern Italy and Sicily*, — a very useful book. — *Kashgaria*, historical and geographical sketch of the country, its military strength, industries, and trade, is published at Calcutta, by Thacker, Spink & Co., who are represented in London by Thacker & Co. The work is a translation from the Russian, by Major Walter E. Gowan. *Kashgaria*, the reader may need to be told, is Eastern or Chinese Turkistan.

History and Biography. Outlines of the Constitutional History of the United States, by Luther Henry Porter (Holt), is designed to be a beginning book for students or general readers, who desire to learn something of the character and history of the Constitution of the United States. It is not a formal analysis of the Constitution alone, but a study of the events which led to it, and of the application of its principles. — *The Growth of a People* is a translation, by Lewis A. Stinson, of Paul Lacombe's *Petite Histoire du Peuple Français* (Holt), an admirable and suggestive little work for any one who has already made himself familiar with the annals of France, for it is the explanation of the historic process. — *Dissertations on Early Law and Custom*, by Sir Henry Sumner Maine (Holt), is a continuation of the studies formerly published upon *Village Communities*, and the *Early History of Institutions*. He endeavors, as he says, to connect a portion of existing insti-

tutions with a part of the primitive or very ancient usages of mankind, and of the ideas associated with those usages. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library is published an Outline of Irish History from the Earliest Times to the Present Day, by Justin H. McCarthy, a son of the well-known author. That the author is young enough to have a father living appears from the opening chapter. — Mosaics of Bible History is the title of a work in two volumes, by Marcus Willson and Robert Pierpont Willson (Harpers), which is further described as the Bible record, with illustrative poetry and prose selections from standard literature. The editors have arranged their work by topics, in chronological order, and, without giving the Bible text at much length, draw upon Stanley, Ewald, Keil, and other critics and commentators, and upon the poets, for a paraphrastic and illustrative view of the incidents. The result is a sort of well-arranged scrap-book about the Bible. — Historical and Biographical Sketches, by Samuel W. Pennypacker (Robert A. Tripple, Philadelphia), is the modest title of a really valuable work, since a large part of the contents is devoted to studies among the Mennonites. Mr. Pennypacker is an antiquarian rather than a historian, and he is a careful one; the materials which he has gathered have a value which is not merely that of rarity. The author has collected also various biographical and commemorative papers, and a narrative of his army experience.

Natural History and Science. The second part of New England Bird Life (Lee & Shepard) comprises the non-oscine passerines, birds of prey, game, and water-birds. The book is based upon the material gathered by Mr. W. A. Stearns, but is prepared for the press by Dr. Elliott Coues. The illustrations are abundant, and while not of a highly refined character of engraving are distinct and intelligible. — Man before Metals, by N. Joly, is the forty-fifth volume of the International Scientific series (Appleton), and is devoted to a *résumé* of the various evidence which has been collecting upon the antiquity of the human race and the nature of primitive civilization. It is not surprising that the author draws largely from French sources. — The Sciences among the Jews, before and during the Middle Ages, is a little book translated from the German of M. J. Schleiden (D. Binswanger & Co., Baltimore), and devoted to a rapid survey of the subject, the purpose being to vindicate the Jews as the repositories of learning. — Elementary Botany, with Student's Guide to the Examination and Description of Plants, by George Macloskie (Holt), is intended as a readable sketch of Botany, followed by a guide to work in the field and in the laboratory. The commonest plants have been used for investigation and illustration. The author is a professor at Princeton. — Dr. Galton's Inquiries into Human Faculty and its Development (Macmillan) is a continuation of his studies in Hereditary Genius, and consists of the contributions to journals which have appeared for many years wrought into a consistent whole. However the reader may view the conclusions of this suggestive writer, he cannot fail to be stimulated and helped by the many and curious investigations

which are recorded. It is an anecdote book of the human mind, and much more than that.

Romance and Fiction. Classic Mythology is a translation from Professor C. Witt's work on the subject, by Frances Younghusband (Holt), and is introduced and endorsed by Arthur Sidgwick. The book is a straightforward and quite simple narrative, and is supplied with all necessary indexes and glossaries. Probably the day of the simple story has gone by, and we must settle down to knowing just what these myths meant; but it is to the praise of this book that the interpretation is not mixed in with the dream. — In the Trans-Atlantic series (Putnams), a new number is King Capital, by William Sime, in which labor and capital go masquerading for love. — A recent number of the Leisure Hour series (Holt) is Beyond Recall, by Adeline Sergeant, the scene of which is laid in the East. If the title alarms the reader, the last sentence will reassure him: "Paul, there is no need. I have loved you all my life. I love you still." — Dialect Tales, by Sherwood Bonner (Harpers), is a collection of magazine stories, the scenes of which are laid in the South, chiefly among poor whites and blacks. They are lively, and perhaps may be relied upon as reports of the country whenever they do not yield sufficient story. — John's Alive, and Other Sketches, by Major Jones (David McKay, Philadelphia), is a posthumous publication by the author of a farcical book, Major Jones' Courtship, which had a rude, frontier humor. This volume seems born rather late. — The Story of Melicent, by Fayr Madoc (Macmillan), is a tale of English life charged with religious feeling. — Fanchette is the title of the latest of the Round Robin series (Osgood), in which golden America and mysterious Russia furnish the writer with his scenery and characters. — My Trivial Life and Misfortune, a Gossip with no Plot in Particular (Putnams), is an anonymous novel in two parts, occupying two volumes: the first part is Spinstershood; the second, Meum and Tuum. It is said to be by a plain woman, and the plainness extends to the literature. — The Red Acorn, by John McElroy (H. A. Sumner & Co., Chicago), is a realistic novel of the war. — In Harper's Franklin Square Library, recent numbers are, Who is Sylvia? by A. Price, The Hands of Justice, by F. W. Robinson, The Story of Melicent, by Fayr Madoc, No New Thing, by W. E. Norris, and Like Ships Upon the Sea, by Francis Eleanor Trollope. — Whom Kathie Married is a domestic tale, by Amanda M. Douglas. (Lee & Shepard.) — The Macmillans have issued a very neat edition of the Essays of Elia, with introduction and notes by Mr. Alfred Ainger. — Mr. Cable's Old Creole Days (Charles Scribner's Sons) appear in two neat paper-bound volumes. The collection of stories includes Madame Delphine, previously published separately. — The reader will have to overhaul a great deal of nautical literature, past, present, and to come, before he will find a more entertaining novel than A Sea Queen, by W. Clark Russell. (Harper Brothers.)

Literary Criticism and Furnishing. Books, and How to Use Them is the title of a neat little book, by J. C. Van Dyke (Fords), which offers some

hints to those who are not familiar with books and libraries. Books have become such a considerable part of the impedimenta of modern civilization that they seem to require hand-books and guides; this book assumes the helplessness of the general or the average reader, and gives him good advice, yet we cannot help wondering if people read about books before they read books themselves. — Authors and Publishers (Putnams) is described as a manual of suggestions for beginners in literature, and contains in a readable form much that is desirable for a young author to know. If he would only remember what he reads, and act upon it! But most of the experience in such matters can be won only, not taken in through reading. — The English Novel and the Principle of its Development, by Sidney Lanier (Scribners), is the posthumous publication of a writer who has won a name since his death, which one wishes he might have enjoyed in his lifetime. Mr. Lanier had a sense of art which might have led him to withhold these lectures, in their present form, but we are glad to get his fresh and earnest thought upon a subject which has great interest for all students of literature. — English Style in Public Discourses, with special reference to the usages of the pulpit, by Austin Phelps (Scribners), is the work of a man of scholarship, who has had much to do with moulding the style of clergymen of the Congregational order. He writes out of a full mind, and with the command of a great storehouse of illustration.

Poetry and the Drama. D. Appleton & Co. have issued the complete poems of Bryant, beautifully printed in two volumes, uniform with Mr. Godwin's Life and Letters of the poet. — The taste for Gay's Fables went out of fashion with the poke bonnet, which now threatens to come back again. Whether a liking for Mr. Gay's neatly turned verses will return with it is doubtful; but there is no doubt touching the charm of Mr. Austin Dobson's introduction to the Parchment Edition of the Fables. (Appleton.) — Oriental Legends and Other Poems, by Rabbi H. M. Bien (Brown & Derby, New York), is a collection of poems which have their birthplace in America, but their ancestry in Judea. — A Day in the Woods, by D. C. Colesworthy (Williams), is a poem which recites the experience of the writer, who took his outing among familiar scenes. He brings back a very large collection for his poetical museum. — Joan of Arc is one of the perennial martyrs. She was burned once, but every generation sees her tortured in verse. J. S. Foote has made a poem upon her (Charles H. Whiting, Boston), which trots along in a measure as short as a child's footstep; Mr. George H. Calvert has reproduced his poem, originally published in 1860 (Lee & Shepard), with corrections, but one may patiently wait for the rubber of Time for the final revision of this poem. — Three Score and Other Poems is another of Mr. Calvert's volumes (Lee & Shepard), and one cannot help feeling a reflex pleasure from Mr. Calvert's own enjoyment of his verse. — Australian Lyrics, by Douglas B. W. Sladen (George Robertson, Melbourne, Sydney, and Adelaide), has not much poetry in it, but it has a good deal that is entertaining, and some verses that have a very

confidential air about them. — Songs of Toil and Triumph, by J. L. McCreery (Putnams), has a notion not common in volumes of verse, namely, little side notes to tell the reader how the idea of the poem is getting on. — Saul, a dramatic poem, by Algernon Sydney Logan (Lippincott), is also a new view of Saul, who is represented as having been chosen by the priests for a tool only to show himself a true patriot. — Mary Magdalene, by Mrs. Richard Greenough (Osgood), is a quiet and careful study in smooth and often sweet verse. — Poems, by William Cleaver Wilkinson (Scribners), is the work of a writer who uses poetic form. — Though the readers of epics may have passed away, it is clear that the race of epic writers has not become extinct. Here is Mr. Alfred Domett's Ranolf and Amobia, A Dream of Two Lives, in two volumes, of about four hundred closely printed pages each. (Kegan Paul, Trench & Co., London.)

Religion and Philosophy. The second part of Ten Great Religions, by James Freeman Clarke (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.), is a comparison of all religions with a view to show what they all teach on the different points of human belief. — The Gospel of the Secular Life, by the Hon. W. H. Fremantle (Scribners), is a volume of sermons preached at Oxford, with the purpose to direct Christian thought into a new channel, "its great, not to say paramount, concern with the general, common, or secular life of mankind." It is thus a criticism and survey of the thought of the times from a Christian standpoint. — The Wisdom of Holy Scripture, with reference to skeptical objections, by J. H. McIlvaine (Scribners), is a volume of apologetics which seems to us perhaps better calculated to confirm those who already believe than to attract the thought of those who are skeptical. — Jesus, His Opinions and Character (George H. Ellis, Boston) is a volume of New Testament studies by a layman, who withholds his name. The fable of the eagle shot by an arrow drawn from his wings might be read to this writer. — The Possibility of Not Dying, A Speculation, by Hyland C. Kirk (Putnams), appears to put the cart before the horse, by suggesting the perpetuity of physical life as the reward of right living.

Humor and Curiosities. Our Choir, by C. G. Bush (Putnams), is a piece of grotesque drawing and versifying, with a free use of musical terms and symbols. The fun is of a somewhat painful order. — Games and Songs of American Children, collected and compared by William Wells Newell (Harpers), is a very interesting essay in a novel direction; novel, that is, in America, where we are not supposed to have any folk lore. — Mr. Jacobs, A Tale of the Drummer, the Reporter, and the Prestidigitateur (W. B. Clarke & Carruth, Boston), is a skit at Mr. Isaacs, and carries its amusing burlesque even into the cover. — "Eureka," or The Golden Door Ajar, by Asa T. Green (A. G. Collins, Cincinnati), is a mysterious revelation of the mysteries of the world, now published, as the title-page declares, for the first time. The reader will linger long over the lithographic portrait of Mr. Green and his two pails; longer than over the text of Mr. Green's discoveries, which do not seem so mysterious as one is led to expect.